

TRÜBNER AND CO.'S

LIST OF

New Publications & Books in the Press.

- MEDITATIONS ON DEATH AND ETERNITY.** Translated from the German by **FREDERICA ROWAN**. Published by Her Majesty's gracious permission. 8vo, pp. 392, cloth, price 10s. 6d.
DITTO. Smaller Edition, crown 8vo, printed on toned paper, pp. 360, price 6s.
- MEDITATIONS ON LIFE AND ITS RELIGIOUS DUTIES.** Translated from the German by **FREDERICA ROWAN**. Dedicated to H.R.H. Princess Louis of Hesse. Published by Her Majesty's gracious permission. Being the Companion Volume to "Meditations on Death and Eternity." 8vo, pp. 376, cloth, price 10s. 6d.
DITTO. Smaller Edition, crown 8vo, printed on toned paper, pp. 344, price 6s.
- THE COLLECTED WORKS OF THEODORE PARKER**, Minister of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society at Boston, U.S. Containing his Theological, Poetical, and Critical Writings, Sermons, Speeches, Addresses, and Literary Miscellanies. Edited by **FRANCES POWER COBBE**. In 12 Volumes, 8vo.
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>Vol. I. Containing Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion; with Preface by the Editor, and a Portrait of Parker from a Medalion by Saulini. pp. 384, cloth, 6s.</p> <p>Vol. II. Containing Ten Sermons, and Prayers. pp. 368, cloth, price 6s.</p> <p>Vol. III. Containing Discourses of Theology. pp. 326, cloth, price 6s.</p> <p>Vol. IV. Containing Discourses of Politics. pp. 320, cloth, price 6s.</p> <p>Vol. V. Containing Discourses of Slavery, Vol. I. pp. 336, cloth, price 6s.</p> | <p>Vol. VI. Containing Discourses of Slavery, Vol. II. pp. 330, cloth, price 6s.</p> <p>Vol. VII. Containing Discourses of Social Science. pp. 304, cloth, price 6s.</p> <p>Vol. VIII. Containing Miscellaneous Discourses. pp. 226, cloth, price 6s.</p> <p>Vol. IX. Containing Critical Writings, Vol. I. pp. 298, cloth, price 6s.</p> <p>Vol. X. Containing Critical Writings, Vol. II. pp. 316, cloth, price 6s.</p> |
|--|---|
- LESSONS FROM THE WORLD OF MATTER AND THE WORLD OF MAN.** By **THEODORE PARKER**. Selected from Notes of his unpublished Sermons, by **RUFUS LEIGHTON**, and Edited by **FRANCES POWER COBBE**. In One Vol. Crown 8vo, pp. 350, cloth. Portrait, price 7s. 6d.
- THANKSGIVING.** A Chapter of Religious Duty. By **FRANCES POWER COBBE**. 18mo, pp. 40, cloth, 1s.
- ITALICS: BRIEF NOTES ON POLITICS, PEOPLE, AND PLACES IN ITALY IN 1864.** By **FRANCES POWER COBBE**. 8vo, cloth, price 12s. 6d.
- THE CITIES OF THE PAST.** By **FRANCES POWER COBBE**. Fcap 8vo, price 3s. 6d.
- BROKEN LIGHTS.** A Survey of the Religious Controversies of our Times. By **FRANCES POWER COBBE**. 2nd Edition, Crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s.
- RELIGIOUS DUTY.** By **FRANCES POWER COBBE**. Post 8vo, cloth, price 7s. 6d.
- GOD IN CHRIST.** THREE DISCOURSES, delivered at New Haven, Cambridge, and Andover; with a preliminary Dissertation on Language. By **HORACE BUSHNELL**. Second English Edition. Crown 8vo, pp. 334, price 3s. 6d.
- THE CREED OF CHRISTENDOM; ITS FOUNDATIONS AND SUPERSTRUCTURE.** By **WILLIAM RATHBONE GREG**. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, pp. xx. and 282, price 6s.
- SPINOZA'S TRACTATUS THEOLOGICO-POLITICUS; A Critical Inquiry into the History, Purpose, and Authenticity of the Hebrew Scriptures.** From the Latin. 8vo, pp. 368, cloth, price 10s. 6d.
- LETTERS ON BIBLIOLATRY.** By **GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING**. Translated from the German by the late **H. H. BERNARD**, Ph. Dr. 8vo, pp. 184, cloth, price 5s.
- A SHORT TRACTATE ON THE LONGEVITY ASCRIBED TO THE Patriarchs in the BOOK OF GENESIS, and its relation to the Hebrew Chronology; the Flood, the Exodus of the Israelites, the Site of Eden, &c. &c.** From the Danish of **RASK**. With a Map of Paradise and the circumjacent Lands. Crown 8vo, pp. 134, boards, price 2s. 6d.
- ERNEST RENAN'S LIFE OF JESUS.** Authorized English Translation. pp. 324, 8vo, cloth, price 10s. 6d. Cheap Edition, Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
- A DISCUSSION AMONG UPWARDS OF 250 THEOLOGICAL Inquirers, Clergymen, Dissenting Ministers, and Laymen; on the Unity, Duality, and Trinity of the Godhead: with digressions on the Creation, Fall, Incarnation, Atonement, Resurrection, Infallibility of the Scriptures, Inspiration, Miracles, Future Punishments, Revision of the Bible, &c.** 8vo, pp. 205, cloth, price 6s.
- A DISCOURSE AGAINST HERO-MAKING IN RELIGION**, delivered in South Place, Finsbury, by **FRANCIS W. NEWMAN**. Printed by request, with Enlargements. 8vo 1s.
- A GENERAL VIEW OF POSITIVISM.** By **AUGUSTE COMTE**. Translated by **DR. J. H. BRIDGES**. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 8s. 6d.

60, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

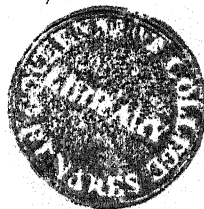
9 JUN 1925

THE
COLLECTED WORKS

OF

THEODORE PARKER,

MINISTER OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL
SOCIETY AT BOSTON, U.S.



CONTAINING HIS

THEOLOGICAL, POLEMICAL, AND CRITICAL WRITINGS,
SERMONS, SPEECHES, AND ADDRESSES,
AND LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

EDITED BY

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

VOL. XII.

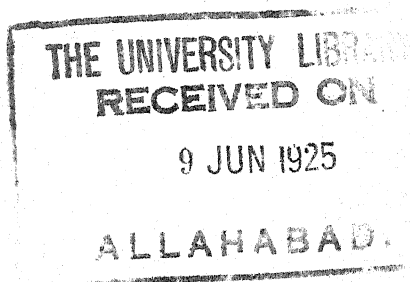
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

LONDON:
TRÜBNER & CO., 60, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1865.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL
AND
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

BY
THEODORE PARKER.



LONDON:
TRÜBNER & CO., 60, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1865.

CATALOGUED.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
RECEIVED ON

9 JUN 1925

ALLAHABAD.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Like and the Different	1
Discourse on the Death of Daniel Webster	10
Buckle's History of Civilization	107
A Bumblebee's Thoughts on the Plan and Purpose of the Universe	150
John Brown's Expedition reviewed	164
Letter to the Boston Association	177
Some Account of Theodore Parker's Ministry	190
Letter to the American Unitarian Association	235
Theodore Parker's Experience as a Minister	252

9 JUN 1925

ALLAHABAD.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

THE LIKE AND THE DIFFERENT.

A FEW months ago, the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, the member of the British Parliament for Oxford, published "Two Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen on the State Prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government." Mr Gladstone appears to be one of the most conservative Commonsers in England; and he writes, if I mistake not, to one of the most conservative of the Lords. The letters have filled England with amazement. The work was published last July, and it is now the twenty-fourth of October while I write; but ten editions have already been exhausted in England, and the eleventh has had time to travel three thousand miles, and find its way to my desk.

Mr Gladstone makes some disclosures which have astonished the simplicity of Father England. He accuses the Government of Naples, in its treatment of those accused of political offences, of "an outrage upon religion, upon civilization, upon humanity, and upon decency." What is more, he abundantly substantiates his accusation by details so horrible, that he thinks they will not be credited by his countrymen; for the actual wickedness of the Neapolitan Government surpasses all that Englishmen had thought it possible for malice to invent or tyranny to inflict.

Here are some of the matters of fact, of a general nature. "It is not mere imperfection, not ambition in low quarters, not occasional severity, that I am about to describe; it is an incessant, systematic, deliberate violation of the law by the power appointed to watch over and maintain it. It is such violation of human and written law as this, carried on for the purpose of violating every other law, unwritten and eternal, human or divine." "It is the awful profanation of public religion, by its notorious alliance, in the governing powers, with the violation of every moral law, under the stimulant of fear and vengeance." "The effect of all this is total inversion of all the moral and social ideas. Law, instead of being respected, is odious. Force, and not affection, is the foundation of government. The governing power is clothed with all the vices for its attributes."

He thinks there are not less than twenty thousand prisoners for political offences, locked up in jail; between four and five hundred were to be tried for their lives on the 15th of May. Of one hundred and forty Deputies who formed the Legislative Assembly in 1849, seventy-six had been arrested, or had fled into exile.

The law of Naples requires that "personal liberty shall be inviolable, except under a warrant from a Court of Justice, authorized for the purpose." But in defiance of this law, "the Government watches and dogs the people; pays domiciliary visits very unceremoniously at night; ransacks houses; seizes papers; imprisons men by the score,—by the hundred,—by the thousand,—without any warrant whatever, sometimes without any written authority at all, or anything beyond the word of a policeman."

After the illegal arrest, the trial is long delayed,—sometimes more than two years. "Every effort is made to concoct a charge, by the perversion and partial production of real evidence; and, this failing, the resort is to perjury and forgery. The miserable creatures, to be found in most communities, who are ready to sell the liberty and life of fellow-subjects for gain, and throw their own souls into the bargain, are deliberately employed by the Executive power to depose, according to their instructions, against the men whom it is thought desirable to ruin."

If the defendant has counter-evidence, he is not allowed to produce it in court.

Here are matters of fact of a more particular nature. The filth of the prisons is beastly. The doctors never visit the prisoners. Three or four hundred prisoners "all slept in a long, low, vaulted room, having no light except from a single and very moderate-sized grating at one end.

From December 7th, 1850, to February 3rd, 1851, Signor Pironte, a gentleman who had been a judge, was shut up in a cell "about eight feet square, below the level of the ground, with no light except a grating at the top of the wall, out of which he could not see." This was in the city of Naples.

Signor Carlo Poerio, formerly a minister of the Court, was illegally arrested, thrown into jail, and kept for seven or eight months in total ignorance of the offence charged against him. At length he was accused of belonging to a party which did not exist. He was tried by a special court. The only evidence against him was that of a hired and worthless informer of the Government; even that was inconsistent, contradictory, and of no value. Of course, Signor Poerio was found guilty. He was sentenced to twenty-four years imprisonment in irons. He and sixteen others were confined in the Bagno of Nisida, in a cell about thirteen feet by ten, and ten feet high. When the beds were let down for these seventeen men, there was no space between them. The prisoners were chained in pairs, with irons that weigh about thirty-three pounds to each man. The chains are never taken off. The food is bread, and a soup so nauseous that only famine can force it down the throat.

To justify itself, the Government has published a "Philosophical Catechism for the use of Schools," which teaches the theory which the authorities practise. It declares that the prince is not bound to keep the constitution when it "impugns the right of sovereignty" of himself. "Whenever the people may have proposed a condition which impairs the sovereignty [the arbitrary power of the king], and when the prince may have promised to observe it, that proposal is an absurdity, that promise is null." "It is the business of the sovereign" "to decide when the promise is null." This Catechism, which seeks to justify

the perjury of a monarch, and announces the theory of crime, is published by authority, and in the name of "the Most Holy and Almighty God, the Trinity in Unity."

The disclosures in Mr Gladstone's letters filled England with horror. Even Naples fears the public opinion of Europe, and the Neapolitan Government became alarmed. Some attempts have been made by its officials, it is said, to deny the facts. The British thought them too bad to be true.

Yet the Government of Naples is not wholly inaccessible to mercy. For Mr Morris, the American minister at Naples, becoming interested in a young man, Signor Domenico Nostromarina, confined in the island of Capri for some alleged political offence, asked his pardon of the king, and it was granted.

The American Declaration of Independence announces it as self-evident, that all men are created equal, and with certain unalienable rights, and amongst them the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and the design of Government is to secure those rights.

The Constitution of Massachusetts provides that "Every person has a right to be secure from all unreasonable searches and seizures of his person," and "all warrants therefore are contrary to this right, if the cause or foundation of them be not previously supported by oath or affirmation." But, in September, 1851, more than fifty persons were seized by the creatures of the city government of Boston, with no warrant, not for the purpose of a trial, and were publicly exhibited, by the marshal of the city, to the mob who came to stare at them.

In April, 1851, an officer in the pay of the city of Boston, with no warrant, seized Thomas Simms, then an inhabitant of that city, on a false pretence, by night, and brought him before a subaltern officer of the General Government of the United States. He was confined in a court-house belonging to one of the counties of Massachusetts, which was, for the time, converted into a jail for his detention, contrary to the law of the State. Officers acting under the laws of Massachusetts, and subject to its penalties, aided in kidnapping and detaining this unfortunate man, though the law of Massachusetts forbid such conduct on their part.

At the request of Mr Simms, I visited him in his place of confinement, where he was guarded by about a dozen men who were in the same room with him. One of them had a drawn sword in his hand. I learned some facts from him which need not be repeated here.

After what was called a trial, before a single man, and he a creature of the Government, who was to be paid twice as much for deciding against his prisoner as for him, a trial conducted without "due form of law," Mr Simms was sentenced to bondage for his natural life. Yet he was accused of no offence, except that of escaping from those who had stolen him from himself, and claimed his labour and his limbs as theirs.

When he was to be carried off, and delivered to his tormentors, fifteen hundred citizens of Boston volunteered to conduct the victim of illegal tyranny out of the State, and deliver him up to the men who had taken him at first. Some of these volunteers were said to be men of property and standing in the town.

A brigade of soldiers, since called "The Simms Brigade," was called out at the expense of the city, and by direction of its magistrates, and kept under arms day and night, to aid in violating the laws of Massachusetts, and profaning the laws of God. Their head-quarters were in what was once called the "Cradle of Liberty," in Faneuil Hall.

The court-house was surrounded by chains for several days, and guarded by mercenaries of the city, hired for the purpose, and armed with bludgeons. I counted forty-four of these men on guard at the same time. They molested and turned back men who had business in the court-house, but admitted any "gentleman from the South." The Judges of the State Courts stooped and crouched down, and crawled under the chain, to go, emblematically, to their places.

A portion of the city police, armed with swords, was drilled one day in a public square, and the movements of the awkward squad were a little ridiculous to such as had never seen British clowns under a drill serjeant. One of the by-standers laughed, and the chief police officer on the station threatened to lock him up in a jail if he laughed again.

The mayor of the city rose, soberly, and with two or

three hundred of the police of the city, armed with bludgeons and swords, in the darkest hour of the night, took their victim, weeping, out of his jail. Some benevolent men furnished him with clothes for his voyage. He was then conducted by this crew of kidnappers through the principal street of the city to a vessel waiting to receive him. As he went on board, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "This is Massachusetts liberty!" Several of the inhabitants of the city attended their victim to Savannah, in Georgia, whence he had fled away. There they were honoured with a public entertainment given by the citizens of that place.

Their victim was conducted to jail, and severely flogged. He was not allowed to see his mother, or any other relative. It was afterwards related that his master, still keeping him in jail, ordered him to be tortured every day with a certain number of lashes on his bare back, but once offered to remit a part of the torture on condition that he should ask pardon for running away: he refused, and took the blows. But one day, the jail-doctor, finding the man feeble and daily failing, told the master his Slave was too unwell to bear that torture. The master said, "Damn him, give him the lashes if he dies!" and the lashes fell.

Since that time I have heard nothing of Mr Simms; the *oubliettes* of Savannah have closed over him, and no one has told the story of his end. Some of the "religious" newspapers of the North have informed their readers that his master is "an excellent Christian."

Mr Simms was a smart, dashing young fellow, of some one or two and twenty years. He had a wife at Savannah (handsome, and nearly white), not belonging to his master, it is said. After his escape to Boston, he informed her of his hiding-place. She was the concubine of a white man, and told him her husband's secret. He informed the master, and at his direction, with some witnesses hired for the purpose, came to Boston in search of the runaway. By the illegal measures of the city government of Boston, the Slave-hunter secured his object and returned home. In Boston, a dealer in goods for the Southern market, a rich man entertained the Slave-hunter and his crew while there, took them to ride in a coach, and gave them a costly supper at one of the principal hotels in the city.

The last legal effort to save the man from the terrible punishment which the Bostonians were desirous of inflicting upon him, was made by a distinguished citizen of this State, before the circuit Judge. I shall not now tell all I know about the matter here ; but when the Judge decided against his victim, and thus cut off his last hope, the sentence was received by the rich and mercantile audience that crowded the court-house with applause and the clapping of hands.

The leading citizens of Boston rejoiced at the transaction and its result. Some of them publicly mocked at all efforts made in behalf of the unfortunate man who had been kidnapped. The commercial and political newspapers of the city gave expression to the common joy, that an inhabitant of Boston had, for the first time for many years, and at the expense of the city, been doomed to eternal bondage by the authorities of the place. It was thought trade would improve ; and it is now stated that Boston has had more Southern "patronage" since the kidnapping of Simms, than in any previous six months since the adoption of the Constitution.

The leading clergy of the town were also deeply delighted at the success of this kidnapping ; several of them, in their pulpit services, expressed their approbation of the deed, and gave God thanks, in their public prayers, that the Fugitive Slave Law had been executed in Boston. One of them, the most prominent clergyman in the city, declared, in private, that if a Fugitive should seek shelter of him, "I would drive him away from my own door." Another had previously declared, in public, that he would send his own mother into Slavery to keep the law. At a subsequent period, the President of the United States, in his visit to Boston, congratulated the authorities of the State on this execution of his law.

The laws of Massachusetts are flagrantly violated in Boston ; especially the usury laws and the licence law. At this moment there are, probably, at least a thousand places in the city where liquor is publicly sold in violation of the law. It is notorious that even the Banks daily violate the usury law. These are matters of continual occurrence. But, last spring, a citizen of Boston was assassinated, in broad daylight, in Haymarket Square. The

assassin was well known, but he has not been arrested. The city government has, as yet, offered no public reward for his apprehension. It is rumoured that the man was murdered by one whom he had complained of for violating the licence law.

The Fugitive Slave Law drove into exile about four or five hundred inhabitants of Boston in less than a year. They had committed no crime, except to believe themselves the owners of their own bodies, and act on that belief.

Several Unitarian clergymen have been driven from their parishes in consequence of opposing that law. It has been proclaimed by the most eminent politicians of the nation, that there is no law higher than the statutes of Congress. Prominent clergymen assent to the doctrine. Thus the negation of God is made the first principle of politics. In a certain town, in Massachusetts, the names of all anti-Slavery men are rejected from the list of jurors. Some of the leading commercial newspapers of Boston advise men not to employ such as are opposed to the Fugitive Slave Law.

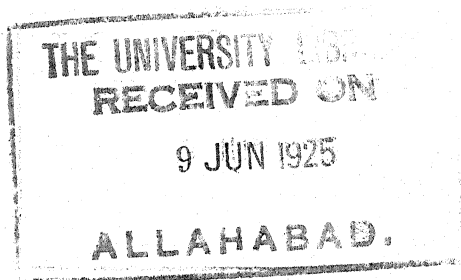
Many clergymen declare that Slavery is a Christian institution ; some of great eminence,—as men estimate clerical eminence,—have undertaken to support and justify it out of the Bible. Several wealthy citizens of Boston are known to own Slaves at this moment ; they buy them and sell them. There is one who has made a large fortune by selling rum on the coast of Africa, and thence carrying Slaves to America. In Boston it is respectable to buy and sell men,—the Slave-hunter, the kidnapper, is an “honourable man,”—even the defender of kidnapping and Slave-hunting is respected and beloved, while the philanthropist, who liberates bondmen, is held in abhorrence. The blacks are driven from the public schools by a law of the city. There is a church in which coloured men are not allowed to buy a pew. They are not permitted to enter the schools of theology or of medicine. They are shut out from our colleges. In some places they are not allowed to be buried with white men. An episcopal church, in New York, holds a cemetery on this condition, that “they shall not suffer any coloured person to be buried in any part of the same.” A presbyterian

church advertised that in its grave-yard "neither negroes nor executed felons" should ever be buried there. No sect opposes Slavery; no prominent sectarian. The popular religion of New-England teaches that it is Christian to buy Slaves, sell Slaves, and make Slaves. "Slavery, as it exists at the present day," says an "eminent divine," "is agreeable to the order of divine providence."

One of the newspapers in Boston, on the 10th of October, 1851, speaking of the Abolitionists and Liberty party men, says: "Such traitors should every one be *garrotted*,"—strangled to death. Another, of the same date, says that Mr Webster's "wonderful labours in behalf of the Constitution" "have vindicated his claim to the highest title yet bestowed upon man." The Church and the State alike teach that though the law of God may be binding on Him, it is of no validity before an act of Congress.

America is a Republic; and Millard Fillmore is by "accident" President of the United States of America. Naples is a Monarchy; and Ferdinand is, by the "grace of God," King. Such is the Different; oh, reader, behold the Like!

Boston, Oct., 1851.



DISCOURSE

OCCASIONED

BY THE DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

PREACHED AT THE MELODEON, ON SUNDAY, OCT. 31, 1852.

PREFACE.

It is now four months since the delivery of this Sermon. A phonographic report of it was published the next morning, and quite extensively circulated in all parts of the country. Since then, I have taken pains to examine anew the life and actions of the distinguished man who is the theme of the discourse. I have carefully read all the criticisms on my estimate of him, which came to hand; I have diligently read the most important sermons and other discourses which treat of him, and have conversed anew with persons who have known Mr Webster at all the various periods of his life. The result is embodied in the following pages.

My estimate of Mr Webster differs from that which seems to prevail just now in Church and State; differs widely; differs profoundly. I did not suppose that my judgment upon him would pass unchallenged. I have not been surprised at the swift condemnation which many men have pronounced upon this sermon,—upon the statements therein, and the motives thereto. I should be sorry to find that Americans valued a great man so little as to have nothing to say in defence of one so long and so conspicuously before the public. The violence and rage directed against me is not astonishing; it is not even new. I am not vain enough to fancy that I have never been mistaken in a fact of Mr Webster's history, or in my

judgment pronounced on any of his actions, words, or motives. I can only say I have done what I could. If I have committed any errors, I hope they will be pointed out. Fifty years hence the character of Mr Webster and his eminent contemporaries will be better understood than now; for we have not yet all the evidence on which the final judgment of posterity will rest. Thomas Hutchinson and John Adams are better known now than at the day of their death; five and twenty years hence they will both be better known than at present.

Boston, March 7, 1853.

INTRODUCTION.

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF AMERICA.

GENTLEMEN,—I address this Discourse to you in particular, and by way of introduction will say a few words.

We are a young nation, three and twenty millions strong, rapidly extending in our geographic spread, enlarging rapidly in numerical power, and greatening our material strength with a swiftness which has no example. Soon we shall spread over the whole continent, and number a hundred million men. America and England are but parts of the same nation,—a younger and an older branch of the same Anglo-Saxon stem. Our character will affect that of the mother country, as her good and evil still influence us. Considering the important place which the Anglo-Saxon tribe holds in the world at this day,—occupying one eighth part of the earth, and controlling one sixth part of its inhabitants,—the national character of England and America becomes one of the great human forces which is to control the world for some ages to come.

In the American character there are some commanding and noble qualities. We have founded some political and ecclesiastical institutions which seem to me the proudest achievements of mankind in Church and State. But there are other qualities in the nation's character which are

mean and selfish; we have founded other institutions, or confirmed such as we inherited, which were the weakness of a former and darker age, and are the shame of this.

The question comes, Which qualities shall prevail in the character and in the institutions of America,—the noble, or the mean and selfish? Shall America govern herself by the eternal laws, as they are discerned through the conscience of mankind, or by the transient appetite of the hour,—the lust for land, for money, for power, or fame? That is a question for you to settle; and, as you decide for God or Mammon, so follows the weal or woe of millions of men. Our best institutions are an experiment: shall it fail? If so, it will be through your fault. You have the power to make it succeed. We have nothing to fear from any foreign foe, much to dread from Wrong at home: will you suffer that to work our overthrow?

The two chief forms of American action are Business and Politics,—the commercial and the political form. The two humbler forms of our activity,—the Church and the Press, the ecclesiastic and the literary form,—are subservient to the others. Hence it becomes exceedingly important to study carefully our commercial and political action, criticising both by the Absolute Right; for they control the development of the people, and determine our character. The commercial and political forces of the time culminate in the leading politicians, who represent those forces in their persons, and direct the energies of the people to evil or to good.

It is for this reason, young men, that I have spoken so many times from the pulpit on the great political questions of the day, and on the great political men; for this reason did I preach and now again publish, this Discourse on one of the most eminent Americans of our day,—that men may be warned of the evil in our Business and our State, and be guided to the Eternal Justice which is the foundation of the common weal. There is a Higher Law of God, written imperishably on the Nature of Things, and in the Nature of Man; and, if this nation continually violates that Law, then we fall a ruin to the ground.

If there be any truth, any justice, in my counsel, I hope you will be guided thereby; and, in your commerce and politics, will practise on the truth which ages confirm,

that righteousness exalteth a nation, while injustice is a reproach to any people.

WHEN Bossuet, who was himself the eagle of eloquence, preached the funeral discourse on Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry the Fourth of France, and wife of Charles the First of England, he had a task far easier than mine to-day. She was indeed the queen of misfortunes; the daughter of a king assassinated in his own capital, and the widow of a king judicially put to death in front of his own palace. Her married life was bounded by the murder of her royal sire, and the execution of her kingly spouse; and she died neglected, far from kith and kin. But for that great man, who in his youth was called, prophetically, a "Father of the Church," the sorrows of her birth and her estate made it easy to gather up the audience in his arms, to moisten the faces of men with tears, to show them the nothingness of mortal glory, and the beauty of eternal life. He led his hearers to his conclusion that day, as the mother lays the sobbing child in her bosom to still its grief.

To-day it is not so with me. Of all my public trials, this is my most trying day. Give me your sympathies, my friends; remember the difficulty of my position,—its delicacy too.

I am to speak of one of the most conspicuous men that New-England ever bore,—conspicuous, not by accident, but by the nature of his mind,—one of her ablest intellects. I am to speak of an eminent man, of great power, in a great office, one of the landmarks of politics, now laid low. He seemed so great that some men thought he was himself one of the institutions of America. I am to speak while his departure is yet but of yesterday; while the sombre flags still float in our streets. I am no party man; you know I am not. No party is responsible for me, nor I to any one. I am free to commend the good things of all parties,—their great and good men; free likewise to censure the evil of all parties. You will not ask me to say what only suits the public ear: there are a hundred to do that to-day. I do not follow opinion

because popular. I cannot praise a man because he had great gifts, great station, and great opportunities; I cannot harshly censure a man for trivial mistakes. You will not ask me to flatter because others flatter; to condemn because the ruts of condemnation are so deep and so easy to travel in. It is unjust to be ungenerous, either in praise or blame: only the truth is beautiful in speech. It is not reverential to treat a great man like a spoiled child. Most of you are old enough to know that good and evil are both to be expected of each man. I hope you are all wise enough to discriminate between right and wrong.

Give me your sympathies. This I am sure of,—I shall be as tender in my judgment as a woman's love; I will try to be as fair as the justice of a man. I shall tax your time beyond even my usual wont, for I cannot crush Olympus into a nut. Be not alarmed: if I tax your time the more, I shall tire your patience less. Such a day as this will never come again to you or me. There is no DANIEL WEBSTER left to die, and Nature will not soon give us another such as he. I will take care by my speech that you sit easy on your bench. The theme will assure it that you remember what I say.

A great man is the blossom of the world; the individual and prophetic flower, parent of seeds that will be men. This is the greatest work of God; far transcending earth, and moon, and sun, and all the material magnificence of the universe. It is "a little lower than the angels," and, like the aloe-tree, it blooms but once an age. So we should value, love, and cherish it the more. America has not many great men living now,—scarce one: there have been few in her history. Fertile in multitudes, she is stingy in greatness,—her works mainly achieved by large bodies of but common men. At this day the world has not many natural masters. There is a dearth of great men. England is no better off than we her child. Sir Robert Peel has for years been dead. Wellington's soul has gone home, and left his body awaiting burial. In France, Germany, Italy, and Russia, few great characters appear. The Revolution of 1848, which found everything else, failed because it found not them. A sad Hungarian weeps over the hidden crown of Maria Theresa; a sadder

countenance drops a tear for the nation of Dante, and the soil of Virgil and Cæsar, Lucretius and Cicero. To me these two seem the greatest men of Europe now. There are great chemists, great geologists, great philologists; but of great men, Christendom has not many. From the highest places of politics greatness recedes, and in all Europe no kingly intellect now throbs beneath a royal crown. Even Nicholas of Russia is only tall, not great.

But here let us pause a moment, and see what greatness is, looking at the progressive formation of the idea of a great man.

In general, greatness is eminence of ability; so there are as many different forms thereof as there are qualities wherein a man may be eminent. These various forms of greatness should be distinctly marked, that, when we say a man is great, we may know exactly what we mean.

In the rudest ages, when the body is man's only tool for work or war, eminent strength of body is the thing most coveted. Then, and so long as human affairs are controlled by brute force, the giant is thought to be the great man,—is had in honour for his eminent brute strength.

When men have a little outgrown that period of force, cunning is the quality most prized. The nimble brain outwits the heavy arm, and brings the circumvented giant to the ground. He who can overreach his antagonist, plotting more subtly, winning with more deceitful skill; who can turn and double on his unseen track, "can smile and smile, and be a villain,"—he is the great man.

Brute force is merely animal; cunning is the animalism of the intellect,—the mind's least intellectual element. As men go on in their development, finding qualities more valuable than the strength of the lion or the subtlety of the fox, they come to value higher intellectual faculties,—great understanding, great imagination, great reason. Power to think is, then, the faculty men value most; ability to devise means for attaining ends desired; the power to originate ideas, to express them in speech, to organize them into institutions; to organize things into a machine, men into an army, or a State, or a gang of operatives; to administer these various organizations. He who is eminent in this ability is thought the great man.

But there are qualities nobler than the mere intellect, the moral, the affectional, the religious faculties,—the power of justice, of love, of holiness, of trust in God, and of obedience to his law,—the eternal right. These are the highest qualities of man: whoso is most eminent therein is the greatest of great men. He is as much above the merely intellectual great men, as they above the men of mere cunning or of force.

Thus, then, we have four different kinds of greatness. Let me name them bodily greatness, crafty greatness, intellectual greatness, religious greatness. Men in different degrees of development will value the different kinds of greatness. Belial cannot yet honour Christ. How can the little girl appreciate Aristotle and Kant? The child thinks as a child. You must have manhood in you to honour it in others, even to see it.

Yet how we love to honour men eminent in such modes of greatness as we can understand! Indeed, we must do so. Soon as we really see a real great man, his magnetism draws us, will we or no. Do any of you remember when, for the first time in adult years, you stood beside the ocean, or some great mountain of New Hampshire, or Virginia, or Pennsylvania, or the mighty mounts that rise in Switzerland? Do you remember what emotions came upon you at the awful presence? But if you are confronted by a man of vast genius, of colossal history and achievements, immense personal power of wisdom, justice, philanthropy, religion, of mighty power of will and mighty act; if you feel him as you feel the mountain and the sea, what grander emotions spring up! It is like making the acquaintance of one of the elementary forces of the earth,—like associating with gravitation itself! The stiffest neck bends over: down go the democratic knees; human nature is loyal then! A New-England shipmaster, wrecked on an island in the Indian Sea, was seized by his conquerors, and made their chief. Their captive became their king. After years of rule, he managed to escape. When he once more visited his former realm, he found that the savages had carried him to heaven, and worshipped him as a god greater than their fancied deities: he had revolutionized divinity, and was himself enthroned as a God. Why so? In intellectual qualities,

in religious qualities, he was superior to their idea of God, and so they worshipped him. Thus loyal is human nature to its great men.

Talk of Democracy!—we are all looking for a master; a man manlier than we. We are always looking for a great man to solve the difficulty too hard for us, to break the rock which lies in our way,—to represent the possibility of human nature as an ideal, and then to realize that ideal in his life. Little boys in the country, working against time, with stints to do, long for the passing-by of some tall brother, who in a few minutes shall achieve what the smaller boy took hours to do. And we are all of us but little boys, looking for some great brother to come and help us end our tasks.

But it is not quite so easy to recognize the greatest kind of greatness. A Nootka-Sound Indian would not see much in Leibnitz, Newton, Socrates, or Dante; and if a great man were to come as much before us as we are before the Nootka-Sounders, what should we say of him? Why, the worst names we could devise, Blasphemer, Hypocrite, Infidel, Atheist. Perhaps we should dig up the old cross, and make a new martyr of the man posterity will worship as a deity. It is the men who are up that see the rising sun, not the sluggards. It takes greatness to see greatness, and know it at the first; I mean to see greatness of the highest kind. Bulk anybody can see; bulk of body or mind. The loftiest form of greatness is never popular in its time. Men cannot understand or receive it. Guinea negroes would think a juggler a greater man than Franklin. What would be thought of Martin Luther at Rome, of Washington at St Petersburg, of Fenelon among the Sacs and Foxes? Herod and Pilate were popular in their day,—men of property and standing. They got nominations and honour enough. Jesus of Nazareth got no nomination, got a cross between two thieves, was crowned with thorns, and, when he died, eleven Galileans gathered together to lament their Lord! Any man can measure a walking-stick,—so many hands long, and so many nails beside; but it takes a mountain-intellect to measure the Andes and Altai.

Now and then, God creates a mighty man, who greatly influences mankind. Sometimes he reaches far on into

other ages. Such a man, if he be of the greatest, will, by and by, unite in himself the four chief forces of society,—business, politics, literature, and the church. Himself a stronger force than all of these, he will at last control the commercial, political, literary, and ecclesiastical action of mankind. But just as he is greater than other men, in the highest mode of greatness, will he at first be opposed, and hated too. The tall house in the street darkens the grocer's window opposite, and he must strike his light sooner than before. The inferior great man does not understand the man of superior modes of eminence. Sullenly the full moon at morning pales her ineffectual light before the rising day. In the Greek fable, jealous Saturn devours the new gods whom he feared, foreseeing the day when the Olympian dynasty would turn him out of heaven. To the natural man the excellence of the spiritual is only foolishness. What do you suppose the best educated Pharisees in Jerusalem thought of Jesus? They thought him an infidel: "He blasphemeth." They called him crazy: "He hath a devil." They mocked at the daily beauty of his holiness: he had "broken the sabbath." They reviled at his philanthropy: it was "eating with publicans and sinners."

Human nature loves to reverence great men, and often honours many a little one under the mistake that he is great. See how nations honour the greatest great men,—Moses, Zoroaster, Socrates, Jesus,—that loftiest of men! But by how many false men have we been deceived,—men whose light leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind! If a preacher is a thousand years before you and me, we cannot understand him. If only a hundred years of thought shall separate us, there is a great gulf between the two, wherever neither Dives nor Abraham, nor yet Moses himself, can pass. It is a false great man often who gets possession of the pulpit, with his lesson for to-day, which is no lesson; and a false great man who gets a throne, with his lesson for to-day, which is also no lesson. Men great in little things are sure of their pay. It is all ready, subject to their order.

A little man is often mistaken for a great one. The possession of office, of accidental renown, of imposing qualities, of brilliant eloquence, often dazzles the beholder; and he reverences a show.

How much a great man of the highest kind can do for us, and how easy ! It is not harder for a cloud to thunder, than for a chestnut in a farmer's fire to snap. Dull Mr Jingle urges along his restive, hard-mouthed donkey, besmouched with mire, and wealed with many a stripe, amid the laughter of the boys ; while, by his proper motion, swanlike Milton flies before the faces of mankind, which are new lit with admiration at the poet's rising flight, his garlands and singing robes about him, till the aspiring glory transcends the sight, yet leaves its track of beauty trailed across the sky.

Intellect and conscience are conversant with ideas,—with absolute Truth and absolute Right, as the norm of conduct. But, with most men, the affections are developed in advance of the intellect and the conscience ; and the affections want a person. In his actions, a man of great intellect embodies a principle, good or bad ; and, by the affections, men accept the great intellectual man, bad or good, and with him the principle he has got.

As the affections are so large in us, how delightful is it for us to see a great man, honour him, love him, reverence him, trust him ! Crowds of men come to look upon a hero's face, who are all careless of his actions and heedless of his thought ; they know not his what, nor his whence, nor his whither ; his person passes for reason, justice, and religion.

They say that women have the most of this affection, and so are most attachable, most swayed by persons,—least by ideas. Woman's mind and conscience, and her soul, they say, are easily crushed into her all-embracing heart ; and truth, justice, and holiness are trodden underfoot by her affection, rushing towards its object. "What folly !" say men. But, when a man of large intellect comes, he is wont to make women of us all, and take us by the heart. Each great intellectual man, if let alone, will have an influence in proportion to his strength of mind and will,—the good great man, the bad great man ; for as each particle of matter has an attractive force, which affects all other matter, so each particle of mind has an attractive force, which draws all other mind.

How pleasant it is to love and reverence ! To idle men how much more delightful is it than to criticise a man, take

him to pieces, weighing each part, and considering every service done or promised, and then decide! Men are continually led astray by misplaced reverence. Shall we be governed by the mere instinct of veneration, uncovering to every man who demands our obeisance? Man is to rule himself, and not be overmastered by any instinct subordinating the whole to a special part. We ought to know if what we follow be real greatness or seeming greatness; and of the real greatness, of what kind it is,—eminent cunning, eminent intellect, or eminence of religion. For men ought not to gravitate passively, drawn by the bulk of bigness, but consciously and freely to follow eminent wisdom, justice, love, and faith in God. Hence it becomes exceedingly important to study the character of all eminent men; for they represent great social forces for good or ill.

It is true, great men ought to be tried by their peers. But “a cat may look upon a king,” and, if she is to enter his service, will do well to look before she leaps. It is dastardly in a democrat to take a master with less scrutiny than he would buy an ox.

Merchants watch the markets: they know what ship brings corn, what hemp, what coal; how much cotton there is at New York or New Orleans; how much gold in the banks. They learn these things, because they live by the market, and seek to get money by their trade. Politicians watch the turn of the people and the coming vote, because they live by the ballot-box, and wish to get honour and office by their skill. So a minister, who would guide men to wisdom, justice, love, and piety, to human welfare,—he must watch the great men, and know what quantity of truth, of justice, of love, and of faith there is in Calhoun, Webster, Clay; because he is to live by the word of God, and only asks, “Thy kingdom come!”

What a great power is a man of large intellect! Aristotle rode on the neck of science for two thousand years, till Bacon, charging down from the vantage-ground of twenty centuries, with giant spear unhorsed the Stagyr-rite, and mounted there himself; himself in turn to be unhorsed. What a profound influence had Frederick in Germany for half a century! What an influence Sir Robert Peel and Wellington have had in England for the

last twenty or thirty years!—Napoleon in Europe for the last fifty years! Jefferson yet leads the democracy of the United States; the cold hand of Hamilton still consolidates the several States. Dead men of great intellect speak from the pulpit. Law is of mortmain.

In America it is above all things necessary to study the men of eminent mind, even the men of eminent station; for their power is greater here than elsewhere in Christendom. Money is our only material, greatness our only personal nobility. In England, the influence of powerful men is checked by the great families, the great classes, with their ancestral privileges consolidated into institutions, and the hereditary crown. Here we have no such families; historical men are not from or for such; seldom had historic fathers; seldom leave historic sons.

Tempus ferax hominum, edax hominum.

Fruitful of men is time; voracious also of men.

Even while the individual family continues rich, political unity does not remain in its members, if numerous, more than a single generation. Nay, it is only in families of remarkable stupidity that it lasts a single age.

In this country the swift decay of powerful families is a remarkable fact. Nature produces only individuals, not classes. It is a wonder how many famous Americans leave no children at all. Hancock, and Samuel Adams, Washington, Madison, Jackson—each was a childless flower that broke off the top of the family tree, which after them dwindled down, and at length died out. It has been so with European stocks of eminent stature. Bacon, Shakespeare, Leibnitz, Newton, Descartes, and Kant died and left no sign. With strange self-complaisance said the first of these, "Great benefactors have been childless men." Here and there an American family continues to bear famous fruit, generation after generation. A single New-England tree, rooted far off in the Marches of Wales, is yet green with life, though it has twice blossomed with Presidents. But in general if the great American leave sons, the wonder is what becomes of them,—so little, they are lost,—a single needle from the American pine, to strew the forest floor amid the other litter of the woods.

No great families here hold great men in check. There

is no permanently powerful class. The mechanic is father of the merchant, who will again be the grandsire of mechanics. In thirty years, half the wealth of Boston will be in the hands of men now poor; and, where power of money is of yesterday, it is no great check to any man of large intellect, industry, and will. Here is no hereditary office. So the personal power of a great mind, for good or evil, is free from that threefold check it meets in other lands, and becomes of immense importance.

Our nation is a great committee of the whole; our State is a provisional government, riches our only heritable good, greatness our only personal nobility; office is elective. To the ambition of a great bad man, or the philanthropy of a great good man, there is no check but the power of money or numbers; no check from great families, great classes, or hereditary privileges. If our man of large intellect runs up-hill, there is nothing to check him but the inertia of mankind; if he runs down-hill, that also is on his side.

With us the great mind is amenable to no conventional standard measure, as in England or Europe,—only to public opinion. And that public opinion is controlled by money and numbers; for these are the two factors of the American product, the multiplier and the multiplicand,—millions of money, millions of men.

A great mind is like an elephant in the line of ancient battle,—the best ally if you can keep him in the ranks, fronting the right way; but, if he turn about, he is the fatalest foe, and treads his master underneath his feet. Great minds have a trick of turning round.

Taking all these things into consideration, you see how important it is to scrutinize all the great men,—to know their quantity and quality,—before we allow them to take our heart. To do this is to measure one of the most powerful popular forces for guiding the present and shaping the future. Every office is to be filled by the people's vote,—that of public president and private cook. Franklin introduced new philanthropy to the law of nations. Washington changed men's ideas of political greatness. If Napoleon the Present goes unwhipped of Justice, he will change those ideas again; not for the world, but for the saloons of Paris, for its journals and its mob.

How different are conspicuous men to different eyes! The city corporation of Toulouse has just addressed this petition to Napoleon :—

“MONSEIGNEUR,—The government of the world by Providence is the most perfect. France and Europe style you the elect of God for the accomplishment of his designs. It belongs to no Constitution whatever to assign a term for the divine mission with which you are intrusted. Inspire yourself with this thought,—to restore to the country those tutelar institutions, which form the stability of power and the dignity of nations.”

That is a prayer addressed to the Prince President of France, whose private vices are equalled only by his public sins. How different he looks to different men! To me he is Napoleon the Little; to the Mayor and Aldermen of Toulouse he is the Elect of God, with irresponsible power to rule as long and as badly as likes him best. Well said Sir Philip Sidney, “Spite of the ancients, there is not a piece of wood in the world out of which a Mercury may not be made.”

It is this importance of great men which has led me to speak of them so often; not only of men great by nature, but great by position on money or office, or by reputation; men substantially great, and men great by accident. Hence I spoke of Dr Channing, whose word went like morning over the continents. Hence I spoke of John Quincy Adams, and did not fear to point out every error I thought I discovered in the great man's track, which ended so proudly in the right; and I did homage to all the excellence I found, though it was the most unpopular excellence. Hence I spoke of General Taylor; yes, even of General Harrison, a very ordinary man, but available, and accidentally in a great station.

You see why this ought to be done. We are a young nation; a great man easily gives us the impression of his hand; we shall harden in the fire of centuries, and keep the mark. Stamp a letter on Chaldean clay, and how very frail it seems! but burn that clay in the fire,—and, though Nineveh shall perish, and Babylon become a heap of ruins, that brick keeps the arrow-headed letter to this day. As with bricks, so with nations.

Ere long, these three and twenty millions will become

a hundred millions; then perhaps a thousand millions, spread over all the continent, from the Arctic to the Antarctic Sea. It is a good thing to start with men of great religion for our guides. The difference between a Moses and a Maximian will be felt by many millions of men, and for many an age, after death has effaced both from the earth. The dead hand of Moses yet circumcises every Hebrew boy; that of mediæval doctors of divinity still clutches the clergyman by the throat; the dead barons of Runnymede even now keep watch, and vindicate for us all a trial by the law of the land, administered by our peers.

A man of eminent abilities may do one of two things in influencing men.

Either he may extend himself at right angles with the axis of the human march, lateralize himself, spreading widely, and have a great power in his own age, putting his opinion into men's heads, his will into their action, and yet never reach far onward into the future. In America he will gain power in his time, by having the common sentiments and ideas, and an extraordinary power to express and show their value; great power of comprehension, of statement, and of will. Such a man differs from others in quantity, not quality. Where all men have considerable, he has a great deal. His power may be represented by two parallel lines, the one beginning where his influence begins, the other where his influence ends. His power will be measured by the length of the lines laterally, and the distance betwixt the parallels. That is one thing.

Or a great man may extend himself forward, in the line of the human march, himself a prolongation of the axis of mankind: not reaching far sideways in his own time, he reaches forward immensely, his influence widening as it goes. He will do this by superiority in sentiments, ideas, and actions; by eminence of justice and of affection; by eminence of religion: he will differ in quality as well as quantity, and have much where the crowd has nothing at all. His power also may be represented by two lines, both beginning at his birth, pointing forwards, diverging from a point, reaching far into the future, widening as they extend, comprehending time by their stretch, and space by their spread. Jesus of Nazareth was of this

class: he spread laterally in his lifetime, and took in twelve Galilean peasants and a few obscure women; now his diverging lines reach over two thousand years in their stretch, and contain two hundred and sixty millions of men within their spread.

So much, my friends, and so long, as preface to this estimate of a great man.

DANIEL WEBSTER was a man of eminent abilities: for many years the favoured son of New-England. He was seventy years old; nearly forty years in the councils of the nation; held high office in times of peril and doubt; had a commanding eloquence—there were two million readers for every speech he spoke; and for the last two years he has had a vast influence on the opinion of the North. He has done service; spoke noble words that will endure so long as English lasts. He has largely held the nation's eye. His public office made his personal character conspicuous. Great men have no privacy; their bed and their board are both spread in front of the sun, and their private character is a public force. Let us see what he did, and what he was; what is the result for the present, what for the future.

Daniel Webster was born at Salisbury, N. H., on the borders of civilization, on the 18th of January, 1782. He was the son of Captain Ebenezer and Abigail (Eastman) Webster.

The mother of Captain Webster was a Miss Bachelder, of Hampton, where Thomas Webster, the American founder of the family, settled in 1636. She was descended from the Rev. Stephen Bachiller, formerly of Lynn in Massachusetts, a noted man in his time, unjustly, or otherwise, driven out of the colony by the Puritans. Ebenezer Webster, in his early days, lived as "boy" in the service of Colonel Ebenezer Stevens, of Kingston, from whom he received a "lot of land" in Stevenstown, now Salisbury. In 1764, Mr Webster built himself a log-cabin on the premises, and lighted his fire. His land "lapped on" to the wilderness; no New-Englander living so near the North Star, it is said. The family was anything but rich, living first in a log-cabin, then in a frame-house, and some time keeping tavern.

The father was a soldier in the French war, and in the Revolution; a great, brave, big, brawny man; "high-breasted and broad-shouldered;" "with heavy eyebrows," and "a heart which he seemed to have borrowed from a lion;" "a dark man," so black that "you could not tell when his face was covered with gunpowder;" six feet high, and both in look and manners "uncommon rough." He was a shifty man of many functions,—a farmer, a saw-miller, "something of a blacksmith," a captain in the early part of the Revolutionary War, a colonel of militia, representative and senator in the New Hampshire legislature, and finally Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; yet "he never saw the inside of a school-house." In his early married life, food sometimes failed on the rough farm: then the stout man and his neighbours took to the woods, and brought home many a fat buck in their day.

The mother, one of the "black Eastmans," was a quite superior woman. It is often so. When virtue leaps high in the public fountain, you seek for the lofty spring of nobleness, and find it far off in the dear breast of some mother, who melted the snows of winter, and condensed the summer's dew into fair, sweet humanity, which now gladdens the face of man in all the city streets. Bulk is bearded and masculine; niceness is of woman's gendering.

Daniel Webster was fortunate in the outward circumstances of his birth and breeding. He came from that class in society whence almost all the great men of America have come,—the two Adamses, Washington, Hancock, Jefferson, Jackson, Clay, and almost every living notable of our time. New Hampshire herself has furnished a large number of self-reliant and able-headed men, who have fought their way in the world with their own fist, and won eminent stations at the last. The little, rough State breeds professors and senators, merchants and hardy lawyers, in singular profusion. Our Hercules was also cradled on the ground. When he visited the West, a few years ago, an emigrant from New Hampshire met him in Ohio, recognized him, and asked, "Is this the son of Captain Webster?" "It is, indeed," said the great man. "What!" said he, "is this the little black

Dan that used to water the horses?" And the great Daniel Webster said, "It is the little black Dan that used to water the horses." He was proud of his history. If a man finds the way alone, should he not be proud of having found the way, and got out of the woods?

He had small opportunities for academical education. The schoolmaster was "abroad" in New Hampshire; and was seldom at home in Salisbury. Only two or three months in the year was there a school; often only a movable school, that ark of the Lord, shifting from place to place. Sometimes it was two or three miles from Captain Webster's. Once it was stationary in a log-house. Thither went Daniel Webster, "carrying his dinner in a tin pail," a brave, bright boy. "The child is father of the man." The common-school of America is the cradle of all her greatness. How many Presidents has she there-in rocked to vigorous manhood! But Mr Webster's school-time was much interrupted: there were "chores to be done" at home,—the saw-mill to be tended in winter; in summer Daniel "must ride horse to plough;" and in planting-time, and hay-time, and harvest, have many a day stolen from his scanty seed-time of learning. In his father's tavern-barn, the future Secretary gave a rough currying, "after the fashion of the times," to the sorry horse of many a traveller, and in the yard of the inn yoked the oxen of many a New Hampshire teamster.

"Cast the bantling on the rocks."

When fourteen years old, he went to Phillips Academy* at Exeter for a few months, riding thither on the same horse with his father; then to study with Rev. Mr Wood at Boscawen, paying a "dollar a week" for the food of the body and the food of the mind. In the warm weather, "Daniel went barefoot, and wore tow trowsers and a tow shirt, his only garments at that season," spun, woven, and made up by his diligent mother. "He helped do the things" about Mr Wood's barn and wood-pile, and so

* At the commemoration of Mr Abbott's fiftieth anniversary as Preceptor of Phillips Academy, a time when "English was of no more account to Exeter than silver at Jerusalem in the days of King Solomon," Mr Abbot sat between Mr Webster and Mr Everett, both of them his former pupils. Mr John P. Hale, in his neat speech, said, "If you had done nothing else but instruct these two, you might say, EXEGI MONUMENTUM AERE PERENNIOUS."

diminished the pecuniary burden of his father. But Mr Wood had small Latin and less Greek, and only taught what he knew. Daniel was an ambitious boy, and apt to learn. Men wonder that some men can do so much with so little outward furniture. The wonder is the other way. He was more college than the college itself, and had a university in his head. It takes time, and the sweat of oxen, and the shouting of drivers, goading and whipping, to get a cart-load of cider to the top of Mount Washington; but the eagle flies there on his own wide wings, and asks no help. Daniel Webster had little academic furniture to help him. He had the mountains of New Hampshire, and his own great mountain of a head. Was that a bad outfit? No millionaire can buy it for a booby-son.

There was a British sailor, with a wife but no child, an old "man-of-war's-man," living hard by Captain Webster's, fond of fishing and hunting, of hearing the newspapers read, and of telling his stories to all comers. He had considerable influence on the young boy, and never wore out of his memory.

There was a small social library at Salisbury, whence a bright boy could easily draw the water of life for his intellect; at home was the Farmers' Almanac, with its riddles and "poetry," Watts's Hymns and the Bible, the inseparable companion of the New-England man. Daniel was fond of poetry, and, before he was ten years old, knew dear old Isaac Watts all by heart. He thought all books were to be got by heart. I said he loved to learn. One day his father said to him, "I shall send you to college, Daniel;" and Daniel laid his head on his father's shoulder, and wept right out. In reading and spelling he surpassed his teacher; but his hard hands did not take kindly to writing, and the schoolmaster told him his "fingers were destined to the plough-tail."

He was not a strong boy, was "a crying baby" that worried his mother; but a neighbour "prophesied," "You will take great comfort in him one day!" As he grew up he was "the slimmest of the family," a farmer's youngest boy, and "not good for much." He did not love work. It was these peculiarities which decided Captain Webster to send Daniel to college.

The time came for him to go to college. His father

once carried him to Dartmouth in a wagon. On the way thither, they passed a spot which Captain Webster remembered right well. "Once when you were little baby," said he, "in the winter we were out of provisions, I went into the woods with the gun to find something to eat. In that spot yonder, then all covered with woods, I found a herd of deer. The snow was very deep, and they had made themselves a *pen*, and were crowded together in great numbers. As they could not get out, I took my choice, and picked out a fine, fat stag. I walked round and looked at him, with my knife in my hand. As I looked the noble fellow in the face, the great tears rolled down his cheeks, and I could not touch him. But I thought of you, Daniel, and your mother, and the rest of the little ones, and carried home the deer."

He can hardly be said to have "entered college:" he only "broke in," so slenderly was he furnished with elementary knowledge. This deficiency of elementary instruction in the classic tongues and in mathematics was a sad misfortune in his later life which he never outgrew.

At college, like so many other New Hampshire boys, he "paid his own way," keeping school in the vacation. One year he paid his board by "doing the literature" for a weekly newspaper. He graduated at Dartmouth in his twentieth year, largely distinguished for power as a writer and speaker, though not much honoured by the college authorities; so he scorned his degree; and, when the faculty gave him their diploma, he tore it to pieces in the college-yard, in presence of some of his mates, it is said, and trod it under-foot.

When he graduated, he was apparently of a feeble constitution, "long, slender, pale, and all eyes," with "teeth as white as a hound's;" thick, black hair clustered about his ample forehead. At first he designed to study theology, but his father's better judgment overruled the thought.

After graduating, he continued to fight for his education, studying law with one hand, keeping school with the other, and yet finding a third hand—this Yankee Briareus—to serve as Register of Deeds. This he did at Fryeburg in Maine, borrowing a copy of Blackstone's Commentaries, which he was too poor to buy. In a long

winter evening, by copying two *deeds*, he could earn fifty cents. He used his money, thus severely earned, to help his older brother, Ezekiel, "Black Zeke," as he was called, to college. Both were "heinously unprovided."

Then he came to Boston, with no letters of introduction, raw, awkward, and shabby in his dress, with cow-hide shoes, blue yarn stockings, "coarsely ribbed," his rough trowsers ceasing a long distance above his feet. He sought admittance as a clerk to more than one office before he found a place; an eminent lawyer, rudely turning him off, "would not have such a fellow in the office!" Mr Gore, a man of large reputation, took in the unprotected youth, who "came to work, not to play." Here he struggled with poverty and the law. Ezekiel, not yet graduated, came also and took a school in Short street. Daniel helped his brother in the school. Edward Everett was one of the pupils, a "marvellous boy," with no equal, it was thought, in all New-England, making the promise scholarly he has since fulfilled.

Mr Webster was admitted to the bar in 1805, with a prophecy of eminence from Mr Gore,—a prophecy which might easily be made: such a head was its own fortune-teller. His legal studies over, refusing a lucrative office, he settled down as a lawyer at Boscawen, in New Hampshire. Thence went to Portsmouth in 1807, a lawyer of large talents, getting rapidly into practice; "known all over the State of New Hampshire," known also in Massachusetts. He attended to literature, wrote papers in the *Monthly Anthology*, a periodical published in the "*Athens of America*"—so Boston was then called. He printed a rhymed version of some of the odes of Horace, and wrote largely for the "*Portsmouth Oracle*."

In 1808 he married Miss Grace Fletcher, an attractive and beautiful woman, one year older than himself, the daughter of the worthy minister of Hopkinton, N. H. By this marriage he was the father of two daughters and two sons. But, alas for him! this amiable and beloved woman ceased to be mortal in 1828.

In 1812, when thirty years of age, he was elected to Congress,—to the House of Representatives. In 1814 his house was burned,—a great loss to the young man, never thrifty, and then struggling for an estate. He

determined to quit New Hampshire, and seek a place in some more congenial spot. New Hampshire breeds great lawyers, but not great fortunes. He hesitated for a while between Boston and Albany. "He doubted," so he wrote to a friend, if he "could make a living in Boston." But he concluded to try; and in 1816 he removed to Boston, in the State which had required his ancestor, Rev. Stephen Bachiller, "to forbare exercising his gifts as a pastor or teacher publicly in the Pattennt," "for his contempt of authority, and till some scandles be removed."*

In 1820, then thirty-eight years old, he is a member of the Massachusetts Convention, and is one of the leading members there; provoking the jealousy, but at the same time distancing the rivalry, of young men Boston born and Cambridge bred. His light, taken from under the New Hampshire bushel at Portsmouth, could not be hid in Boston. It gives light to all that enter the house. In 1822 he was elected to Congress from Boston; in 1827, to the Senate of the United States. In 1841 he was Secretary of State; again a private citizen in 1843; in the Senate in 1845, and Secretary of State in 1850, where he continued, until, "on the 24th of October, 1852, all that was mortal of Daniel Webster was no more!"

He was ten days in the General Court of Massachusetts; a few weeks in her Convention; eight years Representative in Congress; nineteen, Senator; five, Secretary of State. Such is a condensed map of his outward history.

Look next at the Headlands of his life. Here I shall speak of his deeds and words as a citizen and public officer.

He was a great lawyer, engaged in many of the most important cases during the last forty years; but, in the briefness of a sermon, I must pass by his labours in the law.

I know that much of his present reputation depends on his achievements as a lawyer; as an "expounder of the Constitution." Unfortunately, it is not possible for me to say how much credit belongs to Mr Webster for his constitutional arguments, and how much to the late Judge

* MS. Records of Mass. General Court, Oct. 3, 1632.

Story. The publication of the correspondence between these gentlemen will perhaps help settle the matter; but still much exact legal information was often given by word of mouth, during personal interviews, and that must forever remain hidden from all but him who gave and him who took. However, from 1816 to 1842, Mr Webster was in the habit of drawing from that deep and copious well of legal knowledge, whenever his own bucket was dry. Mr Justice Story was the Jupiter Pluvius from whom Mr Webster often sought to elicit peculiar thunder for his speeches, and private rain for his own public tanks of law. The statesman got the lawyer to draft bills, to make suggestions, to furnish facts, precedents, law, and ideas. He went on this *aquilician* business, asking aid, now in a "bankruptcy bill," in 1816 and 1825; then in questions of law of nations, in 1827; next in matters of criminal law in 1830; then of constitutional law in 1832; then in relation to the North-eastern boundary in 1838; in matters of international law again, in his negotiations with Lord Ashburton, in 1842. "You can do more for me than all the rest of the world," wrote the Secretary of State, April 9th, 1842, "because you can give me the lights I most want; and if you furnish them, I shall be confident that they will be true lights. I shall trouble you greatly the next three months." And again, July 16th, 1842, he writes, "*Nobody but yourself can do this.*" But, alas! in his later years the beneficiary sought to conceal the source of his supplies. Jupiter Pluvius had himself been summoned before the court of the Higher Law.

Much of Mr Webster's fame as a Constitutional lawyer rests on his celebrated argument in the Dartmouth College case. But it is easy to see that the facts, the law, the precedents, the ideas, and the conclusions of that argument, had almost all of them been presented by Messrs Mason and Smith in the previous trial of the case.*

Let me speak of the public acts of Mr Webster in his capacity as a private citizen. Here I shall speak of him chiefly as a public orator.

Two juvenile orations of his are still preserved, delivered

* See the Report of the Case of the Trustees of Dartmouth College, &c. Portsmouth, N. H. [1819.]

while he was yet a lad in college.* One is a Fourth-of-July oration,—a performance good enough for a lad of eighteen, but hardly indicating the talents of its author. The sentiments probably belong to the neighbourhood, and the diction to the authorities of the college:—

“Fair Science, too, holds her gentle empire amongst us, and almost innumerable altars are raised to her divinity from Brunswick to Florida. Yale, Providence, and Harvard now grace our land; and DARTMOUTH, towering majestic above the groves which encircle her, now inscribes her glory on the registers of fame! Oxford and Cambridge, those oriental stars of literature, shall now be lost, while the bright sun of American Science displays his broad circumference in uneclipsed radiance.”—p. 10.

Here is an opinion which he seems to have entertained at the end of his life. He speaks of the formation of the Constitution:—

“We then saw the people of these States engaged in a transaction, which is undoubtedly the greatest approximation towards human perfection the political world ever yet experienced; and which will perhaps for ever stand, in the history of mankind, without a parallel.”—pp. 8, 9.

In 1806, he delivered another Fourth-of-July address at Concord, N. H.,† containing many noble and generous opinions:—

“Patriotism,” said he, “hath a source of consolation that cheers the heart in these unhappy times, when good men are rendered odious, and bad men popular; when great men are made little, and little men are made great. A genuine patriot, above the reach of personal considerations, with his eye and his heart on the honour and the happiness of his country, is a character as easy and as satis-

* “An Oration pronounced at Hanover, N. H., the 4th day of July, 1800, being the Twenty-fourth Anniversary of Independence, by Daniel Webster, Member of the Junior Class, Dartmouth University.

“Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence, &c.

“Hanover, 1800.” 8vo, pp. 15.

“Funeral Oration, occasioned by the death of Ephraim Simonds, of Templeton, Mass., a Member of the Senior Class in Dartmouth College, who died at Hanover (N. H.), on the 18th of June, 1801, æt. 26. By Daniel Webster, a class-mate of the deceased. *Et vix sentiunt dicere lingua. Vale.* Hanover, 1801.” 8vo, pp. 13.

† An Anniversary Address, delivered before the Federal Gentlemen of Concord and its Vicinity, July 4, 1806, by Daniel Webster. Concord, N. H., 1806.” 8vo, pp. 21.

factory to himself as venerable in the eyes of the world. While his country enjoys freedom and peace, he will rejoice and be thankful; and, if it be in the councils of Heaven to send the storm and the tempest, he meets the tumult of the political elements with composure and dignity. Above fear, above danger, above reproach, he feels that the last end which can happen to any man never comes too soon, if he fall in defence of the law and the liberty of his country." —p. 21.

In 1812, he delivered a third Fourth-of-July address at Portsmouth.* The political storm is felt in the little harbour of Portsmouth, and the speaker swells with the tumult of the sea. He is hostile to France; averse to the war with England, then waging, yet ready to fight and pay taxes for it. He wants a navy. He comes "to take counsel of the dead," with whom he finds an "infallible criterion." But, alas! "dead men tell no tales," and give no counsel. There was then no witch at Portsmouth to bring up Washington quickly.

His subsequent deference to the money-power begins to appear: "The Federal Constitution was adopted for no single reason so much as for the protection of commerce." "Commerce has paid the price of independence." It has been committed to the care of the general government, but "not as a convict to the safe-keeping of a jailor," "not for close confinement." He wants a navy to protect it. Such were the opinions of Federalists around him.

But these speeches of his youth and early manhood were but common-place productions. In his capacity as public orator, in the vigorous period of his faculties, he made three celebrated speeches, not at all political,—at Plymouth Rock, to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of New-England's birth; at Bunker Hill, in memory of the chief battle of New-England; and at Faneuil Hall, to honour the two great men who died when the nation was fifty years old, and they fourscore. Each of these orations was a great and noble effort of patriotic eloquence.

Standing on Plymouth Rock, with the graves of the forefathers around him, how proudly could he say:—

* "An Address delivered before the Washington Benevolent Society at Portsmouth, July 4, 1812, by Daniel Webster. Portsmouth, N. H." 8vo, pp. 27. He delivered also other Fourth-of-July addresses, which I have not seen.

"Our ancestors established their government on morality and religious sentiment. Moral habits, they believed, cannot safely be trusted on any other foundation than religious principle, nor any government be secure which is not supported by moral habits. Living under the heavenly light of revelation, they hoped to find all the social dispositions, all the duties which men owe to each other and to society, enforced and performed. Whatever makes men good Christians makes them good citizens. Our fathers came here to enjoy their religion free and unmolested; and, at the end of two centuries, there is nothing upon which we can pronounce more confidently, nothing of which we can express a more deep and earnest conviction, than of the inestimable importance of that religion to man, both in regard to this life and that which is to come."

At Bunker Hill, there were before him the men of the Revolution,—venerable men who drew swords at Lexington and Concord, and faced the fight in many a fray. There was the French nobleman,—would to God that France had many such to-day!—who perilled his fortune, life, and reputation, for freedom in America, and never sheathed the sword he drew at Yorktown till France also was a republic,—Fayette was there; the Fayette of two revolutions; the Fayette of Yorktown and Olmutz. How well could he say:—

"Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration for ever!"

On another occasion, he stood at the grave of two great men, who, in the time that tried men's souls, were of the earliest to peril "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour,"—men who, having been one in the Declaration of Independence, were again made one in death; for then the people returned to the cradle wherein the elder Adams and Hancock had rocked Liberty when young; and Webster chanted the psalm of commemoration to Adams and Jefferson, who had helped that new-born child to walk. He brought before the living the mighty dead. In his words they fought their battles o'er again; we heard them resolve, that, "sink or swim, live or die, sur-

vive or perish," they gave their hand and their heart for liberty; and Adams and Jefferson grew greater before the eyes of the people, as he brought them up, and showed the massive services of those men, and pointed out the huge structure of that human fabric which had gone to the grave:—

"Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as at subsequent periods, the head of the government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead. But how little is there of the great and good which can die! To their country they yet live, and live for ever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep-engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world."

How loftily did he say:—

"If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path. Washington is in the clear, upper sky. These other stars have now joined the American constellation. They circle round their centre, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination let us walk the course of life, and, at its close, devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity."

As a political officer, I shall speak of him as a Legislator and Executor of the law, a maker and administrator of laws.

In November, 1812, Mr Webster was chosen as Representative to the Thirteenth Congress. At that time the country was at war with Great Britain; and the well-known restraints still fettered the commerce of the country. The people were divided into two great parties,—the Federalists, who opposed the embargo and the war; and the Democrats, who favoured both. Mr Madison, then

President, had been forced into the war, contrary to his own convictions of expediency and of right. The most bitter hatred prevailed between the two parties: "party politics were inexpressibly violent." An eminent lawyer of Salem, afterwards one of the most distinguished jurists in the world, a Democrat,* was, on account of his political opinions, knocked down in the street, beaten, and forced to take shelter in the house of a friend, whither he fled, bleeding, and covered with the mud of the streets. Political rancour invaded private life; it occupied the pulpit; it blinded men's eyes to a degree almost exceeding belief; were it not now again a fact, we should not believe it possible at a former time.

Mr Webster was a Federalist, earnest and devoted, with the convictions of a Federalist, and the prejudices and the blindness of a Federalist; and, of course, hated by men who had the convictions of a Democrat, and the prejudices and blindness thereof. It is difficult to understand the wilfulness of thorough partisans. In New Hampshire the Judges were Democrats; the Federalists, having a majority in the Legislature, wished to be rid of them, and, for that purpose, abolished all the Courts in the State, and appointed others in their place (1813). I mention this only to show the temper of the times.

There was no great principle of political morals on which the two parties differed, only on measures of expediency. The Federalists demanded freedom of the seas and protection for commerce; but they repeatedly, solemnly, and officially scorned to extend this protection to sailors. They justly complained of the embargo that kept their ships from the sea, but found little fault with the British for impressing sailors from American ships. The Democrats professed the greatest regard for "sailors' rights;" but, in 1814, the government forbade its officers to grant protection to "coloured sailors," though Massachusetts alone had more than a thousand able seamen of that class! A leading Federal organ said,—“The Union is dear; Commerce is still more dear.” “The Eastern States agreed to the Union for the sake of their Commerce.”†

With the Federalists there was a great veneration for

* Joseph Story.

† “Columbian Centinel” for July 25th, 1812.

England. Mr Fisher Ames said,—“The immortal spirit of the wood-nymph Liberty dwells only in the British oak.” “Our country,” quoth he, “is too big for union, too sordid for patriotism, and too democratic for liberty.” “England,” said another, “is the bulwark of our religion,” and the “shield of afflicted humanity.” A Federalist newspaper at Boston censured Americans as “enemies of England and monarchy,” and accused the Democrats of “antipathy to kingly power.” Did Democrats complain that our prisoners were ill-treated by the British, it was declared “foolish and wicked to throw the blame on the British government!” Americans expressed indignation at the British outrages at Hampton,—burning houses and violating women. The Federal newspapers said, it is “impossible that their (the British) military or naval men should be other than magnanimous and humane.” Mr Clay accused the Federalists of “plots that aim at the dismemberment of the Union,” and denounced the party as “conspirators against the integrity of the nation.”

In general, the Federalists maintained that England had a right to visit American vessels to search for and take her own subjects, if found there; and, if she sometimes took an American citizen, that was only an “incidental evil.” Great Britain, said the Massachusetts Legislature, has done us “no essential injury:” she “was fighting the battles of the world.” They denied that she had impressed “any considerable number of American seamen.” Such was the language of Mr Webster and the party he served. But even at that time the “Edinburgh Review” declared, “Every American seaman might be said to hold his liberty, and ultimately his life, at the discretion of a foreign commander. In many cases, accordingly, native-born Americans were dragged on board British ships of war: they were dispersed in the remotest quarters of the globe, and not only exposed to the perils of service, but shut out by their situation from all hope of ever being reclaimed. The right of reclaiming runaway seamen was exercised, in short, without either moderation or justice.”

Over six thousand cases of impressment were recorded in the American Department of State. In Parliament, Lord Castlereagh admitted that there were three thousand five hundred men in the British fleet claiming to be Amer-

ican citizens, and sixteen hundred of them actually citizens. At the beginning of the war, two thousand five hundred American citizens, impressed into the British navy, refused to fight against their native land, and were shut up in Dartmoor prison. When the *Guerriere* was captured, there were ten American sailors on board who refused to fight. In Parliament, in 1808, Mr Baring (Lord Ashburton) defended the rights of Americans against the British orders in council, while in 1812 and 1813 the Federalists could "not find out the cases of impressment;"—such was the influence of party spirit.

The party out of power is commonly the friend of freedom. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts declared that unconstitutional acts of Congress were void; the Legislature declared it the duty of the State Courts to prevent usurped and unconstitutional powers from being exercised: "It is the duty of the present generation to stand between the next and despotism;" "Whenever the national compact is violated, and the citizens of this State oppressed by cruel and unauthorized enactments, this Legislature is bound to interpose its power to wrest from the oppressor his victim."

After the Federal party had taken strong ground, Mr Webster opposed the administration, opposed the war, took the part of England in the matter of impressment. He drew up the Brentwood Memorial, once so famous all over New-England, now forgotten and faded out of all men's memory.*

On the 24th of May, 1813, Mr Webster first took his seat in the House of Representatives, at the extra session of the thirteenth Congress. He was a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and industriously opposed the administration. In the three sessions of this Congress, he closely followed the leaders of the Federal party; voting with Mr Pickering a hundred and ninety one times, and against him only four times, in the two years. Sometimes he "avoided the question;" but voted against thanking Commodore Perry for his gallant conduct, against the purchase of Mr Jefferson's library, against naval supplies, direct taxes, and internal duties.

He opposed the government scheme of a National

* I purposely pass over other political writings and speeches of his.

Bank.* No adequate reports of his speeches against the war† are preserved; but, to judge from the testimony of an eminent man,‡ they contained prophetic indications of that oratorical power which was one day so mightily to thunder and lighten in the nation's eyes. Yet his influence in Congress does not appear to have been great. In later years he defended the United States Bank; but that question, like others, had then become a party question; and a horse in the party-team must go on with his fellows, or be flayed by the driver's lash.

But though his labours were not followed by any very marked influence at Washington, at home he drew on himself the wrath of the Democratic party. Mr Isaac Hill, the editor of the leading Democratic paper in New Hampshire, pursued him with intense personal hatred. He sneeringly says, and falsely, "The great Mr Webster, so extremely flippant in arguing petty suits in the courts of law, cuts but a sorry figure at Washington: his overweening confidence and zeal cannot *there* supply the place of knowledge."§

He was sneeringly called the "great," the "eloquent," the "pre-eminent" Daniel Webster. His deeds, his words, his silence, all were represented as coming from the basest motives, and serving the meanest ends. His Journal at Portsmouth was called the "lying *Oracle*." Listen to this: "Mr Webster spoke much and often when he was in Congress; and, if he had studied the Wisdom of Solomon (as some of his colleagues probably did), he would have discovered that *a fool is known by his much speaking*."

Mr Webster, in common with his party, refused to take part in the war. "I honour," said he, "the people that shrink from such a contest as this. I applaud their sentiments: they are such as religion and humanity dictate, and such as none but *cannibals* would wish to eradicate from the human heart." Whereupon the editor asks, Will not the Federal soldiers call the man who made the speech "a cold-blooded wretch, whose heart is callous to

* Speech in the House of Representatives, Jan. 2, 1815. Works, vol. iii. p. 35, *et seq.*

† See his Speech in House of Representatives, Jan. 14, 1814, on the Army Bill. Alexandria, 1814. 8vo, pp. 14.

‡ Mr Story.

§ "New Hampshire Patriot" of July 27, 1813.

every patriotic feeling?"* and then, "We do not wonder at Mr Webster's reluctance again to appear at the city of Washington" (he was attending cases at court):—"even his native brass must be abashed at his own conduct, at his own speeches."† Flattery "has spoiled him; for application might have made him something a dozen years hence. It has given him confidence, a face of brass, which and his native volubility are mistaken for 'pre-eminent talent.' Of all men in the State, he is the fittest to be the tool of the enemy."‡ He was one of the men that bring the "nation to the verge of ruin;" a "Thompsonian intriguer;" a "Macfarland admirer;" "The self-importance and gross egotism he displays are disgusting;" "You would suppose him a great merchant, living in a maritime city, and not a man reared in the *woods* of Salisbury, or educated in the *wilds* of Hanover."§

Before he was elected to Congress, Mr Hill accused him of "deliberate falsehood," of "telling bold untruths to justify the enormities of the enemy."|| The cry was raised, "The Union is in danger." Mr Webster was to bring about "a dissolution of the Union;"¶ "The few conspirators in Boston, who aim at the division of the Union, and the English Government, who support them in their rebellion, appear to play into each other's hands with remarkable adroitness." The Patriot speaks of "the mad measures of the Boston junto; the hateful, hypocritical scheme of its canting, disaffected chief, and the audacious tone of its public prints."** The language of Washington was quoted against political foes; his Farewell Address reprinted. Mr Webster was charged with "setting the North against the South." The Essex junto was accused of "a plot to destroy the Union," in order "to be under the glorious shelter of British protection."†† The Federalists were a "British faction;" the country members of the Massachusetts Legislature were "wooden members;" distinguished characters were "exciting hos-

* "New Hampshire Patriot," Aug. 27, 1814.

† *Ib.*, October 4, 1814.

‡ *Ib.* Aug. 2, 1814.

§ *Ib.*, Aug. 9, 1814.

|| *Ib.*, Oct. 29, 1812.

¶ *Ib.*, Oct. 13, 1812.

** March 30, 1813, quoted from the "Baltimore Patriot."

†† "Boston Patriot," No. 1.

tility against the Union ;" one of these "ought to be tied to the tail of a Congreve rocket, and offered up a burnt sacrifice." It was "moral treason" not to rejoice at the victories of the nation—it was not then "levying war." The Legislature of New Jersey called the acts of the Massachusetts Legislature "the ravings of an infuriated faction," and Gov. Strong a "Maniac Governor." The "Boston Patriot"* called Mr Webster "the poor fallen Webster," who "curses heartily his setters-on:" "the poor creature is confoundedly mortified." Mr Clay, in Congress, could speak of "the howlings of the whole British pack, let loose from the Essex junto:" the Federalists were attempting "to familiarize the public mind with the horrid scheme of disunion."† And Isaac Hill charged the Federalists with continually "threatening a separation of the States; striving to stir up the passions of the North against the South,—in clear defiance of the dying injunctions of Washington."‡ I mention these things that all may understand the temper of those times.

In 1815, Mr Webster sought for the office of Attorney-General of New Hampshire, but failing thereof, was re-elected to the House of Representatives.§ In the fourteenth Congress, two important measures came up amongst others,—the Bank and the Tariff. Mr Calhoun and Mr Clay favoured the establishment of a national bank, with a capital of 35,000,000 dols. Mr Webster opposed it by votes and words, reaffirming the sound doctrines of his former speech: the founders of the Constitution were "hard-money men;" government must not receive the paper of banks which do not pay specie; but "the taxes must be paid in the legal money of the country."|| Such was the doctrine of the leading Federalists of the time, and the practice of New-England. He introduced a resolution, that all revenues of the United States should be paid in the legal currency of the nation. It met scarce any opposition, and was passed the same day. I think

* July 21, 1813.

† Speech in House of Representatives, Jan. 8, 1813.

‡ "New Hampshire Patriot" for June 7, 1814.

§ See the Farmers' Monthly Visitor, vol. xii. p. 198, *et seq.* (Manchester, N. H. 1832.)

|| Speech in House of Representatives, Feb. 28, 1816 (in "National Intelligencer" for March 2, 1816). See, also, Works, vol. iii. p. 35, *et seq.*

this was the greatest service he ever performed in relation to our national currency or national finance. He was himself proud of it in his later years.*

The protective tariff was supported by Messrs Calhoun, Clay, and Lowndes. Mr Webster opposed it; for the capitalists of the North, then deeply engaged in commerce, looked on it as hostile to their shipping, and talked of the "dangers of manufactories." Was it for this reason that the South, always jealous of the Northern thrifty toil, proposed it? So it was alleged.† Mr Webster declared that Congress has no constitutional right to levy duties for protection; only for revenue; revenue is the constitutional substance; protection, only the accidental shadow.‡

In 1816, Mr Webster removed to Boston. In 1819, while he was a private citizen, a most important question came before the nation,—Shall slavery be extended into the Missouri territory? Here, too, Mr Webster was on the side of freedom.§ He was one of a committee appointed by a meeting of the citizens of Boston to call a general meeting of the citizens to oppose the extension of slavery. The United States Marshal was chairman of the meeting. Mr Webster was one of the committee to report resolutions at a subsequent meeting. The preamble said:—

"The extirpation of slavery has never ceased to be a measure deeply concerning the honour and safety of the United States." "In whatever tends to diminish the evil of slavery, or to check its growth, all parts of the confederacy are alike interested." "If slavery is established in Missouri, then it will be burdened with all the mischiefs which are too well known to be the sure results of slavery; an evil, which has long been deplored, would be incalculably augmented; the whole confederacy would be weakened, and our free institutions disgraced, by the voluntary extension of a practice repugnant to all the principles of a free government, the continuance of which in any part of our country necessity alone has justified."

It was resolved, that Congress "possesses the constitutional power, upon the admission of any new State created beyond the

* It passed April 26, 1816. Yeas, 79; Nays, 35.

† But see Mr Calhoun's defence of his course. *Life and Speeches*. New York, 1843, p. 329.

‡ Speech in House of Representatives.

§ In Mr Everett's Memoir prefixed to the Works of Mr Webster, no mention is made of this opposition to the Missouri Compromise!

limits of the original territory of the United States, to make the prohibition of the further extension of slavery or involuntary servitude in such new State, a condition of its admission." "It is just and expedient that this power should be exercised by Congress, upon the admission of all new States created beyond the limits of the original territory of the United States."

In a speech, Mr Webster "showed incontrovertibly that Congress had this power; that they were called upon by all the principles of sound policy, humanity, and morality, to enact it, and, by prohibiting slavery in the new State of Missouri, oppose a barrier to the future progress of slavery, which else—and this was the last time the opportunity would happen to fix its limits—would roll on desolating the vast expanse of continent to the Pacific Ocean."*

Mr Webster was appointed chairman of a committee to prepare a memorial to Congress on this matter.† He said:—

"We have a strong feeling of the injustice of any toleration of slavery." But, "to permit it in a new country, what is it but to encourage that rapacity and fraud and violence, against which we have so long pointed the denunciations of our penal code? What is it but to tarnish the proud fame of our country? What is it but to throw suspicion on its good faith, and to render questionable all its professions of regard for the rights of humanity, and the liberties of mankind?"—p. 21.

At that time, such was the general opinion of the Northern men.‡ A writer in the leading journal of Boston said: "Other calamities are trifles compared to this (slavery). War has alleviations; if it does much evil, it does some good: at least, it has an end. But negro-

* Account of a Meeting at the State House in Boston, Dec. 3, 1819, to consider the Extension of Slavery by the United States (in "Boston Daily Advertiser" for Dec. 4, 1819).

† "A Memorial to the Congress of the United States, on the Subject of Restraining the Increase of Slavery in the New States to be admitted into the Union," &c. &c. Boston, 1819, pp. 22.

‡ See a valuable series of papers in the "Boston Daily Advertiser," No. I. to VI., on this subject, from Nov. 20 to Dec. 28, 1819. Charge of Judge Story to the Grand Juries, &c.; *ibid.* Dec. 7 and 8, 1819. Article on the Missouri Compromise, in "North American Review," Jan. 1820. Mr King's speech in Senate of United States, in "Columbian Centinel" for Jan. 19 and 22, 1820. See also the comments of the "Daily Advertiser" on the treachery of Mr Mason, the Boston representative, March 28 and 29, 1820.

slavery is misery without mixture; it is Pandora's box, but no Hope at the bottom; it is evil, and only evil, and that continually." *

A meeting of the most respectable citizens of Worcester resolved against "any further extension of slavery," as "rendering our boasted Land of Liberty pre-eminent only as a mart for Human Flesh."

"Sad prospects," said the "Boston Daily Advertiser," "indeed for emancipators and colonizers, that, faster than the wit or the means of men can devise a method even for keeping stationary the frightful propagation of slavery, other men, members of the same community, sometimes colleagues of the same deliberative assembly, will be compassing, with all their force, the widest possible extension of slavery." †

The South uttered its threat of "dissolving the Union," if slavery were not extended west of the Mississippi. "The threat," said a writer, "when we consider from whence it comes, raises at once wonder and pity, but has never been thought worth a serious answer here. Even the academicians of Laputa never imagined such a nation as these seceding States would form." "We have lost much; our national honour has received a stain in the eyes of the world; we have enlarged the sphere of human misery and crime." ‡ Only four New-Englanders voted for the Missouri Compromise,—Hill and Holmes of Maine, Mason and Shaw of Massachusetts.

Mr Webster held no public office in this State, until he was chosen a member of the Convention for amending the Constitution of the Commonwealth.

It appears that he had a large influence in the Massachusetts Convention. His speeches, however, do not show any remarkable depth of philosophy, or width of historic view; but they display the strength of a great mind not fully master of his theme. They are not always fair; they sometimes show the specious arguments of the advocate, and do not always indicate the soundness of the judge. He developed no new ideas; looked back more than forward. He stated his opinions with clearness and

* "L. M." in "Columbian Centinel" for Dec. 8, 1819.

† "Boston Daily Advertiser" for Nov. 20, 1819.

‡ "Boston Daily Advertiser" for March 16, 1820.

energy. His leaning was then, as it always was, towards the concentration of power; not to its diffusion. It was the Federal leaning of New-England at the time. He had no philosophical objection to a technical religious test as the qualification for office, but did not think it expedient to found a measure on that principle. He wanted property, and not population, as the basis of representation in the Senate. It was "the true basis and measure of power." "Political power," said he, "naturally and necessarily goes into the hands which hold the property." The House might rest on men, the Senate on money. He said, "It would seem to be the part of political wisdom to found government on property;" yet he wished to have the property diffused as widely as possible. He was not singular in this preference of money to men. Others thought, that, to put the Senate on the basis of population, and not property, was a change of "an alarming character."

He had small confidence in the people; apparently little sympathy with the multitude of men. He was jealous of the Legislature; afraid of its encroachment on the Judiciary,—New Hampshire had, perhaps, shown him examples of legislative injustice,—but contended ably for the independence of Judges. He had great veneration for the existing Constitution, and thought there would "never be any occasion for great changes" in it, and that "no revision of its general principles would be necessary." Others of the same party thought also that the Constitution was "the most perfect system that human wisdom had ever devised." To judge from the record, Mr. Webster found abler heads than his own in that Convention. Indeed it would have been surprising if a young man, only eight and thirty years of age, should surpass the "assembled wisdom of the State."*

On the 2nd of December, 1823, Mr Webster took his seat in the House of Representatives, as member for Boston. He defended the cause of the Greeks "with the power of a

* Some valuable passages of Mr Webster's speeches are omitted from the edition of his Works. (Compare vol. iii. pp. 15 and 17, with the "Journal of Debates and Proceedings in the Convention of Delegates," &c. Boston, 1821, pp. 143, 144, and 145, 146.) A reason for the omission will be obvious to any one who reads the original, and remembers the position and expectations of the author in 1851.

great mind applied to a great subject," denounced the "Holy Alliance," and recommended interference to prevent oppression. Public opinion set strongly in that direction.* "The policy of our Government," said he, "is on the side of liberal and enlightened sentiments;" "The civilized world has done with 'The enormous faith of many made for one.'"[†]

In 1816 he had opposed a tariff which levied a heavy duty on imports; in 1824 he opposed it again, with vigorous arguments. His speech at that time is a work of large labour, of some nice research, and still of value.[‡] "Like a mighty giant," says Mr Hayne, "he bore away upon his shoulders the pillars of the temple of error and delusion, escaping himself unhurt, and leaving his adversaries overwhelmed in its ruins." He thought, "the authority of Congress to exercise the revenue-power with direct reference to the protection of manufactures is a questionable authority."[§] He represented the opinion of New-England, which "discountenanced the progress of this policy" of high duties. The Federalist of the North inclined to free trade; in 1807 Mr Dexter thought it "an unalienable right,"^{||} and in 1820 Judge Story asked why should "the labouring classes be taxed for the necessaries of life?"[¶] The tariff of 1824 got but one vote from Massachusetts. As the public judgment of Northern capitalists changed, it brought over the opinion of Mr Webster, who seems to have had no serious and sober convictions on this subject. At one time, he declares the protective system is ruinous to the labouring man; but again, "it is aimed point-blank at the protection of labour;" and the duty on coal must not

* Meetings had been held in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other important towns, and considerable sums of money raised on behalf of the Greeks. Even the educated men were filled with enthusiasm for the descendants of Anacreon and Pericles. The leading journals of England were on the same side. See the letters of John Q. Adams to Mr Rich and Mr Luriettis, Dec. 18, 1823; and of John Adams, Dec. 29, 1823. Mr Clay was on the same side with Mr Webster. But Mr Randolph, in his speech in House of Representatives, Jan. 20, 1824, tartly asked, "Why have we never sent an envoy to our sister republic Hayti?"

[†] See the just and beautiful remarks of Mr Webster in this speech. Works, vol. iii. pp. 77, 78, 92 and 93. *Oh si sic semper!*

[‡] Vol. iii. p. 94, *et seq.* See Speech in Faneuil Hall, Oct. 2, 1820.

[§] Speech in reply to Hayne, vol. iii. p. 305.

^{||} Argument in District Court of Massachusetts against the Embargo.

[¶] Memorial of the Citizens of Salem.

be diminished, lest coal grow scarce and dear.* Non-importation was "an American instinct."†

In 1828 he voted for "the bill of abominations," as that tariff was called, which levied "thirty-two millions of duties on sixty-four millions of imports," "not because he was in favour of the measure, but as the least of two evils."

In 1816 the South wanted a protective tariff: the commercial North hated it. It was Mr Calhoun‡ who introduced the measure first. Mr Clay gave it the support of his large talents and immense personal influence, and built up the "American System." Pennsylvania and New York were on that side. General Jackson voted for the tariff of 1824. Mr Clay was jealous of foreign commerce: it was "the great source of foreign wars;" "The predilection of the school of the Essex junto," said he, "for foreign trade and British fabrics is unconquerable." Yet he correctly said, "New-England will have the first and richest fruits of the tariff."§

After the system of protection got footing, the Northern capitalists set about manufacturing in good earnest, and then Mr Webster became the advocate of a high tariff of protective duties. Here he has been blamed for his change of opinion; but to him it was an easy change. He was not a scientific legislator: he had no great and comprehensive ideas of that part of legislation which belongs to political economy. He looked only at the fleeting interest of his constituents, and took their transient opinions of the hour for his norm of conduct. As these altered, his own views also changed. Sometimes the change was a revolution.|| It seems to me his first opinion was right, and his last a fatal mistake, that he never answered his first great speech of 1824: but it also appears that he was

* Works, vol. iv. p. 309.

† Works, vol. ii. p. 352.

‡ See Mr Calhoun's reason for this. *Life and Speeches*, p. 70, *et seq.* But see the articles of a "Friend to Truth" upon Mr Calhoun and the Protective System, in the "Richmond Enquirer" for November, 1832.

§ Speech in House of Representatives, April 26, 1820. Works, (New York, 1843), vol. i. p. 159.

|| Compare his speeches on the tariff in 1824 and 1828 (Works, vol. iii. p. 94, *et seq.*, and 228, *et seq.*) with his subsequent speeches thereon in 1837, 1846. Works, vol. iv. p. 304, *et seq.*; vol. v. p. 361, *et seq.*; and vol. ii. p. 130, *et seq.*, and 349, *et seq.* Compare vol. iii. p. 118, *et seq.*, and 124, *et seq.*, with vol. ii. p. 137. See his reasons for the change of opinion in vol. v. p. 186 and 240. All of these speeches are marked by great ability of statement.

honest in the change; for he only looked at the pecuniary interest of his employers, and took their opinions for his guide. But he had other fluctuations on this matter of the tariff, which do not seem capable of so honourable an explanation.*

In the days of nullification, Mr Webster denied the right of South Carolina to secede from the Union, or to give a final interpretation of the Constitution. She maintained that the Federal Government had violated the Constitution; that she, the aggrieved State of South Carolina, was the judge in that matter, and had a constitutional right to "nullify" the Constitution, and withdraw from the Union.

The question is a deep one. It is the old issue of Federal and Democrat,—the question between the constitutional power of the whole, and the power of the parts,—Federal power and State power. Mr Webster was always in favour of a strong central government; honestly in favour of it, I doubt not. His speeches on that subject were most masterly speeches. I refer, in particular, to that in 1830 against Mr Hayne, and the speech in 1833 against Mr Calhoun.

The first of these is the great political speech of Daniel Webster. I do not mean to say that it is just in its political ethics, or deep in the metaphysics of politics, or farsighted in its political providence. I only mean to say that it surpasses all his other political speeches in the massive intellectual power of statement. Mr Webster was then eight and forty years old. He defended New-England against Mr Hayne; he defended the Constitution of the United States against South Carolina. His speech is full of splendid eloquence; he reached high, and put the capstone upon his fame, whose triple foundation he had laid at Plymouth, at Bunker Hill, and at Faneuil Hall. The "republican members of the Massachusetts Legislature" unanimously thanked him for his able vindication of their State. A Virginian, who heard the speech, declared he felt "as if looking at a mammoth treading his native canebrake, and, without apparent consciousness,

* Compare his speech in Faneuil Hall, September 30, 1842, with his tariff speeches in 1846. Works, vol. ii. p. 130, *et seq.*, with vol. v. p. 161, *et seq.*, and vol. ii. p. 349, *et seq.*

crushing obstacles which nature had never designed as impediments to him."

He loved concentrated power, and seems to have thought the American Government was exclusively national, and not Federal.* The Constitution was "not a compact." He was seldom averse to sacrificing the rights of the individual States to the claim of the central authority. He favoured consolidation of power, while the South Carolinians and others preferred local self-government. It was no doctrine of his "that unconstitutional laws bind the people;" but it was his doctrine that such laws bind the people until the Supreme Court declares them unconstitutional; thus making, not the Constitution, but the discretion of the rulers, the measure of its powers!

It is customary at the North to think Mr Webster wholly in the right, and South Carolina wholly in the wrong, on the question of nullification; but it should be remembered, that some of the ablest men whom the South ever sent to Washington thought otherwise. There was a good deal of truth in the speech of Mr Hayne: he was alarmed at the increase of the central power, which seemed to invade the rights of the States. Mr Calhoun defended the Carolinian idea;† and Calhoun was a man of great mind, a sagacious man, a man of unimpeachable integrity in private.‡ Mr Clay was certainly a man of very large intellect, wise and subtle and far-sighted. But, in 1833, he introduced his "Compromise Measure," to avoid the necessity of enforcing the opinions of Mr Webster.

I must pass over many things in Mr Webster's congressional career.

While Secretary of State, he performed the chief act of his public life,—the one deed on which his reputation as a political administrator seems now to settle down and rest. He negotiated the Treaty of Washington in 1842. The matter was difficult, the claims intricate; there were four

* Last remarks on Foote's Resolution, and Speech in Senate, 13th Feb. 1833. Works, vol. iii. p. 343, *et seq.*; 443, *et seq.*

† See Mr Calhoun's Disquisition on Government, and his Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States, in his Works, vol. i. (Charleston, 1851); Life and Speeches (New York, 1843), No. iii.—vi. See, too, Life and Speeches, No. ix., xix., xxii.

‡ A more thorough acquaintance with the character and conduct of Mr Calhoun, makes it doubtful to me that he deserves this threefold praise.

parties to pacify,—England, the United States, Massachusetts, and Maine. The quarrel was almost sixty years old. Many political doctors had laid their hands on the immedicable wound, which only smarted sorer under their touch. The British Government sent over a minister to negotiate a treaty with the American Secretary. The two eminent statesmen settled the difficulty. It has been said that no other man in America could have done so well, and drawn the thunder out of the gathered cloud. Perhaps I am no judge of that; yet I do not see why any sensible and honest man could not have done the work. You all remember the anxiety of America and of England; the apprehension of war; and the delight when these two countries shook hands, as the work was done. Then we all felt that there was only one English nation,—the English Briton and the English American; that Webster and Ashburton were fellow-citizens, yea, brothers of the same great Anglo-Saxon tribe.

His letters on the Right of Search, and the British claim to impress seamen from American ships, would have done honour to any statesman in the world.* He refused to England the right to visit and search our ships, on the plea of their being engaged in the slave-trade. Some of my anti-slavery brethren have censured him for this. I always thought he was right in the matter. But, on the other side, his celebrated letter to Lord Ashburton, in the Creole case, seems to me most eminently unjust, false in law, and wicked in morality.† It is the greatest stain on that negotiation; and it is wonderful to me, that, in 1846, Mr Webster could himself declare he thought that letter was the “most triumphant production” from his pen in all the correspondence.

But let us pause a moment, and see how much praise is really due to Mr Webster for negotiating the treaty. I limit my remarks to the north-eastern boundary. The main question was, Where is the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, mentioned in the treaty of 1783? for a line, drawn due north from the source of the river St Croix to the summit of the highlands dividing the waters of the Atlantic from those of the St Lawrence, was to terminate at that point. The American claim was most abundantly

* Works, vol. vi. p. 318, *et seq.*

† *Ib.* p. 303, *et seq.*

substantiated; but it left the British Provinces, New Brunswick and Canada, in an embarrassed position. No military road could be maintained between them; and, besides, the American border came very near to Quebec. Accordingly, the British Government, on the flimsiest pretext, refused to draw the lines and erect the monuments contemplated by the treaty of 1794; perverted the language of the treaty of 1783, which was too plain to be misunderstood; and gradually extended its claim further and further to the west. By the treaty of Ghent (1814), it was provided that certain questions should be left out to a friendly power for arbitration. In 1827, this matter was referred to the King of the Netherlands: he was to determine where the line of the treaty ran. He did not determine that question, but, in 1831, proposed a new conventional line. His award ceded to the British about 4119 square miles of land in Maine. The English assented to it; but the Americans refused to accept the award, Mr Webster opposing it. He was entirely convinced that the American claim was just and sound, and the American interpretation of the treaty of 1783 the only correct one. On a memorable occasion, in the Senate of the United States, Mr Webster declared—"that Great Britain ought forthwith to be told, that, unless she would agree to settle the question by the 4th of July next, according to the treaty of 1783, we would then take possession of that line, and let her drive us off if she can!"*

The day before, and in all *soberness*, he declared that he "never entertained a doubt that the right to this disputed territory was in the United States." This was "perfectly clear,—so clear that the controversy never seemed to him hardly to reach to the dignity of a debatable question."

But, in 1842, the British minister came to negotiate a treaty. Maine and Massachusetts were asked to appoint commissioners to help in the matter; for it seemed determined on that those States were to relinquish some territory to which they had a lawful claim. Those States could not convey the territory to England, but might authorize the Federal Government to make the transfer. The treaty was made, and accepted by Maine and Massachusetts. But it ceded to Great Britain all the land which the award had

* *Evening Debate of Senate, Feb. 27, 1839* (in "Boston Atlas" of March 1).

given, and 893 square miles in addition. Thus the treaty conveyed to Great Britain more than five thousand square miles—upwards of three million acres—of American territory, to which, by the terms of the treaty, the American title was perfectly good. Rouse's Point was ceded to the United States, with a narrow strip of land on the north of Vermont and New Hampshire; but the king's award gave us Rouse's Point at less cost. The rights which the Americans gained with the navigation of a part of the St John's River were only a fair exchange for the similar right conceded to the British. As a compensation to Maine and Massachusetts for the loss of the land and the jurisdiction over it, the United States paid those two States 300,000 dols., and indemnified Maine for the expenses occasioned by the troubles which had grown out of the contested claims,—about 300,000 dols. more. Great Britain gained all that was essential to the welfare of her colonies. All her communications, civil and military, were for ever placed beyond hostile reach; and all the military positions claimed by America, with the exception of Rouse's Point, were for ever secured to Great Britain! What did England concede? The British government still keeps (in secret) the identical map used by the English and American Commissioners who negotiated the treaty of 1783: the Boundary line is drawn on it, in red ink, with a pen, exactly where the Americans had always claimed that the Treaty required it to be!

It was fortunate that the controversy was settled; it was wise in America to be liberal. A tract of wild land, though half as large as Massachusetts, is nothing compared to a war. It is as well for mankind that the jurisdiction over that spot belongs to the Lion of England as to the Eagle of America. But I fear a man who makes such a bargain is not entitled to any great glory among diplomatists. In 1832, Maine refused to accept the award of the king, even when the Federal Government offered her a million acres of good land in Michigan, of her own selection, valued at a million and a quarter of dollars. Had it been a question of the south-western boundary, and not the north-eastern, Mexico would have had an answer to her claim very different from that which England received. Mr Webster was determined on negotiating the treaty at all hazards, and

was not very courteous to those who expostulated and stood out for the just rights of Maine and Massachusetts; nay, he was indignant at the presumption of these States asking for compensation when their land was ceded away!*

Was there any real danger of a war? If England had claimed clear down to the Connecticut, I think the Southern masters of the North would have given up Bunker Hill and Plymouth Rock, rather than risk to the chances of a British war the twelve hundred million dollars invested in slaves. Men who live in straw houses think twice before they scatter firebrands abroad. England knew well with whom she had to deal, and authorized her representative to treat only for a "*conventional line*," not to accept the line of the treaty! Mr Webster succeeded in negotiating, because he gave up more American territory than any one would yield before,—more than the king of the Netherlands had proposed. Still, we may all rejoice in the settlement of the question; and if Great Britain had admitted our claim by the plain terms of the treaty, and then asked for the land so valuable and necessary to her, who in New-England would have found fault?†

After the conclusion of the treaty, Mr Webster came to Boston. You remember his speech in 1842, in Faneuil Hall. He was then sixty years old. He had done the great deed of his life. He still held a high station. He scorned, or affected to scorn, the littleness of party and its

* For the facts of this controversy, see, I. The Definitive Treaty of Peace, &c. 1783. Public Statutes of the United States of America (Boston, 1846), vol. viii. p. 80. Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation, &c. 1794, *ibid.* p. 116. Treaty of Peace and Amity, 1814, *ibid.* p. 218.—II. Act of Twentieth Congress, stat. i. chap. xxx. *ibid.* vol. iv. p. 262. Act of Twenty-sixth Congress, stat. i. chap. lii. *ibid.* vol. v. p. 402; and stat. ii. chap. ii. p. 413.—III. Statement on the part of the United States, of the Case referred in pursuance of the Convention of 29th September, 1827, between the said States and Great Britain, to his Majesty the King of the Netherlands, for his decision thereon (Washington, 1829). North American Boundary, A.: Correspondence relating to the Boundary, &c. &c. (London, 1838). North American Boundary, part I.: Correspondence relating to the Boundary, &c. (London, 1840). The Right of the United States of America to the North-eastern Boundary claimed by them, &c. &c., by Albert Gallatin, &c. (New York, 1840). Documents of the Senate of Massachusetts, 1839, No. 45; 1841, No. 9. Documents of the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, 1842, No. 44.—IV. Congressional Globe, &c. (Washington, 1843), vol. xii. and Appendix. Mr Webster's Defence of the Treaty; Works, vol. v. p. 18, *et seq.*

† The time has not yet come when the public can completely understand this negotiation, and I pass over some things which it is not now prudent to relate.

narrow platform, and claimed to represent the people of the United States. Everybody knew the importance of his speech. I counted sixteen reporters of the New-England and Northern press at that meeting. It was a proud day for him, and also a stormy day. Other than friends were about him. It was thought that he had just scattered the thunder which impended over the nation. But a sullen cloud still hung over his own expectations of the Presidency. He thundered his eloquence into that cloud,—the great ground-lightning of his Olympian power.

I come now to speak of his relation to slavery. Up to 1850, with occasional fluctuations, much of his conduct had been just and honourable. As a private citizen, in 1819, he opposed the Missouri Compromise. At the meeting of the citizens of Boston to prevent that iniquity, he said, "We are acting for unborn millions, who lie along before us in the track of time."* The extension of slavery would demoralize the people, and endanger the welfare of the nation. "Nor can the laws derive support from the manners of the people, if the power of moral sentiment be weakened by enjoying, under the permission of the government, great facilities to commit offences."†

A few months after the deed was done, on Forefathers' Day in 1820, standing on Plymouth Rock, he could say:—

"I deem it my duty, on this occasion, to suggest that the land is not yet wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must for ever revolt,—I mean the African slave-trade. Neither public sentiment nor the law has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God in his mercy has blessed the Christian world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear, that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade by subjects and citizens of Christian States, in whose hearts there dwell no sentiments of humanity or of justice, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave-trader is a pirate and a felon; and, in the sight of Heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter page of our history than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government at an early day, and at different

* Reported in the "Columbian Centinel" for Dec. 8, 1819, not contained in the edition of his Works!

† Memorial to Congress, *ut supra*; also omitted in Works,

times since, for the suppression of this traffic; and I would call on all the true sons of New-England to co-operate with the laws of man and the justice of Heaven. If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the Rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the Pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer; I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those who, by stealth and at midnight, labour in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New-England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world. Let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards; and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it.”*

In 1830, he praised Nathan Dane for the Ordinance which makes the difference between Ohio and Kentucky, and honourably vindicated that man who lived “too near the north star” for Southern eyes to see. “I regard domestic slavery,” said Mr Webster to Mr Hayne, “as one of the greatest evils, both moral and political.”†

In 1837, at Niblo’s Garden, he avowed his entire unwillingness to do anything which should extend the slavery of the African race on this continent. He said:—

“On the general question of slavery, a great portion of the community is already strongly excited. The subject has not only attracted attention as a question of politics, but it has struck a far deeper-toned chord. It has arrested the religious feeling of the country; it has taken strong hold on the consciences of men. He is a rash man, indeed, and little conversant with human nature,—and especially has he a very erroneous estimate of the character of the people of this country,—who supposes that a feeling of this kind is to be trifled with or despised. It will assuredly cause itself to be respected. It may be reasoned with; it may be made willing—I believe it is entirely willing—to fulfil all existing engagements, and all existing duties; to uphold and defend the Constitution as it is established, with whatever regrets about some provisions which it does actually contain. But to coerce it into silence, to restrain its free expression, to seek to compress and confine it, warm as it is, and more heated as such endeavours would inevitably render it,—should this be attempted, I know nothing, even in the Constitution or in the Union itself,

* Works, vol. i. p. 45, *et seq.*

† *Ib.* vol. iii. p. 279; see, also, p. 263, *et seq.*

which would not be endangered by the explosion which might follow.”*

He always declared that slavery was a local matter of the South ; sectional, not national. In 1830 he took the ground that the general government had nothing to do with it. In 1840, standing “beneath an October sun” at Richmond, he declared again that there was no power, direct or indirect, in Congress or the general government, to interfere in the smallest degree with the “institutions” of the South.†

At first he opposed the annexation of Texas ; he warned men against it in 1837. He went so far as to declare :—

“I do say that the annexation of Texas would tend to prolong the duration and increase the extent of African slavery on this continent. I have long held that opinion, and I would not now suppress it for any consideration on earth ! and because it does increase the evils of slavery, because it will increase the number of slaves and prolong the duration of their bondage,—because it does all this, I oppose it without condition and without qualification, at this time *and all times, now and for ever.*”‡

He prepared some portions of the Address of the Massachusetts Anti-Texas Convention in 1845. But as some of the leading Whigs of the North opposed that meeting and favoured annexation, he did not appear at the Convention, but went off to New York ! In 1845 he voted against annexation. He said that he had felt it to be his duty steadily, uniformly, and zealously to oppose it. He did not wish America to be possessed by the spirit of aggrandizement. He objected to annexation principally because Texas was a Slave State.§ Here he stood with John Quincy Adams, but, alas ! did too little to oppose that annexation. Against him were Mr Calhoun, the South, almost all the Democratic party of the North,—Mr Van Buren losing his nomination on account of his hostility to new slave-soil ; and many of the capitalists of the North wished a thing that Mr Webster wanted not.

He objected to the Constitution of Texas. Why ? Because it tied up the hands of the Legislature against the abolition of slavery. He said so on Forefathers’ Day,

* Works, vol. i. p. 356, 357.

† *Ib.* vol. i. p. 270.

‡ *Ib.* vol. ii. p. 93, *et seq.*

§ *Ib.* vol. ii. p. 552, *et seq.*

two hundred and twenty-five years after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. Then he could not forget his own proud words, uttered a quarter of a century before. I thought him honest then; I think so still. But he said that New-England might have prevented annexation; that Massachusetts might have prevented annexation, only "she could not be roused." If he had laboured then for freedom with as much vigour and earnestness as he wrought for slavery in 1850 and 1851, Massachusetts would have been roused; New-England would have risen as a single man; and annexation of new slave-soil have been put off till the Greek Kalends, a day beyond eternity. Yet he did some service in this work.

After the outbreak of the Mexican war, the northern men sought to pass a law prohibiting slavery in the new territory gained from Mexico. The celebrated "Wilmot Proviso" came up. Mr Webster also wished to prohibit slavery in the new territory. In March, 1847, he presented to Congress the resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature against the extension of slavery,—which had been passed unanimously,—and he "indorsed them all."

"I thank her for it, and am proud of her; for she has denounced the whole object for which our armies are now traversing the mountains of Mexico." "If anything is certain, it is that the sentiment of the whole North is utterly opposed to the acquisition of territory to be formed into new Slave-holding States."*

At the Whig Convention at Springfield, in 1847, he maintained that the Wilmot Proviso was his "thunder."

"Did I not commit myself in 1837 to the whole doctrine, fully, entirely?" "I cannot quite consent that more recent discoverers should claim the merit and take out a patent. We are to use the first and the last and every occasion which offers to oppose the extension of slave power."†

On the 10th of August, 1848, in the Senate of the United States, he said:—

"My opposition to the increase of slavery in this country, or to the increase of slave-representation, is general and universal. It has no reference to the lines of latitude or points of the compass. I

* "Congressional Globe," March, 1847, p. 555.

† Remarks in Convention at Springfield, Sept. 10, 1847, reported in "Boston Daily Advertiser."

shall oppose all such extension at all times and under all circumstances, even against all inducements, against all supposed limitations of great interests, against all combinations, against all compromises."

He sought to gain the support of the Free-Soilers in Massachusetts, and encouraged their enterprise. Even when he denounced the nomination of General Taylor as "not fit to be made," he declared that he could stand on the Buffalo Platform; its Anti-Slavery planks were good sound Whig timber; he himself had had some agency in getting them out, and did not see the necessity of a new organization. He had never voted for the admission of a Slave State into the Union!

But, alas! all this was to pass away. Was he sincere in his opposition to the extension of slavery? I always thought so. I think so still.

Yet, after all, on the 7th of March, 1850, he could make that speech—you know it too well. He refused to exclude slavery by law from California and New Mexico. It would "irritate" the South, would "re-enact the law of God." He declared Congress was bound to make four new Slave States out of Texas; to allow all the territory below 36° 30' to become Slave States; he volunteered to give Texas fifty thousand square miles of land for slave-territory, and ten millions of dollars; would refund to Virginia two hundred millions of dollars derived from the sale of the public lands, to expatriate the free coloured people from her soil; he would support the Fugitive Slave Bill, with all its amendments, "with all its provisions," "to the fullest extent."

You know the Fugitive Slave Bill too well. It is bad enough now; but when he first volunteered his support thereto, it was far worse, for then every one of the seventeen thousand postmasters of America might be a legal kidnapper by that Bill.* He pledged our own Massachusetts to support it, and that "with alacrity."

My friends, you all know the speech of the 7th of March: you remember how men felt when the telegraph brought the first news, they thought there must be some mistake! They could not believe the lightning. You recollect how the Whig party, and the Democratic party,

* See Speeches, Addresses, &c., of Theodore Parker, vol. ii. p. 160, *et seq.*

and the newspapers, treated the report. When the speech came in full, you know the effect. One of the most conspicuous men of the State, then in high office, declared that Mr Webster "seemed inspired by the devil to the extent of his intellect." You know the indignation men felt, the sorrow and anguish. I think not a hundred prominent men in all New-England acceded to the speech. But such was the power of that gigantic understanding, that, eighteen days after his speech, nine hundred and eighty-seven men of Boston sent him a letter, telling him that he had pointed out "the path of duty, convinced the understanding and touched the conscience of a nation;" and they expressed to him their "entire concurrence in the sentiments of that speech," and their "heartfelt thanks for the inestimable aid it afforded to the preservation" of the Union.

You remember the return of Mr Webster to Boston; the speech at the Revere House; his word that "discussion" on the subject of slavery must "in some way be suppressed;" you remember the "disagreeable duty;" the question if Massachusetts "will be just against temptation;" whether "she will conquer her prejudices" in favour of the trial by jury, of the unalienable rights of man, in favour of the Christian religion, and

"Those thoughts which wander through eternity."

You remember the agony of our coloured men. The Son of Man came to Jerusalem to seek and to save that which was lost; but Daniel Webster came to Boston to crush the poorest and most lost of men into the ground with the hoof of American power.

At the moment of making that speech, Mr Webster was a member of a French Abolition Society, which has for its object to protect, enlighten, and emancipate the African race! *

You all know what followed. The Fugitive Slave Bill passed. It was enforced. You remember the consternation of the coloured people in Boston, New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia,—all over the land. You recollect the speeches of Mr Webster at Buffalo, Syracuse, and Al-

* Institut d'Afrique pour l'Abolition de la Traite et de l'Esclavage. Art. ii. "Il a pour but également de protéger, d'éclairer, et d'émanciper la race Africaine."

bany,—his industry never equalled before; his violence, his indignation, his denunciations. You remember the threat at Syracuse, that out of the bosom of the next Anti-slavery Convention should a fugitive slave be seized. You remember the scorn that he poured out on men who pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour," for the welfare of men.*

You remember the letters to Mr Webster from Newburyport, Kennebec, Medford, and his "Neighbours in New Hampshire." You have not forgotten the "Union Meetings:" "Blue-light Federalists," and "Genuine Democrats dyed in the wood," united into one phalanx of Hunkerism and became his "retainers," lay and clerical,—the laymen maintaining that his political opinions were an "amendment to the Constitution;" and the clergymen, that his public and private practice was "one of the evidences of Christianity." You remember the sermons of Doctors of Divinity, proving that slavery was Christian, good Old Testament Christian, at the very least. You do not forget the offer of a man to deliver up his own mother. Andover went for kidnapping. The loftiest pulpits,—I mean those highest bottomed on the dollar,—they went also for kidnapping. There arose a shout against the fugitive from the metropolitan pulpits, "Away with such a fellow from the earth!—Kidnap him, kidnap him!" And when we said, mildly remonstrating, "Why, what evil has the poor black man done?" the answer was,— "We have a law, and by that law he ought to be a slave!"

You remember the first kidnappers which came here to Boston. Hughes was one of them, an ugly-looking fellow, that went back to die in a street brawl in his own Georgia. He thirsted for the blood of Ellen Craft.

You remember the seizure of Shadrach, and his deliverance out of his fiery furnace. Of course it was an Angel who let him out; for that court,—the kidnappers' court,—thirsting for human blood, spite of the "enlargement of the testimony," after six trials, I think, has not found a man, who, at noonday and in the centre of the

* The speeches referred to have not all been collected in the "Works." See some of them in Mr Webster's "Speeches at Buffalo, Syracuse, and Albany, May, 1851." Times Office, New York [1851].

town, did the deed! So I suppose it was an Angel who did the deed, and miracles are not over yet. I hope you have not forgotten Caphart, the creature which "whips women," the great ally of the Boston kidnappers.

You remember the kidnapping of Thomas Sims; Faneuil Hall shut against the convention of the people; the court house in chains; the police drilled in the square; soldiers in arms; Faneuil Hall a barrack. You remember Fast Day, 1851,—at least I do.* You remember the "Acorn" and Boston on the 12th of April. You have not forgotten the dreadful scenes at New York, Philadelphia, and Buffalo; the tragedy at Christiana.

You have not forgotten Mr Webster's definition of the object of government. In 1845, standing over the grave of Judge Story, he said,—"Justice is the great interest of mankind;" I think he thought so too! But at New York, on the 18th of November, 1850, he said,—"The great object of government is the protection of property at home, and respect and renown abroad."

He went to Annapolis, and made a speech complimenting a series of ultra resolutions in favour of slavery and slave-catching. One of the resolutions made the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law the sole bond of the Union. The orator of Bunker Hill replied:—

"Gentlemen, I concur in the sentiments expressed by you all—and I thank God they were expressed by you all—in the resolutions passed here on the 10th of December. And allow me to say, that any State, North or South, which departs *one iota* from the sentiment of that resolution, is disloyal to this Union.

"Further,—so far as any act of that sort has been committed,—SUCH A STATE HAS NO PORTION OF MY REGARD. *I do not sympathize with it.* I rebuke it wherever I speak, and on all occasions where it is proper for me to express my sentiments. If there are States—and I am afraid there are—which have sought, by ingenious contrivances of State legislation, to thwart the fair exercise and fulfilment of the laws of Congress passed to carry into effect the compacts of the Constitution,—THAT STATE, SO FAR, IS ENTITLED TO NO REGARD FROM ME. AT THE NORTH THERE HAVE BEEN CERTAINLY SOME INTIMATIONS IN CERTAIN STATES OF SUCH A POLICY.

"*I hold the importance of maintaining these measures to be of the highest character and nature, every one of them out and out, and through*

* See Speeches, &c., vol. ii. p. 313, *et seq.*

and through. I have no confidence in anybody who seeks the repeal, in anybody who wishes to alter or modify these constitutional provisions. There they are. Many of these great measures are irrevocable. The settlement with Texas is as irrevocable as the admission of California. Other important objects of legislation, if not in themselves in the nature of grants, and therefore not so irrevocable, are just as important; and we are to hear no parleying upon it. We are to listen to no modification or qualification. They were passed in conformity with the provisions of the Constitution; and they must be performed and abided by, IN WHATEVER EVENT, AND AT WHATEVER COST."

Surrounded by the Federalists of New-England, when a young man, fresh in Congress, he stood out nobly for the right to discuss all matters. Every boy knows his brave words by heart:—

"Important as I deem it, sir, to discuss, on all proper occasions, the policy of the measures at present pursued, *it is still more important to maintain the right of such discussion in its full and just extent.* Sentiments lately sprung up, and now growing popular, render it necessary to be explicit on this point. It is the ancient and constitutional right of this people to canvass public measures, and the merits of public men. It is a homebred right, a fireside privilege. It has ever been enjoyed in every house, cottage, and cabin in the nation. It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted as the right of breathing the air, and walking on the earth. Belonging to private life as a right, it belongs to public life as a duty; and it is the last duty which those whose representative I am shall find me to abandon. This high constitutional privilege I shall defend and exercise within this house and without this house, and in all places; in time of war, in time of peace, and at all times.

"Living, I will assert it; dying, I will assert it; and should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God I will leave them the inheritance of *Free Principles*, and the example of a manly, independent, and constitutional defence of them."

Then, in 1850, when vast questions, so intimately affecting the welfare of millions of men, were before the country, he told us to suppress agitation!

"Neither you nor I shall see the legislation of the country proceed in the old harmonious way, until the discussions in Congress and out of Congress upon the subject [of slavery] shall be in some way suppressed. Take that truth home with you, and take it as truth."

"I shall support no agitations having their foundation in unreal and ghostly abstractions."*

* Speech at the Revere House in Boston, April 29, 1850, in "Daily Advertiser" of April 30.

The opponents of Mr Webster, contending for the freedom of all Americans, of all men, appealed from the Fugitive Slave Bill to "the element of all laws, out of which they are derived, to the end of all laws, for which they are designed and in which they are perfected." How did he resist the appeal? You have not forgotten the speech at Capron Springs, on the 26th of June, 1851. "When nothing else will answer," he said, "they," the abolitionists, "invoke 'religion,' and speak of the 'higher law!'" He of the granite hills of New Hampshire, looking on the mountains of Virginia, blue with loftiness and distance, said, "Gentlemen, this North Mountain is high, the Blue Ridge higher still, the Alleghanies higher than either, and yet this 'higher law' ranges further than an eagle's flight above the highest peaks of the Alleghanies! No common vision can discern it; no common and unsophisticated conscience can feel it; the hearing of common men never learns its high behests; and, therefore, one would think it is not a safe law to be acted upon in matters of the highest practical moment. It is the code, however, of the abolitionists of the North."

This speech was made at dinner. The next "sentiment" given after his was this:—

"The Fugitive Slave Law.—Upon its faithful execution depends the perpetuity of the Union."

Mr Webster made a speech in reply, and distinctly declared,—

"You of the South have as much right to secure your fugitive slaves, as the North has to any of its rights and privileges of navigation and commerce."

Do you think he believed that? Daniel Webster knew better. In 1844, only seven years before, he had said,—

"What! when all the civilized world is opposed to slavery; when morality denounces it; when Christianity denounces it; when every thing respected, everything good, bears one united witness against it, is it for America—America, the land of Washington, the model republic of the world—is it for America to come to its assistance, and to insist that the maintenance of slavery is necessary to the support of her institutions?"

How do you think the audience answered then? With six-and-twenty cheers. It was in Faneuil Hall. Mr Webster said, "These are Whig principles;" and, with these, "Faneuil Hall may laugh a siege to scorn." That speech is not printed in his collection! How could it stand side by side with the speech of the 7th of March?

In 1846, a Whig Convention voted to do its possible to "defeat all measures calculated to uphold slavery, and promote all constitutional measures for its overthrow;" to "oppose any further addition of Slave-holding States to this Union;" and to have "free institutions for all, chains and fetters for none."

At that time Mr Webster declared he had a heart which beat for everything favourable to the progress of human liberty, either here or abroad; then, when in "the dark and troubled night" he saw only the Whig party as his Bethlehem Star, he rejoiced in "the hope of obtaining the power to resist whatever threatens to extend slavery."* Yet after New York had kidnapped Christians, and with civic pomp sent her own sons into slavery, he could go to that city and say, "It is an air which for the last few months I love to inhale. It is a patriotic atmosphere: constitutional breezes fan it every day."†

To accomplish a bad purpose, he resorted to mean artifice, to the low tricks of vulgar adventurers in politics. He used the same weapons once wielded against him,—misrepresentation, denunciation, invective.‡ Like his old enemy of New Hampshire, he carried his political quarrel into private life. He cast off the acquaintance of men intimate with him for twenty or thirty years. The malignity of his conduct, as it was once said of a great apostate,§ "was hugely aggravated by those rare abilities whereof God had given him the use." Time had not in America bred a man before bold enough to consummate such aims as his. In this New Hampshire Strafford, "despotism had at length obtained an instrument with mind to comprehend, and resolution to act upon, its principles in their length and breadth; and enough of his purposes were

* Speech at Faneuil Hall, September 23, 1846, reported in the "Daily Advertiser," Sept. 24.

† Speech at New York, May 12, 1851, in "Boston Atlas" of May 14.

‡ See above, pp. 40—42.

§ Lord Strafford.

effected by him to enable mankind to see as from a tower the end of all."

What was the design of all this? It was to "save the Union." Such was the cry. Was the Union in danger? Here were a few non-resistants at the North, who said, We will have "no union with slave-holders." There was a party of seceders at the South, who periodically blustered about disunion.* Could these men bring the Union into peril? Did Daniel Webster even think so? I shall never insult that giant intellect by the thought. He knew South Carolina, he knew Georgia, very well.* Mr Benton knew of no "distress," even at the time when it was alleged that the nation was bleeding at "five gaping wounds," so that it would take the whole omnibus full of compromises to staunch the blood: "All the political distress is among the politicians."† I think Mr Webster knew there was no danger of a dissolution of the Union. But here is a proof that he knew it. In 1850, on the 22nd of December, he declared, "There is no longer imminent danger of the dissolution of the United States. We shall live and not die." But, soon after, he went about saving the Union again, and again, and again,—saved it at Buffalo, Albany, Syracuse, at Annapolis, and then at Capron Springs.

I say there was no real danger; but my opinion is a mere opinion, and nothing more. Look, however, at a fact. We have the most delicate test of public opinion,—the state of the public funds; the barometer which indicates any change in the political weather. If the winds blow down the Tiber, Roman funds fall. Talk of war between France and England, the stocks go down at Paris and London. The foolish talk about the fisheries last summer lowered American stocks in the market, to the great gain of prudent and far-sighted brokers, who knew there was no danger. But all this time, when Mr Webster was telling us the ship of state was going to pieces, and required undergirding by the Fugitive Slave Bill, and needed the kidnapper's hand at the helm; while he was advising Massachusetts to "conquer her prejudices" in favour of the unalienable rights of man; while he was de-

* See his description in 1830 of the process and conclusion of nullification. Works, vol. iii. p. 337, *et seq.*

† Speech in Senate, Sept. 10, 1850.

nouncing the friends of freedom, and calling on us to throw over to Texas—that monster of the deep which threatened to devour the ship of state—fifty thousand square miles of territory, and ten millions of dollars; and to the other monster of secession to cast over the trial by jury, the dearest principles of the constitution, of manhood, of justice, and of religion, “those thoughts that wander through eternity;” while he himself revoked the noblest words of his whole life, casting over his interpretation of the constitution, his respect for State rights, for the common law, his own morality, his own religion, and his own God,—the funds of the United States did not go down one mill! You asked the capitalist, “Is the Union in danger?” He answered, “O yes! it is in the greatest peril.” “Then will you sell me your stocks lower than before?” “Not a mill; not one mill—not the ten hundredth part of a dollar in a hundred!” To ask men to make such a sacrifice, at such a time, from such a motive, is as if you should beg the captain of the steamer “Niagara,” in Boston harbour, in fair weather, to throw over all his cargo, because a dandy in the cabin was blowing the fire with his breath! No, my friends, I shall not insult the majesty of that intellect with the thought that he believed there was danger to the Union. There was not any danger of a storm; not a single cat’s-paw in the sky; not a capful of bad weather between Cape Sable and the Lake of the Woods!

But suppose the worst came to the worst, are there no other things as bad as disunion? The Constitution—does it “establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity,” and “secure the blessings of liberty” to all the citizens? Nobody pretends it,—with every eighth man made merchandise, and not an inch of free soil covered by the Declaration of Independence, save the five thousand miles which Mr Webster ceded away. Is disunion worse than slavery? Perhaps not even to commerce, which the Federalists thought “still more dear” than Union. But what if the South seceded next year, and the younger son took the portion of goods that falleth to him, when America divides her living? Imagine the condition of the new nation,—the United States South; a nation without schools, or the desire for them; without commerce, without manufac-

tures ; with six million white men and three million slaves ; working with that barbarous tool, slave-labour, an instrument as ill-suited to these times as a sickle of stone to cut grain with ! How would that new "Democracy" appear in the eyes of the world, when the public opinion of the nations looks hard at tyranny ? It would not be long before that younger son, having spent all with riotous living, and devoured his substance with slavery, brought down to the husks that the swine do eat,—would arise, and go to the Nation, and say, "Father, forgive me ; I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants." The Southern men know well, that if the Union were dissolved, their riches would take to themselves legs, and run away,—or firebrands, and make a St Domingo out of Carolina ! They cast off the North ! they set up for themselves !

"Tush ! tush ! Fear boys with bugs !"

Here is the reason. He wanted to be President. That was all of it. Before this he had intrigued,—always in a clumsy sort, for he was organized for honesty, and cunning never throve in his keeping,—had stormed and blustered and bullied. "Gen. Taylor the second choice of Massachusetts for the President," quoth he : "I tell you I am to be the first, and Massachusetts has no second choice." Mr Clay must not be nominated in '44 ; in '48 Gen. Taylor's was a "nomination not fit to be made." He wanted the office himself. This time he must storm the North, and conciliate the South. This was his bid for the Presidency,—fifty thousand square miles of territory and ten millions of dollars to Texas ; four new Slave States ; slavery in Utah and New Mexico ; the Fugitive Slave Bill ; and two hundred millions of dollars offered to Virginia to carry free men of colour to Africa.

He never laboured so before, and he had been a hard-working man. What speeches he made at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Albany, Buffalo, Syracuse, Annapolis ! What letters he wrote ! His intellect was never so active, nor gave such proofs of Herculean power. The hottest-headed Carolinian did not put his feet faster or further on in the support of slavery. He

"Stood up the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought 'gainst Heaven, now fiercer by despair."

Once he could say,—

"By general instruction, we seek as far as possible to purify the whole moral atmosphere; to keep good sentiments uppermost, and to turn the strong current of feeling and opinion, as well as the censures of the law, and the denunciations of religion, against immorality and crime. We hope for a security beyond the law, and above the law, in the prevalence of enlightened and well-principled moral sentiment."^{*}

In 1820 he could say, "All conscience ought to be respected;" in 1850 it is only a fanatic who heeds his conscience, and there is no higher law.[†] In scorn of the higher law, he far outwent his transatlantic prototype; for even Strafford, in his devotion to "*Thorough*," had some respect for the fundamental law of nature, and said,—"If I must be a traitor to man or perjured to God, I will be faithful to my Creator."

The fountains of his great deep were broken up—it rained forty days and forty nights, and brought a flood of slavery over this whole land; it covered the market, and the factory, and the court-house, and the warehouse, and the college, and rose up high over the tops of the tallest steeples! But the Ark of Freedom went on the face of the waters,—above the market, above the factory, above the court-house, above the college, high over the tops of the tallest steeples, it floated secure; for it bore the Religion that is to save the world, and the Lord God of Hosts had shut it in.

What flattery was there from Mr Webster! What flattery to the South! what respect for Southern nullifiers! "The Secessionists of the South take a different course of remark;" they appeal to no higher law! "They are learned and eloquent; they are animated and full of spirit; they are high-minded and chivalrous; they state their supposed injuries and causes of complaint in elegant phrases and exalted tones of speech."[‡]

He derided the instructions of his adopted State.

^{*} Debate in the Mass. Convention, Dec. 5, 1820. "*Journal*," *ubi sup.* p. 145; erroneously printed 245.

[†] See the Speeches at Buffalo, Syracuse, and Albany, in Pamphlet (New York, 1851). Speech at Capron Springs, &c., &c.

[‡] Speech at Capron Springs.

"It has been said that I have, by the course that I have thought proper to pursue, displeased a portion of the people of Massachusetts. Well, suppose I did. Suppose I displeased all the people of that State,—what of that?"

"What had I to do with instructions from Massachusetts upon a question affecting the whole nation!" "I assure you, gentlemen, I cared no more for the instructions of Massachusetts than I did for those of any other State!"*

What scorn against the "fanatics" of the North, against the Higher Law, and the God thereof!

"New-England, it is well known, is the chosen seat of the Abolition presses and the Abolition Societies. There it is principally that the former cheer the morning by full columns of lamentation over the fate of human beings free by nature and by a law above the Constitution,—but sent back, nevertheless, chained and manacled to slavery and to stripes; and the latter refresh themselves from daily toil by orgies of the night devoted to the same outpourings of philanthropy, mingling all the while their anathemas at what they call 'men catching' with the most horrid and profane abjuration of the Christian Sabbath, and indeed of the whole Divine Revelation: they sanctify their philanthropy by irreligion and profanity; they manifest their charity by contempt of God and his commandments."

"Depend upon it, the law [the Fugitive Slave Bill] will be executed in its spirit and to its letter. It will be executed in all the great cities,—here in Syracuse,—in the midst of the next Anti-slavery Convention, if the occasion shall arise; then we shall see what becomes of their 'lives and their sacred honour!'"†

How he mocked at the "higher law," "that exists somewhere between us and the third heaven, I never knew exactly where!"

The anti-slavery men were "insane persons," "some small bodies of fanatics," "not fit for a lunatic asylum."‡

To secure his purposes, he left no stone unturned; he abandoned his old friends, treating them with rage and insolence. He revolutionized his own politics and his own religion. The strong advocate of liberty, of justice to all men, the opponent of slavery, turned round to the enemy and went square over! But his old speeches did not follow him: a speech is a fact; a printed word becomes immovable as the Alps. His former speeches, set

* Speech at Capron Springs. † Speech at Syracuse (New York, 1851).

‡ See Speech at Buffalo, 22nd May, 1851. Works, vol. ii. p. 544, *et seq.*

all the way from Hanover to Washington, were a line of fortresses grim with cannon, each levelled at his new position.

How low he stooped to supplicate the South, to cringe before the Catholics, to fawn upon the Methodists at Faneuil Hall! O, what a prostitution of what a kingly power of thought, of speech, of will!

The effect of Mr Webster's speech on the 7th of March was amazing: at first Northern men abhorred it; next they accepted it. Why was this? He himself has perhaps helped us understand the mystery:—

"The enormity of some crimes so astonishes men as to subdue their minds, and they lose the desire for justice in a morbid admiration of the great criminal and the strangeness of the crime."

Slavery, the most hideous snake which Southern regions breed, with fifteen unequal feet, came crawling North; fold on fold, and ring on ring, and coil on coil, the venom'd monster came: then Avarice, the foulest worm which Northern cities gender in their heat, went crawling South; with many a wriggling curl, it wound along its way. At length they met, and, twisting up in their obscene embrace, the twain became one monster; Hunkerism; theme unattempted yet in prose or song: there was no North, no South; they were one poison! The dragon worm'd its way along,—crawled into the church of Commerce, wherein the minister baptized the beast, "Salvation." From the ten commandments the dragon's breath effaced those which forbid to kill and covet, with the three between; then with malignant tooth, gnawed out the chief commandments whereon the law and prophets hang. This amphibæna of the Western World then swallowed down the holiest words of Hebrew or of Christian speech, and in their place it left a hissing at the Higher Law of God. Northward and Southward worm'd the thing along its track, leaving the stain of its breath in the people's face; and its hissing against the Lord rings yet in many a speech:—

"Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And, unawares, morality expires."

Then what a shrinking was there of great consciences, and hearts, and minds! So Milton, fabling, sings of

angels fallen from their first estate, seeking to enter Pandemonium :—

“They but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass Earth’s giant-sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, . . . to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court.”

Mr Webster stamped his foot, and broke through into the great hollow of practical atheism, which undergulfs the State and Church. Then what a caving in was there ! The firm-set base of northern cities quaked and yawned with gaping rents. “Penn’s sandy foundation” shook again, and black men fled from the city of brotherly love, as doves, with plaintive cry, flee from a farmer’s barn when summer lightning stabs the roof. There was a twist in Faneuil Hall, and the doors could not open wide enough for Liberty to regain her ancient Cradle ; only soldiers, greedy to steal a man, themselves stole out and in. Ecclesiastic quicksand ran down the hole amain. Metropolitan churches toppled, and pitched, and canted, and cracked, their bowing walls all out of plumb. Colleges, broken from the chain which held them in the stream of time, rushed towards the abysmal rent. Harvard led the way, “*Christo et Ecclesie*” in her hand. Down plunged Andover, “Conscience and the Constitution” clutched in its ancient, failing arm. New Haven began to cave in. Doctors of Divinity, orthodox, heterodox with only a doxy of doubt, “no settled opinion,” had great alacrity in sinking, and went down quick, as live as ever, into the pit of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, the bottomless pit of lower law,—one with his mother, cloaked by a surplice, hid beneath his sinister arm, and an acknowledged brother grasped by his remaining limb. Fossils of theology, dead as Ezekiel’s bones, took to their feet again, and stood up for most arrant wrong. “There is no higher law of God,” quoth they, as they went down ; “no golden rule, only the statutes of men.” A man with mythologic ear might fancy that he heard a snickering laugh run round the world below, snorting, whinnying, and neighing, as it

echoed from the infernal spot pressed by the fallen monsters of ill-fame, who, thousands of years ago, on the same errand, had plunged down the self-same way. What tidings the echo bore, Dante nor Milton could not tell. Let us leave that to darkness, and to silence, and to death.

But spite of all this, in every city, in every town, in every college, and in each capsizing church, there were found Faithful Men, who feared not the monster, heeded not the stamping;—nay, some doctors of divinity were found living. In all their houses there was light, and the destroying angel shook them not. The word of the Lord came in open vision to their eye; they had their lamps trimmed and burning, their loins girt; they stood road-ready. Liberty and Religion turned in thither, and the slave found bread and wings. “When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will hold me up!”

After the 7th of March, Mr Webster became the ally of the worst of men, the forefront of kidnapping. The orator of Plymouth Rock was the advocate of slavery; the hero of Bunker Hill put chains around Boston Court House; the applauder of Adams and Jefferson was a tool of the slave-holder, and a keeper of slavery's dogs, the associate of the kidnapper, and the mocker of men who loved the right. Two years he lived with that rabble-rout for company, his name the boast of every vilest thing.

“Oh, how unlike the place from whence he fell!”

In early life, Mr Hill, of New Hampshire, pursued him with unrelenting bitterness. Of late years Mr Webster had complained of this, declaring that “Mr Hill had done more than any other man to debauch the character of New Hampshire, bringing the bitterness of politics into private life.” But after that day of St Judas, Mr Webster pursued the same course which Mr Hill had followed forty years before, and the two enemies were reconciled.* The Herod of the Democrats and the Pilate of Federalism were made friends by the Fugitive Slave Bill, and rode in the same “Omnibus,”—“a blue-light Federalist” and “a genuine Democrat dyed in the wool.”

Think of him!—the Daniel Webster of Plymouth Rock

* See above, pp. 39—45; and the Letter of Hon. Isaac Hill (April 17, 1850), and Mr Webster's Reply.

advocating the "Compromise Measures!" the Daniel Webster of Faneuil Hall, who once spoke with the inspiration of Samuel Adams and the tongue of James Otis, honouring the holy dead with his praise!—think of him at Buffalo, Albany, Syracuse, scoffing at modern men, who "perilled their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour," to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep themselves unspotted from the world!—think of him threatening with the gallows such as clothed the naked, fed the hungry, visited the prisoner, and gave a cup of cold water to him that was ready to perish! Think of Daniel Webster become the assassin of Liberty in the Capitol! Think of him, full of the Old Testament and dear Isaac Watts, scoffing at the Higher Law of God, while the mountains of Virginia looked him in the face!

But what was the recompense? Ask Massachusetts,—ask the North. Let the Baltimore Convention tell. He was the greatest candidate before it. General Scott is a little man when the feathers are gone. Fillmore, you know him. Both of these, for greatness of intellect, compared to Webster, were as a single magpie measured by an eagle. Look at his speeches; look at his forehead; look at his face! The two hundred and ninety-three delegates came together and voted. They gave him thirty-two votes! Where were the men of the "lower law," who made a denial of God the first principle of their politics? Where were they who in Faneuil Hall scoffed and jeered at the "Higher Law;" or at Capron Springs, who "laughed" when he mocked at the Law higher than the Virginia hills? Where were the kidnappers?

The "lower law" men and the kidnappers strained themselves to the utmost, and he had thirty-two votes!

Where was the South? Fifty-three times did the Convention ballot, and the South never gave him a vote,—not a vote; no, not one! Northern friends—I honour their affection for the great man—went to the South, and begged for the poor and paltry pittance of a seeming vote, in order to break the bitterness of the fall! They went "with tears in their eyes," and in mercy's name, they asked that crumb from the Southern board. But the cruel South, treacherous to him whom she beguiled to

treason against God, she answered, "Not a vote!" It was the old fate of men who betray. Southern politicians "did not dare dispense with the services thrust on him, but revenged themselves by withdrawing his well-merited reward." It was the fate of Strafford; the fate of Wolsey. When Lasthenes and Euthycrates betrayed Olynthus to Macedonian Philip, fighting against the liberties of Greece, they were distinguished—if Demosthenes be right—only by the cruelty of their fate. Mr Webster himself had a forefeeling that it might be so; for, on the morning of his fatal speech, he told a brother Senator, "I have my doubts that the speech I am going to make will ruin me." But he played the card with a heavy, a rash, a trembling, and not a skilful hand. It was only the playing of a card,—but his last card! Mr Calhoun had said, "The furthest Southerner is nearer to us than the nearest Northern man." They could trust him with their work,—not with its covenanted pay!

Oh! Cardinal Wolsey! there was never such a fall.

"He fell, like Lucifer, never to hope again!"

The telegraph which brought him tidings of his fate was a thunder-stroke out of the clear sky. No wonder that he wept, and said, "I am a disgraced man, a ruined man!" His early, his last, his fondest dream of ambition broke, and only ruin filled his hand! What a spectacle! to move pity in the stones of the street!

But it seemed as if nothing could be spared him. His cup of bitterness, already full, was made to run over; for joyous men, full of wine and the nomination, called him up at midnight out of his bed—the poor, disappointed old man!—to "congratulate him on the nomination of Scott!" And they forced the great man, falling back on his self-respect, to say that the next morning he should "rise with the lark, as jocund and as gay."

Was not that enough? Oh, there is no pity in the hearts of men! Even that was not enough! Northern friends went to him, and asked him to advise men to vote for General Scott!

General Scott is said to be an anti-slavery man; but soon as the political carpenters put the "planks" together at Baltimore, he scrambled upon the platform, and stands there on all-fours to this day, looking for "fellow-citizens,

native and adopted," listening for "that rich brogue," and declaring that, after all, he is "only a common man." Did you ever read General Scott's speeches? Then think of asking Daniel Webster to recommend him for President,—Scott in the chair, and Webster out. That was gall after the wormwood! They say that Mr Webster did write a letter advocating the election of Scott, and afterwards said, "I still live." If he did so, attribute it to the wanderings of a great mind, shattered by sickness; and be assured he would have taken it back, if he had ever set his firm foot on the ground again!

Daniel Webster went down to Marshfield—to die! He died of his 7th of March speech! That word indorsed on Mason's Bill drove thousands of fugitives from America to Canada. It put chains round our Court House; it led men to violate the majesty of law all over the North. I violated it, and so did you. It sent Thomas Sims in fetters to his jail and his scourging at Savannah; it caused practical atheism to be preached in many churches of New York, Philadelphia, Washington; and, worst of all, in Boston itself! and then, with its own recoil, it sent Daniel Webster to his grave, giving him such a reputation as a man would not wish for his utterest foe.

No event in the American Revolution was half so terrible as his speeches in defence of slavery and kidnapping, his abrogation of the right to discuss all measures of the government. We lost battles again and again, lost campaigns—our honour we never lost. The army was without powder at Cambridge, in '76; without shoes and blankets in '78; and the bare feet of New-England valour marked the ice with blood when they crossed the Delaware. But we were never without conscience; never without morality. Powder might fail, and shoes drop, old and rotten, from soldiers' feet. But the love of God was in the American heart, and no American general said, "There is no law higher than the Blue Ridge!" Nay, they appealed to God's higher law, not thinking that in politics religion "makes men mad."

While the Philip of slavery was thundering at our gate, the American Demosthenes advised us to "conquer our prejudices" against letting him in; to throw down the wall "with alacrity," and bid him come: it was a "constitu-

tional" Philip. How silver dims the edge of steel! When the tongue of freedom was cut out of the mouth of Europe by the sabres of tyrants, and only in the British Isles and in Saxon speech could liberty be said or sung, the greatest orator who ever spoke the language of Milton and Burke told us to suppress discussion! In the dark and troubled night of American politics, our tallest Pharo on the shore hung out a false beacon.

Once Mr Webster said, "There will always be some perverse minds who will vote the wrong way, let the justice of the case be ever so apparent."* Did he know what he was doing? Too well. In the winter of 1850, he partially prepared a speech in defence of freedom. Was his own amendment to Mason's Bill designed to be its text?† Some say so. I know not. He wrote to an intimate and sagacious friend in Boston, asking, how far can I go in defence of freedom, and have Massachusetts sustain me? The friend repaid the confidence, and said, Far as you like! Mr Webster went as far as New Orleans, as far as Texas and the Del Norte, in support of slavery! When that speech came,—the rawest wind of March,—the friend declared: It seldom happens to any man to be able to disgrace the generation he is born in. But the opportunity has presented itself to Mr Webster, and he has done the deed!

Cardinal Wolsey fell, and lost nothing but his place. Bacon fell; the "wisest, brightest," lived long enough to prove himself the "meanest of mankind." Strafford came down. But it was nothing to the fall of Webster. The Anglo-Saxon race never knew such a terrible and calamitous ruin. His downfall shook the continent. Truth fell prostrate in the street. Since then, the Court House has a twist in its walls, and equity cannot enter its door; the steeples point awry, and the "Higher Law" is hurled down from the pulpit. One priest would enslave all the "posterity of Ham," and another would drive a fugitive from his own door; a third became certain that Paul was a kidnapper; and a fourth had the "assurance of consciousness that Christ Jesus would have sold and bought

* "Columbian Centinel," March 11, 1820.

† Works, vol. v. p. 373, 374. See, too, Speech at Buffalo (in Pamphlet), p. 17. He proposed to have "a summary trial by jury!"

slaves!" Practical atheism became common in the pulpits of America; they forgot that there was a God. In the hard winter of 1780, if Fayette had copied Arnold, and Washington gone over to the enemy, the fall could not have been worse. Benedict Arnold fell, but fell through,—so low that no man quotes him for precedent. Aaron Burr is only a warning. Webster fell, and he lay there "not less than archangel ruined," and enticed the nation in his fall. Shame on us!—all those three are of New-England blood! Webster, Arnold, Burr!

My friends, it is hard for me to say those things. My mother's love is warm in my own bosom still, and I hate to say such words. But God is just; and, in the presence of God, I stand here to tell the truth.

Did men honour Daniel Webster? So did I. I was a boy ten years old when he stood at Plymouth Rock, and never shall I forget how his clarion-words rang in my boyish heart. I was but a little boy when he spoke those brave words in behalf of Greece. I was helped to hate slavery by the lips of that great intellect; and now that he takes back his words, and comes himself to be slavery's slave, I hate it tenfold harder than before, because it made a bondman out of that proud, powerful nature.

Did men love him? So did I. Not blindly, but as I loved a great mind, as the defender of the Constitution and the Unalienable Rights of Man.

Sober and religious men of Boston yet mourn that their brothers were kidnapped in the city of Hancock and Adams—it was Daniel Webster who kidnapped them. Massachusetts has wept at the deep iniquity which was wrought in her capital—it was done by the man whom she welcomed to her bosom, and long had loved to honour. Let history, as

"Sad as angels at the good man's sin,
Blush to record, and weep to give it in!"

Do men mourn for him? See how they mourn! The streets are hung with black. The newspapers are sad coloured. The shops are put in mourning. The Mayor and Aldermen wear crape. Wherever his death is made known, the public business stops, and flags drop half-mast down. The courts adjourn. The courts of Massachusetts

—at Boston, at Dedham, at Lowell, all adjourn ; the courts of New Hampshire, of Maine, of New York ; even at Baltimore and Washington, the courts adjourn ; for the great lawyer is dead, and Justice must wait another day. Only the United States Court, in Boston, trying a man for helping Shadrach out of the furnace of the kidnappers,—the court which executes the Fugitive Slave Bill,—that does not adjourn ; that keeps on ; its worm dies not, and the fire of its persecution is not quenched, when death puts out the lamp of life ! Injustice is hungry for its prey, and must not be balked. It was very proper ! Symbolical court of the Fugitive Slave Bill—it does not respect life, why should it death ? and, scorning liberty, why should it heed decorum ? Did the judges deem that Webster's spirit, on its way to God, would look at Plymouth Rock, then pause on the spots made more classic by his eloquence, and gaze at Bunker Hill, and tarry his hour in the august company of noble men at Faneuil Hall, and be glad to know that injustice was chanting his requiem in that court ? They greatly misjudge the man. I know Daniel Webster better, and I appeal for him against his idly judging friends.*

Do men now mourn for him, the great man eloquent ? I put on sackcloth long ago ; I mourned for him when he wrote the Creole letter, which surprised Ashburton, Briton that he was. I mourned when he spoke the speech of the 7th of March. I mourned when the Fugitive Slave Bill passed Congress, and the same cannons which have just fired minute-guns for him fired also one hundred rounds of joy at the forging of a new fetter for the fugitive's foot. I mourned for him when the kidnappers first came to Boston,—hated then, now “respectable men,” “the companions of princes,” enlarging their testimony in the court. I mourned when my own parishioners fled from the “stripes” of New-England to the “stars” of Old-England. I mourned when Ellen Craft fled to my house for shelter and for succour, and for the first time in all my life

* I am told that there was some technical reason why that court continued its session. I know nothing of the motive ; but I believe it was the fact that the only court in the United States which did not adjourn at the intelligence of the death of Mr Webster, was the court which was seeking to punish a man for rescuing *Shadrach* from the fiery furnace made ready for him. Here is the *item*, from the “Boston Atlas” for Tuesday, Oct. 26, 1861, “Elizur Wright being on trial [for alleged aiding in the attempt to rescue Shadrach] the court continued its session !”

I armed this hand. I mourned when I married William and Ellen Craft, and gave them a Bible for their soul, and a sword to keep that soul living in a living frame. I mourned when the Court House was hung in chains; when Thomas Sims, from his dungeon, sent out his petition for prayers, and the churches did not dare to pray. I mourned when that poor outcast in yonder dungeon sent for me to visit him, and when I took him by the hand which Daniel Webster was chaining in that hour. I mourned for Webster when we prayed our prayer and sang our psalm on Long Wharf in the morning's gray. I mourned then: I shall not cease to mourn. The flags will be removed from the streets, the cannon will sound their other notes of joy; but, for me, I shall go mourning all my days; I shall refuse to be comforted; and at last I shall lay down my gray hairs with weeping and with sorrow in the grave. O Webster! Webster! would God that I had died for thee!

He was a powerful man physically, a man of a large mould,—a great body and a great brain:* he seemed made to last a hundred years. Since Socrates, there has seldom been a head so massive huge, save the stormy features of Michael Angelo,—

“The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome;”

he who sculptured Day and Night into such majestic forms,—looked them in his face before he chiselled them in stone. The cubic capacity of his head surpassed nearly all former measurements of mind. Since Charlemagne, I think there has not been such a grand figure in all Christendom. A large man, decorous in dress, dignified in deportment, he walked as if he felt himself a king. Men from the country, who knew him not, stared at him as he passed through our streets. The coal-heavers and porters of London looked on him as one of the great forces of the globe. They recognized a native king. In the Senate of the United States, he looked an emperor in that council. Even the majestic Calhoun seemed common, compared with him. Clay looked vulgar, and Van Buren but a fox. His countenance, like Strafford's, was “manly black.” His mind—

* See Dr Jeffries' account of the last illness of the late Daniel Webster, &c. (Phil., 1853), p. 17.

"Was lodged in a fair and lofty room.
 On his brow
 Sat terror, mixed with wisdom; and, at once,
 Saturn and Hermes in his countenance."

What a mouth he had! It was a lion's mouth. Yet there was a sweet grandeur in his smile, and a woman's softness when he would. What a brow it was! what eyes! like charcoal fires in the bottom of a deep, dark well! His face was rugged with volcanic flames,—great passions and great thoughts.

"The front of Jove himself;
 An eye like Mars to threaten and command."

Let me examine the elements of Mr Webster's character in some detail. Divide the faculties, not bodily, into intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious, and see what he had of each, beginning with the highest.

I. His latter life shows that he had no large development of the religious powers, which join men consciously to the infinite God. He had little religion in the higher meaning of that word: much in the lower,—he had the conventional form of religion, the formality of outward and visible prayer; reverence for the Bible and the name of Christ; attendance at meeting on Sundays and at the "ordinances of religion." He was a "devout man," in the ecclesiastic sense of the word. But it is easy to be devout, hard to be moral. Of the two men, in the parable, who "went up to the temple to pray," only the Pharisee was "devout" in the common sense. Devoutness took the Priest and the Levite to the temple: morality led the good Samaritan to the man fallen among thieves.

His reputation for religion seems to rest on these facts,—that he read the Bible, and knew more passages from it than most political editors, more than some clergymen; he thought Job "a great epic poem," and quoted Habakkuk by rote;—that he knew many hymns by heart; attended what is called "divine service;" agreed with a New Hampshire divine "in all the doctrines of a Christian life;" and, in the "Girard case," praised the popular theology, with the ministers thereof,—the latter as "appointed by the Author of the Christian religion himself."

He seems by nature to have had a religious turn of mind; was full of devout and reverential feelings; took a deep delight in religious emotions; was fond of religious books of a sentimental cast; loved Watts's tender and delicious hymns, with the devotional parts of the Bible; his memory was stored with the poetry of hymn-books; he was fond of attendance at meeting. He had no particle of religious bigotry; joining an Orthodox Church at Boscawen, an Episcopal at Washington, a Unitarian at Boston, and attending religious services without much regard for the theology of the minister. He loved religious forms, and could not see a child baptized without dropping a tear. Psalms and hymns also brought the woman into those great eyes. He was never known to swear, or use any profanity of speech.* Considering the habits of his political company, that is a fact worth notice. But I do not find that his religious emotions had any influence on his latter life, either public or private. He read religion out of politics with haughty scorn—"It makes men mad!" It appeared neither to check him from ill, nor urge to good. Though he said he loved "to have religion made a personal matter," he forsook the church which made it personal in the form of temperance. His "religious character" was what the churches of Commerce tend to form, and love to praise.†

II. Of the affections he was well provided by nature, though they were but little cultivated,—attachable to a few who knew him, and loved him tenderly; and, if he hated like a giant, he loved also like a king.

He had small respect for the mass of men,—a contempt for the judgment and the feelings of the millions who make up the people. Many women loved him; some from pure affection, others fascinated and overborne by the immense masculineness of the man. Some are still left who knew him in early life, before political ambition set its mark on his forehead, and drove him forth into the world: they love him with the tenderest of woman's affections. This is no small praise. In his earlier life he was fond of children, loved their prattle and their play. They,

* So I preached and printed in 1852 and 1853. But the statement is also a mistake.

† I think no American had ever so many Eulogies in print.

too, were fond of him, came to him as dust of iron to a loadstone, climbed on his back, or, when he lay down, lay on his limbs and also slept.

Of unimpassioned and unrelated love, there are two modes,—friendship for a few; philanthropy for all. Friendship he surely had, especially in earlier life. All along the shore, men loved him; men in Boston loved him to the last; Washington held loving hearts which worshipped him. But, of late years, he turned round to smite and crush his early friends who kept the Higher Law; ambition tore the friendship out of him, and he became unkind and cruel. The companions of his later years were chiefly low men, with large animal appetites, servants of his body's baser parts, or tide-waiters of his ambition,—vulgar men in Boston and New York, who lurk in the habitations of cruelty, whereof the dark places of the earth are full, seeking to enslave their brother-men. These barnacles clove to the great man's unprotected parts, and hastened his decay. When kidnappers made their loathsome lair of his bosom, what was his friendship worth?

Of philanthropy, I claim not much for him. The noble plea for Greece is the most I can put in for argument. He cared little for the poor; charity seldom invaded his open purse; he trod down the poorest and most friendless of perishing men. His name was never connected with the humanities of the age. Soon as the American Government seemed fixed on the side of cruelty, he marched all his dreadful artillery over, and levelled his breaching cannons against men ready to perish without his shot. In later years, his face was the visage of a tyrant.

III. Of conscience it seemed to me he had little; in his later life, exceeding little: his moral sense seemed long besotted; almost, though not wholly, gone. Hence, though he was often generous, he was seldom just. Free to give as to grasp, he was lavish by instinct, not charitable on principle.

He had little courage, and rarely spoke a Northern word to a Southern audience, save his official words in Congress. In Charleston he was the "school-master that gives us no lessons." He quailed before the Southern men who would "dissolve the Union," when he stood before their eyes. They were "high-minded and chivalrous:" it

was only the non-resistants of the North he meant to ban!

He was indeed eminently selfish, joining the instinctive egotism of passion with the self-conscious, voluntary, deliberate, calculating egotism of ambition. He borrowed money of rich young men—ay, and of poor ones—in the generosity of their youth, and never repaid. He sought to make his colleagues in office the tools of his ambition, and that failing, pursued them with the intensest hate. Thus he sought to ruin the venerable John Quincy Adams, when the President became a Representative. By secret hands he scattered circulars in Mr Adams's district to work his overthrow; got other men to oppose him. With different men he succeeded better. He used his party as he used his friends,—for tools. He coquetted with the Democrats in '42, with the Free-soilers in '48; but, the suit miscarrying, turned to the Slave Power in '50, and negotiated an espousal which was cruelly broken off in '52. Men, parties, the law,* and the nation, he did not hesitate to sacrifice to the colossal selfishness of his egotistic ambition.

His strength lay not in the religious, nor in the affectional, nor in the moral part of man.

IV. But his intellect was immense. His power of comprehension was vast. He methodized swiftly. If you look at the varieties of intellectual action, you may distribute them into three great modes; the understanding, the imagination, and the reason;—the understanding dealing with details and methods, the practical power; imagination, with beauty, the power to create; reason, with first principles and universal laws, the philosophic power.

We must deny to Mr Webster the great reason. He does not belong at all with the chief men of that department,—with Socrates, Aristotle, Plato, Leibnitz, Newton, Des Cartes, and the other mighties. Nay, he has no place with humbler men of reason, with common philosophers. He had no philosophical system of politics, few philosophical ideas of politics, whereof to make a system. He seldom grasps a universal law. His measures of expediency for to-day are seldom bottomed on universal principles of right, which last for ever.

I cannot assign to him large imagination. He was not

* *Leges invalidæ prius; imo nocere coactæ.*

creative of new forms of thought or of beauty ; so he lacks the poetic charm which gladdens in the loftiest eloquence.

But his understanding was exceedingly great. He acquired readily and retained well ; arranged with ease and skill, and fluently reproduced. As a scholar, he passed for learned in the American Senate, where scholars are few ; for a universal man, with editors of political and commercial prints. But his learning was narrow in its range, and not very nice in its accuracy. His reach in history and literature was very small for a man seventy years of age, always associating with able men. To science he seems to have paid scarce any attention at all. It is a short radius that measures the arc of his historic realm. A few Latin authors, whom he loved to quote, made up his meagre classic store. He was not a scholar, and it is idle to claim great or careful scholarship for him. Compare him with the prominent statesmen of Europe, or with the popular orators of England, you see continually the narrow range of his culture.

As a statesman, his lack of what I call the higher reason and imagination continually appears. He invented nothing. To the national stock he added no new idea, created out of new thought ; no new maxim, formed by induction out of human history and old thought. The great ideas of the time were not borne in his bosom.

He organized nothing. There were great ideas of immense practical value seeking lodgement in a body : he aided them not. None of the great measures of our time were his—not one of them. His best bill was the Specie Bill of 1815, which caused payments to be made in national currency.

His lack of conscience is painfully evident. As Secretary of State, he did not administer eminently well. When Secretary of State under Mr Tyler, he knew how to be unjust to poor, maltreated Mexico. His letters in reply to the just complaints of Mr Bocanegra, the Mexican Secretary of State, are painful to read : it is the old story of the Wolf and the Lamb.*

The appointments made under his administration had

* See these letters—to Mr Thompson, Works, vol. vi. p. 445, *et seq.*, and those of Mr Bocanegra to Mr Webster, p. 442, *et seq.*, 457, *et seq.* How different is the tone of America to powerful England ! Whom men wrong they hate.

better not be looked at too closely. The affairs of Cuba last year and this, the affairs of the Fisheries and the Lobos Islands, are little to his credit.

He was sometimes ignorant of the affairs he had to treat ; he neglected the public business,—left grave matters all unattended to. Nay, he did worse. Early in August last, Mr Lawrence had an interview with the British Foreign Secretary, in which explanations were made calculated to remove all anxiety as to the Fishery question. He wrote a paper detailing the result of the interview. It was designed to be communicated to the American Senate. Mr Lawrence sent it to Mr Webster. It reached the Department at Washington on the 24th of August. But Mr Webster did not communicate it to the Senate ; even the President knew nothing of its existence till after the Secretary's death. Now, it is not " compatible with the public interest to publish it," as its production would reveal the negligence of the Department.* You remember the letter he published on his own account relating to the Fisheries !† No man, it was said, could get office under his administration, " unless bathed in negro's blood : " support of the Fugitive Slave Bill, " like the path of righteous devotion, led to a blessed preferment."

Lacking both moral principle and intellectual ideas, political ethics and political economy, it must needs be that his course in politics was crooked. He opposed the Mexican war, but invested a son in it, and praised the soldiers who fought therein, as surpassing our fathers who " stood *behind* bulwarks on Bunker Hill " ! He called on the nation to uphold the stars of America on the fields of Mexico, though he knew it was the stripes that they held up. Now he is for free trade, then for protection ; now for specie, then for bills ; first for a bank, then it is " an obsolete idea ; " now for freedom and against slavery, then for slavery and against freedom ; now justice is the object of government, now money. Now, what makes men Christians makes them good citizens ; next, religion is good " everywhere but in politics,—there it makes men mad."

* The Letter was read in the secret session of the Senate, March 8, 1853, and published in Senate Doc., Special Sess., No. 4, p. 2. See also Lord Malmesbury's letter to Mr. Crampton (Aug. 10, 1852), *Ib.* pp. 6—8 ; see, too, p. 9.

† July 20, 1852.

Now, religion is the only ground of government, and all conscience is to be respected ; next, there is no law higher than the "Omnibus," and he hoots at conscience, and would not re-enact the Law of God.

He began his career as the friend of free trade and hard money; he would restrict the government to the straight line of the Constitution rigidly defined; he would resist the Bank, the protective tariff, the extension of slavery, they exceeded the limits of the Constitution: he became the pensioned advocate of restricted trade and of paper-money; he interpreted the Constitution to oppress the several States and the citizens; brought the force of the government against private right, and lent all his might to the extension of slavery. Once he stood out boldly for the right of all men "to canvass public measures and the merits of public men;" then he tells us that discussion "must be suppressed"! Several years ago, he called a private meeting of the principal manufacturers of Boston, and advised them to abandon the protective tariff; but they would not, and so he defended it as warmly as ever! His course was crooked as the Missouri. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel were, like him, without a philosophical scheme of political conduct, or any great ideas whereby to shape the future into fairer forms; but the principle of duty was the thread which joined all parts of their public ministration. Thereon each strung his victories. But selfish egotism is the only continuous thread I find thus running through the crooked life of the famous American.

With such a lack of ideas and of honesty, with a dread of taking the responsibility in advance of public opinion, lacking confidence in the people, and confidence in himself, he did not readily understand the public opinion on which he depended. He thought himself "a favourite with the people,"—"sure of election if nominated;" it was "only the politicians" who stood between him and the nation. He thought the Fugitive Slave Bill would be popular in the North; that it could be executed in Syracuse; and Massachusetts would conquer her prejudices with alacrity!

He had little value as a permanent guide: he changed often, but at the unlucky moment. He tacked and wore ship many a time in his life, always in bad weather, and

never came round but he fell off from the popular wind. Perseverance makes the saints : he always forsook his idea just as that was about to make its fortune. In his voyaging for the Presidency, he was always too late for the tide ; embarked on the ebb, and was left as the stream run dry. The Fugitive Slave Bill has done the South no good, save to reveal the secrets of her prison-house, the Cabin of Uncle Tom, and make the North hate slavery with a tenfold hate. So far has he " Websterized " the Whig party, he has done so to its ruin.

He was a great advocate, a great orator ; it is said, the greatest in the land,—and I do not doubt that this was true. Surely he was immensely great. When he spoke, he was a grand spectacle. His noble form, so dignified and masculine ; his massive head ; the mighty brow, Olympian in its majesty ; the great, deep, dark eye, which, like a lion's, seemed fixed on objects afar off, looking beyond what lay in easy range ; the mouth so full of strength and determination,—these all became the instruments of such eloquence as few men ever hear. He magnetized men by his presence ; he subdued them by his will more than by his argument. Many have surpassed him in written words ; for he could not embody the sunshine in such flowers of thought as Burke, Milton, and Cicero wrought into mosaic oratory. But, since the great Athenians, Demosthenes and Pericles, who ever thundered out such spoken eloquence as he ?

Yet he has left no perfect specimen of a great oration. He had not the instinctive genius which creates a beautiful whole by nature, as a mother bears a living son ; nor the wide knowledge, the deep philosophy, the plastic industry, which forms a beautiful whole by art, as a sculptor chisels a marble boy. So his greatest and most deliberate efforts of oratory will not bear comparison with the great eloquence of nature that is born, nor the great eloquence of art which is made. Compared therewith, his mighty works are as Hercules compared with Apollo. It is an old world, and excellence in oratory is difficult. Yet he has sentences and paragraphs that I think unsurpassed and unequalled, and I do not see how they can ever fade. He was not a Nile of eloquence, cascading into poetic beauty now, then watering whole provinces with the drainage of tropic moun-

tains : he was a Niagara, pouring a world of clear waters adown a single ledge.

His style was simple, the business-style of a strong man. Now and then it swelled into beauty, though it was often dull. In later years, he seldom touched the conscience, the affections, or the soul, except, alas ! to smite our sense of justice, our philanthropy, and trust in God. He always addressed the understanding, not the reason,—Calhoun did that the more,—not the imagination : in his speech there was little wit, little beauty, little poetry. He laid seige to the understanding. Here lay his strength—he could make a statement better than any man in America ; had immense power of argumentation, building a causeway from his will to the hearer's mind. He was skilful in devising "middle terms," in making steps whereby to lead the audience to his determination. No man managed the elements of his argument with more practical effect.

Perhaps he did this better when contending for a wrong, than when battling for the right. His most ingenious arguments are pleas for injustice.* Part of the effect came from the physical bulk of the man ; part from the bulk of will, which marked all his speech, and writing too ; but much from his power of statement. He gathered a great mass of material, bound it together, swung it about his head, fixed his eye on the mark, then let the ruin fly. If you want a word suddenly shot from Dover to Calais, you send it by lightning ; if a ball of a ton weight, you get a steam-cannon to pitch it across. Webster was the steam-gun of eloquence. He hit the mark less by skill than strength. His shot seemed big as his target.†

There is a great difference in the weapons which speakers use. This orator brings down his quarry with a single subtle shot, of sixty to the pound. He carries death without weight in his gun, as sure as fate.

Here is another, the tin-pedlar of American speech. He

* See examples of this in the Creole letter, and that to Mr Thompson (Works, vol. vi.), and in many a speech ;—especially in defence of the Fugitive Slave Bill and Kidnapping.

†

"Tu quoque, Piso,

Judæis affectum, possessaque pectora ducis

Victor ; sponte sua sequitur, quocunque vocasti :

Et te dante capit judex, quam non habet iram."

Pseudo Lucanus ad Calpurnium Pisonem, Poemationum, v. 44, et seq.

is a snake in the grass, slippery, shining, with a baleful crest on his head, cunning in his crazy eye, and the poison of the old serpent in his heart, and on his slimy jaw, and about the fang at the bottom of his smooth and forked and nimble tongue. He conquers by bewitching ; he fascinates his game to death.

Commonly, Mr Webster was open and honest in his oratory. He had no masked batteries, no Quaker guns. He had "that rapid and vehement declamation which fixes the hearer's attention on the subject, making the speaker forgotten, and leaving his art concealed." He wheeled his forces into line, column after column, with the quickness of Hannibal and the masterly arrangement of Caesar, and, like Napoleon, broke the centre of his opponent's line by the superior weight of his own column and the sudden heaviness of his fire. Thus he laid siege to the understanding, and carried it by dint of cannonade. This was his strategy, in the court house, in the senate, and in the public hall. There were no ambuscades, no pitfalls, or treacherous Indian subtlety. It was the tactics of a great and naturally honest-minded man.

In his oratory there was but one trick,—that of self-depreciation. This came on him in his later years, and it always failed. He was too big to make any one believe he thought himself little ; so obviously proud, we knew he valued his services high when he rated them so low. That comprehensive eye could not overlook so great an object as himself. He was not organized to cheat, to deceive ; and did not prosper when he tried. 'Tis ill the lion apes the fox.

He was ambitious. Cardinal Wolsey's "unbounded stomach" was also the stomach of Webster. Yet his ambition mostly failed. In forty years of public life, he rose no higher than Secretary of State ; and held that post but five years. He was continually outgeneralled by subtler men. He had little political foresight : for he had not the all-conquering religion which meekly executes the Law of God, fearless of its consequence ; nor yet the wide philanthropy, the deep sympathy with all that is human, which gives a man the public heart, and so the control of the issues of life, which thence proceed ; nor the great justice which sees the everlasting right, and journeys thitherward

through good or ill ; nor the mighty reason, which, reflecting, beholds the principles of human nature, the constant mode of operation of the forces of God in the forms of men ; nor the poetic imagination, which in its political sphere creates great schemes of law : and hence he was not popular.

He longed for the Presidency ; but Harrison kept him from the nomination in '40, Clay in '44, Taylor in '48, and Scott in '52. He never had a wide and original influence in the politics of the nation ; for he had no elemental thunder of his own—the Tariff was Mr Calhoun's at first ; the Force Bill was from another hand ; the Fugitive Slave Bill was Mr Mason's ; "the Omnibus" had many fathers, whereof Webster was not one. He was not a blood-relation to any of the great measures,—to free-trade or protection, to paper-money or hard coin, to freedom or slavery ; he was of their kindred only by adoption. He has been on all sides of most questions, save on the winning side.

In the case of the Fugitive Slave Bill, he stood betwixt the living and the dead, and blessed the plague. But, even here, he faltered when he came North again,—“The South will get no concessions from me.” Mr Webster commended the first draught of the Fugitive Slave Bill, with Mr Mason's amendments thereto, volunteering his support thereof “to the fullest extent.” But he afterwards and repeatedly declared, “The Fugitive Slave Bill was not such a measure as I had prepared before I left the Senate, and which I should have supported if I had remained in the Senate.”* “I was of opinion,” he said, “that a summary trial by jury might be had, which would satisfy the prejudices of the people, and produce no harm to those who claimed the services of fugitives.”† Nay, he went so far as to introduce a bill to the Senate providing a trial by jury for all fugitives claiming a trial for their freedom.‡ He thought the whole business of delivering up such as owed service or labour, belonged to the State whither the fugitive fled, and not to the general government.§ Of course he must have considered it constitu-

* Mr Webster's letter to the Union Committee. Works, vol. vi. p. 578 ; *et al.*

† Speech at Buffalo (New York, 1851), p. 17.

‡ See it in Works, vol. v. p. 373, 374.

§ *Ibid.* p. 354. But yet he affirmed the constitutionality of the Fugitive

tional and expedient to secure for the fugitive a trial before an impartial jury of "twelve good and lawful men," who should pass upon the whole matter at issue. But, with that conviction, and with that bill ready drafted, as he says, in his desk, he could volunteer his support to one which took away from the States all jurisdiction in the matter, and from the fugitive all "due process of law," all trial by jury, and left him in the hands of a creature of the court, who was to be paid twice as much for enslaving his victim as for acquitting a man!*

He had almost no self-reliant independence of character. It was his surroundings, not his will, that shaped his course,—“driven by the wind and tossed.”

Mr Webster's political career began with generous promise. He contended for the rights of the people against the government, of the minority against the majority; he defended the right of each man to discuss all public measures and the conduct of public men; he wished commerce to be unrestricted, payments to be made in hard coin. He spoke noble words against oppression,—the despotism of the "Holy Alliance" in Europe, the cruelty of the Slave-trade in America. Generously and nobly he contended against the extension of slavery beyond the Mississippi. Not philanthropic by instinct or moral principle, averse to democratic institutions both by nature and conviction, he yet, by instinctive generosity, hated tyranny, hated injustice, hated despotism. He appealed to moral power against physical force. He sympathized with the republics of South America. His great powers taking such a direction certainly promised a brilliant future, large services for mankind. But, alas! he fell on evil times: who ever fell on any other? He was intensely ambitious; not ambitious to serve mankind, but to hold office, have power and fame. Is this the "last infirmity of noble mind?" It was not a very noble object he proposed as the end of his life; the means to it became successively more and more unworthy. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

For some years no large body of men has had much

Slave Bill, which gave the business to the federal government. See Works, vol. vi. p. 551, *et seq.* Speeches at Buffalo, &c.

* See Speech at Syracuse, p. 36.

trust in him,—admiration, but not confidence. In Massachusetts, off the pavements, for the last three years, he has had but little power. After the speech of March 7th, he said, "I WILL be maintained in Massachusetts." Massachusetts said No! Only in the cities that bought him was he omnipotent. Even the South would not trust him. Gen. Jackson was the most popular man of our time; Calhoun was a favourite throughout the South; Clay, in all quarters of the land; and, at this day, Seward wields the forces of the Whigs. With all his talent, Webster never had the influence on America of the least of these.

Yet Daniel Webster had many popular qualities. He loved out-door and manly sports,—boating, fishing, fowling. He was fond of nature, loving New Hampshire's mountain scenery. He had started small and poor, had risen great and high, and honourably had fought his way alone. He rose early in the morning. He loved gardening, "the purest of human pleasures." He was a farmer, and took a countryman's delight in country things,—in loads of hay, in trees, in turnips, and the noble Indian corn, in monstrous swine. He had a patriarch's love of sheep,—choice breeds thereof he had. He took delight in cows,—short-horned Durhams, Herefordshires, Ayrshires, Alderneys. He tilled paternal acres with his own oxen. He loved to give the kine fodder. It was pleasant to hear his talk of oxen. And but three days before he left the earth; too ill to visit them, his cattle, lowing, came to see their sick lord; and, as he stood in his door, his great oxen were driven up, that he might smell their healthy breath, and look his last on those broad, generous faces, that were never false to him.

He loved birds, and would not have them shot on his premises; and so his farm twittered all over with their "sweet jargonings." Though in public his dress was more uniformly new than is common with acknowledged gentlemen, at home and on his estate he wore his old and homely clothes, and had kind words for all, and hospitality besides. He loved his father and brother with great tenderness, which easily broke into tears when he spoke of them. He was kind to his obscurer and poor relations. He had no money to bestow; they could not share his in-

telleet, or the renown it brought. But he gave them his affection, and they loved him with veneration. He was a friendly man: all along the shore there were plain men that loved him,—whom he also loved. He was called “a good neighbour, a good townsman:”—

“Lofty and sour to those that loved him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.”

His influence on the development of America has not been great. He had large gifts, large opportunities also for their use,—the two greatest things which great men ask. Yet he has brought little to pass. No great ideas, no great organizations, will bind him to the coming age. His life has been a long vacillation. Ere long, men will ask for the historic proof to verify the reputation of his power. It will not appear. For the present, his career is a failure: he was balked of his aim. How will it be for the future? Posterity will vainly ask for proof of his intellectual power to invent, to organize, to administer. The historian must write that he aimed to increase the executive power, the central government, and to weaken the local power of the States; that he preferred the Federal authority to State rights, the judiciary to the legislature, the government to the people, the claims of money to the rights of man. Calhoun will stand as the representative of State rights and free trade; Clay, of the American system of protection; Benton, of payment in sound coin; some other, of the revenue tariff. And in the greatest question of the age, the question of Human Rights, as champions of mankind, there will appear Adams, Giddings, Chase, Palfrey, Mann, Hale, Seward, Rantoul, and Sumner; yes, one other name, which on the historian's page will shade all these,—the name of GARRISON. Men will recount the words of Webster at Plymouth Rock, at Bunker Hill, at Faneuil Hall, at Niblo's Garden; they will also recollect that he declared “protection of property” to be the great domestic object of government; that he said, “Liberty first and Union afterwards was delusion and folly;” that he called on Massachusetts to conquer her “prejudices” in favour of unalienable rights, and with alacrity give up a man to be a slave; turned all the North into a hunting-field for the blood-hound; that he made the negation of God the first principle of government;

that our New-England elephant turned round, tore Freedom's standard down, and trod her armies under foot. They will see that he did not settle the greatest questions by justice and the Law of God. His parallel lines of power are indeed long lines,—a nation reads his word: they are not far apart, you cannot get many centuries between; for there are no great ideas of right, no mighty acts of love, to keep them wide.

There are brave words which Mr Webster has spoken that will last while English is a speech; yea, will journey with the Anglo-Saxon race, and one day be classic in either hemisphere, in every zone. But what will posterity say of his efforts to chain the fugitive, to extend the area of human bondage; of his haughty scorn of any law higher than what trading politicians enact in the Capitol? "There is a law above all the enactments of human codes, the same throughout the world, the same in all time;" "it is the law written by the finger of God upon the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject with indignation the wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man." *

Calhoun, Clay, Webster,—they were all able men,—long in politics, all ambitious, grasping at the Presidency, all failing of what they sought. All three called themselves "Democrats," taking their stand on the unalienable rights of man. But all three conjoined to keep every eighth man in the nation a chattel slave; all three at last united in deadly war against the unalienable rights of men whom swarthy mothers bore. O democratic America!

Was Mr Webster's private life good? There are many depraved things done without depravity of heart. I am here to chronicle, and not invent. I cannot praise a man for virtues which he did not have. This day such praise sounds empty and impertinent as the chattering of a caged canary amid the sadness of a funeral prayer. Spite of womanly tenderness, it is not for me to renounce my manhood and my God. I shall—

"Naught extenuate and nothing add,
Nor set down aught in malice."

* Lord Brougham's speech on Negro Slavery, in the House of Commons, July 13, 1830.

Before he left New Hampshire, I find no stain upon his conduct there, save recklessness of expense. But in Boston, when he removed here, there were men in vogue, in some respects, perhaps, worse than any since as conspicuous,—open debauchees. He fell in with them, and became over-fond of animal delights, of the joys of the body's baser parts; fond of sensual luxury, the victim of low appetites. He loved power, loved pleasure, loved wine. Let me turn off my face, and say no more of this sad theme: others were as bad as he.*

He was intensely proud. Careless of money, he was often in trouble on its account. He contracted debts, and did not settle; borrowed of rich and poor, and young and old, and rendered not again. Private money often clove to his hands; yet in his nature there was no taint of avarice. He lavished money on luxuries, while his washer-woman was left unpaid. Few Americans have squandered so much as he. Rapacious to get, he was prodigal of his own. I wish the charges brought against his public administration may be disproved, whereof the stain rests on him to this day. When he entered on a lawyer's life, Mr Gore advised him, "Whatever bread you eat, let it be the bread of independence!" Oh that the great mind could have kept that counsel! But, even at Portsmouth, luxury brought debt, and many an evil on its back. He collected money, and did not pay! "Bread of independence," when did he eat it last? Rich men paid his debts of money when he came to Massachusetts; they took a dead-pledge on the man; only death redeemed that mortgage. In 1827 he solicited the Senatorship of Massachusetts; it "would put down the calumnies of Isaac Hill!" He obtained the office, not without management. Then he refused to take his seat until ten thousand dollars was raised for him. The money came clandestinely, and he went into the Senate—a pensioner! His reputation demanded a speech against the tariff of '28; his pension required his vote for that "bill of abominations." He spoke one way, and voted the opposite. Was that the first *dotation*? He was forestalled before he left New Hamp-

* Hoc sat viator: reliqua non sinit pudor;
Tu suspicare et ambula.

Sannazarius, Epig. II. 29.

shire. The next gift was twenty thousand, it is said. Then the sums increased. What great "gifts" have been privately raised for him by contributions, subscriptions, donations, and the like! Is it honest to buy up a man? honest for a man to sell himself? Is it just for a judge who administers the law to take a secret bribe of a party at his court? Is it just for a party to offer such gifts? Answer Lord Bacon who tried it; answer Thomas More who tried it not. It is worst for a maker of laws to be bought and sold. New-England men, I hope not meaning wrong, bought the great Senator in '27, and long held him in their pay. They gave him all his services were worth, —gave more. His commercial and financial policy has been the bane of New-England and the North. In 1850 the South bought him, but never paid! *

A Senator of the United States, he was pensioned by the capitalists of Boston. Their "gifts" in his hand, how could he dare be just! His later speeches smell of bribes. Could not Francis Bacon warn him, nor either Adams guide? Three or four hundred years ago Thomas More, when "Under Sheriff of London," would not accept a pension from the king, lest it might swerve him from his duty to the town; when Chancellor, he would not accept five thousand pounds which the English clergy publicly offered him, for public service done as Chancellor. But Webster in private took—how much I cannot tell! Considering all things, his buyers' wealth and his unthriftiness, it was as dishonourable in them to bribe as in him to take their gift!

To gain his point, alas! he sometimes treated facts, law, constitution, morality, and religion, as an advocate treats matters at the bar. Was he certain South Carolina had no constitutional right to nullify? I make no doubt he felt so; but in his language he is just as strong when he declares the Fugitive Slave Bill is perfectly constitutional; that slavery cannot be in California and New

* "Sed lateri nullus comitem circumdare quærit,
Quem dat purus amor, sed quem tulit impia merces,
Nec quisquam vero pretium largitur amico,
Quem regat ex æquo, vicibusque regatur ab illo:
Sed miserum parva stipe munerat, ut pudibundos
Exercere sales inter consilia possit."

Pseudo Lucanus, ubi sup., 100, et seq.

Mexico ; just as confident in his dreadful mock at conscience, and the dear God's unchanging Law. He heeded not "the delegated voice of God" which speaks in the conscience of the faithful man.

No living man has done so much to debauch the conscience of the nation ; to debauch the press, the pulpit, the forum, and the bar ! There is no Higher Law, quoth he ; and how much of the pulpit, the press, the forum, and the bar, denies its God ! Read the journals of the last week for proof of what I say ; and read our history since March of '50. He poisoned the moral wells of society with his lower law, and men's consciences died of the murrain of beasts, which came because they drank thereat.

In an age which prizes money as the greatest good and counts the understanding as the highest human faculty, the man who is to lead and bless the world must indeed be great in intellect, but also great in conscience, greater in affection, and greatest of all things in his soul. In his later years, Webster was intellect, and little more. If he did not regard the eternal Right, how could he guide a nation to what is useful for to-day ? If he scorned the Law of God, how could he bless the world of men ? It was by this fault he fell. "Those who murdered Banquo, what did they win by it ?"

———"A barren sceptre in their gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of theirs succeeding."

He knew the cause of his defeat, and in the last weeks of his life confessed that he was deceived ; that, before his fatal speech, he had assurance from the North and South, that, if he supported slavery, it would lead him into place and power ; but now he saw the mistake, and that a few of the "fanatics" had more influence in America than he and all the South ! He sinned against his own conscience, and so he fell !

He made him wings of slavery to gain a lofty eminence. Those wings unfeathered in his flight. For one and thirty months he fell, until at last he reached the tomb. There, on the sullen shore, a mighty wreck, great Webster lies.

"Is this the man in Freedom's cause approved,
The man so great, so honoured, so beloved ?

Where is the heartfelt worth and weight of soul,
 Which labour could not stoop, nor fear control?
 Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,
 Which, half-abashed, the proud and venal saw?
 Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause?—
 Where the delightful taste of just applause?
 Oh, lost alike to action and repose,
 Unwept, unpitied in the worst of woes;
 With all that conscious, undissembled pride,
 Sold to the insults of a foe defied;
 With all that habit of familiar fame,
 Doomed to exhaust the dregs of life in shame!"

Oh, what a warning was his fall!

"To dash corruption in her proud career,
 And teach her slaves that vice was born to fear."

"Oh dumb be passion's stormy rage,
 When he who might
 Have lighted up and led his age
 Falls back in night."

Had he been faithful to his own best words, so oft repeated, how he would have stood! How different would have been the aspect of the North and the South; of the press, the pulpit, the forum, and the court!

Had he died after the treaty of 1842, how different would have been his fame!

Since the Revolution no American has had so noble an opportunity as Mr Webster to speak a word for the advancement of mankind. There was a great occasion: slavery was clamorous for new power, new territory; was invading the State Rights of the North. Earnest men in the North, getting aroused and hostile to slavery, were looking round for some able man to take the political guidance of the anti-slavery feeling, to check the great national crime, and help end it; they were asking—

"Who is the honest man,—
 He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
 To God, his neighbour, and himself, most true;
 Whom neither fear nor fawning can
 Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due?"

Some circumstances seemed to point to Mr Webster as the man; his immense oratorical abilities, his long acquaintance with public affairs, his conspicuous position, his noble words in behalf of freedom, beginning with his

college days and extending over many a year,—all these were powerful arguments in his behalf. The people had always been indulgent to his faults, allowing him a wide margin of public and private oscillation; the North was ready to sustain him in all generous efforts for the unalienable rights of man. But he threw away the great moment of his life, used all his abilities to destroy those rights of man, and builded the materials of honourable fame into a monument of infamy for the warning of mankind. Declaring that “the protection of property” was “the great object of government,” he sought to unite the money power of the North and the slave power of the South into one great instrument to stifle discussion, and withstand religion, and the Higher Law of God.

Had he lived and laboured for freedom as for slavery,—nay, with half the diligence and half the power,—to-morrow all the North would rise to make him their President, and put on that Olympian brow the wreath of honour from a people’s hand. Then he would have left a name like Adams, Jefferson, and Washington; and the tears of every good man would have dropped upon his tomb! Had he served his God with half the zeal that he served the South, He would not, in his age, have left him naked to his enemies! If Mr Webster had cultivated the moral, the affectional, the religious part of his nature with the same diligence he nursed his power of speech, what a man there would have been! With his great ability as an advocate, with his eloquence, his magnetic power, in his position,—a Senator for twenty years,—if he could have attained the justice, the philanthropy, the religion of Channing or of Follen, or of many a modest woman in all the Christian sects, what a noble spectacle should we have seen! Then the nation would long since have made him President, and he also would have revolutionized men’s ideas of political greatness; “the bigot would have ceased to persecute, the despot to vex, the desolate poor to suffer, the slave to groan and tremble, the ignorant to commit crimes, and the ill-contrived law to engender criminality.”

But he did not fall all at once. No man ever does. Apostasy is not a sudden sin. Little by little he came to the ground. Long leaning, he leaned over and fell down. This was his great error—he sold himself to the money

power to do service against mankind. The form of service became continually worse. Was he conscious of this corruption?—at first? But shall he bear the blame alone? Oh, no! Part of it belongs to this city, which corrupted him, tempted him with a price, bought him with its gold! Daniel Webster had not thrift. "Poor Richard" was no saint of his. He loved luxury, and was careless of wealth. Boston caught him by the purse; by that she led him to his mortal doom. With her much fair speech she caused him to yield; with the flattery of her lips she deceived him. Boston was the Delilah that allured him; but off he broke the withes of gold, until at last, with a pension, she shore off the seven locks of his head, his strength went from him, and the Philistines took him and put out his eyes, brought him down to Washington, and bound him with fetters of brass. And he did grind in their prison-house; and they said, "Our god, which is slavery, hath delivered into our hands our enemy, the destroyer of our institutions, who slew many of us." Then, having used him for their need, they thrust the man away, deceived and broken-hearted!

No man can resist infinite temptation. There came a peril greater than he could bear. Condemn the sin—pity the offending man. The tone of political morality is pitifully low. It lowered him, and then he debased the morals of politics.

Part of the blame belongs to the New-England church, which honours "devoutness," and sneers at every noble, manly life, calling men saints who only pray, all careless of the dead men's bones which glut the whited sepulchre. The churches of New-England were waiting to proclaim slavery, and renounce the law of God. The disgrace is not his alone. But we must blame Mr Webster as we blame few men. Society takes swift vengeance on the petty thief, the small swindler, and rogues in rags: the gallows kills the murderer, while for men in high office, with great abilities, who enact iniquity into law; who enslave thousands, and sow a continent with thralldom, to bear want and shame and misery and sin; who teach as political ethics the theory of crime,—for them there is often no earthly outward punishment, save the indignation with which mankind scourges the memory of the op-

pressor. From the judgment of men, the appeal lies to the judgment of God : He only knows who sins, and how much. How much Mr Webster is to be pitied, we know right well.

Had he been a clergyman, as once he wished, he might have passed through life with none of the outward blemishes which now deform his memory ; famed for his gifts and graces too, for eloquence, and " soundness in the faith," " his praise in all the churches." Had he been a politician in a better age,—when it is not thought just for capitalists to buy up statesmen in secret, for politicians clandestinely to sell their services for private gold, or for clergymen, in the name of God, to sanctify all popular crimes,—he might have lifted up that noble voice continually for Truth and Right. Who could not in such a time ? The straw blows with the wind. But, alas ! he was not firm enough for his place ; too weak in conscience to be the champion of Justice while she needs a champion. Let us be just against the wrong he wrought, charitable to the man who wrought the wrong. Conscience compels our formidable blame ; the affections weep their pity too.

Like Bacon, whom Mr Webster resembles in many things, save industry and the philosophic mind, he had " no moral courage, no power of self-sacrifice or self-denial ;" with strong passions, with love of luxury in all its forms, with much pride, great fondness of applause, and the intensest love of power ; coming to Boston poor, a lawyer, without thrift, embarking in politics with such companions for his private and his public life, with such public opinion in the State,—that honesty is to serve the present purposes of your party, or the wealthy men who control it ; in the Church,—that religion consists in belief without evidence, in ritual sacraments, in verbal prayer,—is it wonderful that this great intellect went astray ? See how corrupt the churches are,—the leading clergy of America are the anointed defenders of man-stealing ; see how corrupt is the State, betraying the red men, enslaving the black, pillaging Mexico ; see how corrupt is trade, which rules the State and Church, dealing in men. Connecticut makes whips for the negro-driver. New Hampshire rears the negro-drivers themselves. Ships of Maine

and Rhode-Island are in the domestic slave-trade. The millionnaires of Massachusetts own men in Virginia, Alabama, Missouri! The leading men in trade, in Church and State, think Justice is not much more needed in a statesman than it is needed in an ox, or in the steel which shoes his hoof! Remember these things, and pity Daniel Webster, ambitious, passionate, unthrifty; and see the circumstances which weighed him down. We judge the deeds: God only can judge the man. If you and I have not met the temptation which can overmaster us, let us have mercy on such as come bleeding from that battle.

His calling as a lawyer was somewhat dangerous, leading him "to make the worse appear the better reason;" to seek "not verity, but verisimilitude;" to look at the expedient end, not to inquire if his means be also just; to look too much at measures, not enough at principles. Yet his own brother Ezekiel went safely through that peril, —no smell of that fire on his garment.

His intercourse with politicians was full of moral peril. How few touch politics, and are thenceforward clean!

Boston now mourns for him! She is too late in her weeping. She should have wept her warning when her capitalists filled his right hand with bribes. She ought to have put on sackcloth when the speech of March 7th first came here. She should have hung her flags at half-mast when the Fugitive Slave Bill became a law; then she only fired cannons, and thanked her representative. Webster fell prostrate, but was Boston more innocent than he? Remember the nine hundred and eighty-seven men that thanked him for the speech which touched their "conscience," and pointed out the path of "duty"! It was she that ruined him.

She bribed him in 1827, and often since. He regarded the sums thus paid as a retaining fee, and at the last maintained that the Boston manufacturers were still in his debt; for the services he had rendered them by defending the tariff in his place as Senator were to them worth more than all the money he received! Could a man be honest in such a position? Alas that the great orator had not the conscience to remember at first that man shall not live by bread alone!

What a sad life was his! His wife died,—a loving woman, beautiful, and tenderly beloved! Of several children, all save one have gone before him to the tomb. Sad man, he lived to build his children's monument! Do you remember the melancholy spectacle in the street, when Major Webster, a victim of the Mexican war, was by his father laid down in yonder tomb?—a daughter, too, but recently laid low! How poor seemed then the ghastly pageant in the street, empty and hollow as the muffled drum!

What a sad face he wore,—furrowed by passion, by ambition, that noble brow scarred all over with the records of a hard, sad life. Look at the prints and pictures of him in the street. I do not wonder his early friends abhor the sight. It is a face of sorrows,—private, public, secret woes. But there are pictures of that face in earlier years, full of power, but full of tenderness; the mouth feminine, and innocent as a girl's. What a life of passion, of dark sorrow, rolled betwixt the two! In that ambition-stricken face his mother would not have known her child!

For years, to me, he has seemed like one of the tragic heroes of the Grecian tale, pursued by fate; and latterly, the saddest sight in all the Western World,—widowed of so much he loved, and grasping at what was not only vanity, but the saddest vexation of the heart. I have long mourned for him, as for no living or departed men. He blasted the friends of man with scornful lightning: him, if I could, I would not blast, but only bless continually and evermore.

You remember the last time he spoke in Boston; the procession, last summer, you remember it well. What a sad and care-worn countenance was that of the old man, welcomed with the mockery of applause! You remember, when the orator, wise-headed and friendly-hearted, came to thank him for his services, he said not a word of "saving the Union;" of the "compromise measures," not a word. That farce was played out—it was only the tragic facts which were left; but for his great services he thanked him.

And when Webster replied, he said, "Here in Boston I am not disowned; at least, here I am not disowned." No, Daniel Webster, you are not disowned in Boston. So long

as I have a tongue to teach, a heart to feel, you shall never be disowned. I must be just. I shall be tender too!

It was partly by Boston's sin that the great man fell! I pity his victims; you pity them too. But I pity him more, oh, far more! Pity the oppressed, will you? Will you not also pity the oppressor in his sin? Look there! See that face, so manly strong, so maiden meek! Hear that voice! "Neither do I condemn thee! Go, and sin no more!" Listen to the last words of the Crucified: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

The last time he was in Faneuil Hall,—it was "Faneuil Hall open;" once it had been shut;—it was last May—the sick old man—you remember the feeble look and the sad face, the tremulous voice. He came to solicit the vote of the Methodists,—a vain errand. I felt then that it was his last time, and forbore to look upon that saddened countenance.

The last time he was in the Senate, it was to hear his successor speak. He stayed an hour, and heard Charles Sumner demonstrate that the Fugitive Slave Bill was not good religion, nor good Constitution, nor good law. The old and the new stood face to face,—the Fugitive Slave Bill and Justice. What an hour! What a sight! What thoughts ran through the great man's mind, mingled with what regrets! For slavery never set well on him. It was a Nessus' shirt on our Hercules, and the poison of his own arrows rankled now in his own bones. Had Mr Webster been true to his history, true to his heart, true to his intention and his promises, he would himself have occupied that ground two years before. Then there would have been no Fugitive Slave Bill, no chain round the Court House, no man-stealing in Boston; but the "Defender of the Constitution," become the "Defender of the unalienable rights of man," would have been the President of the United States! But he had not the courage to deliver the speech he made. No man can serve two masters,—Justice and Ambition. The mill of God grinds slow but dreadful fine!

He came home to Boston, and went down to Marshfield to die. An old man, broken with the storms of State, went home—to die! His neighbours came to ease the fall, to look upon the disappointment, and give him

what cheer they could. To him to die was gain; life was the only loss. Yet he did not wish to die: he surrendered, —he did not yield.

At the last end, his friends were about him; his dear ones—his wife, his son (the last of six children he had loved). Name by name he bade them all farewell, and all his friends, man by man. Two coloured servants of his were there,—whom, it is said, he had helped purchase out of slavery, and bless with freedom's life. They watched over the bedside of the dying man. The kindly doctor sought to sweeten the bitterness of death with medicated skill; and, when that failed, he gave the great man a little manna which fell down from heaven three thousand years ago, and shepherd David gathered up and kept it in a psalm: "The Lord is my Shepherd: though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death; I will fear no evil; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

And the great man faltered out his last words, "That is what I want—thy rod, thy rod; thy staff, thy staff." That heart had never wholly renounced its God. Oh, no! it had scoffed at His "Higher Law;" but, in the heart of hearts, there was religious feeling still!

Just four years after his great speech, on the 24th of October, all that was mortal of Daniel Webster went down to the dust, and the soul to the motherly bosom of God! Men mourn for him: he heeds it not. The great man has gone where the servant is free from his master, where the weary are at rest, where the wicked cease from troubling.

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God!"

Massachusetts has lost her great adopted son. Has lost? Oh, no! "I still live" is truer than the sick man knew:—

"He lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging God."

His memory will long live with us, still dear to many a loving heart. What honour shall we pay? Let the State go out mindful of his noblest services, yet tearful for his fall; sad that he would fain have filled him with the husks

the swine do eat, and no man gave to him. Sad and tearful, let her remember the force of circumstances, and dark temptation's secret power. Let her remember that while we know what he yielded to, and what is sin, God knows what also is resisted, and HE alone knows who the sinner is. Massachusetts, the dear old mother of us all ! let her warn her children to fling away ambition, and let her charge them, every one, that there is a God who must indeed be worshipped, and a Higher Law which must be kept, though Gold and Union fail. Then let her say to them, "Ye have dwelt long enough in this mountain ; turn ye, and take your journey into the land of FREEDOM, which the Lord your God giveth you !"

Then let her lift her eyes to Heaven, and pray :—

"Sweet Mercy ! to the gates of heaven
This statesman lead, his sins forgiven ;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavour,
And memory of earth's bitter leaven,
Effaced for ever !"

But

—"why to him confine the prayer,
While kindred thoughts and yearnings bear,
On the frail heart, the purest share
With all that live ?
The best of what we do and are,
Great God, forgive !"

BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION.

History of Civilization in England. By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Vol. I. London : 1857. 8vo. pp. xxiv, 854.

THIS is the most important work, in its line, from a British hand, which the world has seen for many a year. The theme is one of the greatest in the world. The author has treated it better, with more learning and profound comprehension, than any of his English predecessors.

Who is Mr Buckle? We know not. The name is new; this is his first work, as he thus tells us: "To my mother I dedicate this, the first volume of my first work,"—a pious and appropriate dedication, which promises other things to come.

No Englishman has written a more elaborate book in this century. It is learned also, though not so comprehensive in its erudition as we might wish. The list of "authors quoted" occupies fifteen pages, and comprises about six hundred titles and perhaps three thousand volumes. Half as many more are referred to in the copious and well-studied notes, which enrich the volume. Notwithstanding the imposing array which this catalogue presents at the first glance, its deficiencies, in a writer who thinks so meanly of the labours of his predecessors, are more remarkable than its seeming completeness. Not to speak of ancient writers, of whom only three are referred to, no mention is made of Grotius, Prideaux, Vico, Creuzer, Du Cange, Duchesne, Malte-brun, Becker, W. v. Humboldt, Wachler, Hegel (*Phil. d. Gesch.*), Müller (J. v. and C. O.), Fichte (*Grundz. d. gegenw. Zeitalt.*), Schelling (*Phil. d. Myth.*), Boeckh, Wachsmuth, Eichhorn, Savigny, Raumer, Heeren (*Gesch. d. Syst. d. Eur. Staat.*), Thierry, and a host of others whose writings bear more or less directly on the subject of this volume. The author speaks in the highest terms of the works of German philosophers, but names but four or five German books in his catalogue, —none of which are the works of the masters in the philosophy of history.

This volume is but half of the Introduction to the History of Civilization in England. How many volumes the history itself shall contain, we are not told. It is so bulky that we fear it will not immediately be reprinted here. The great cost of the original will prevent it from circulating much in a country where a labouring man may buy him his week's reading for a quarter of a dollar. But its contents are so valuable, that we shall make a careful analysis of the most important, though perhaps not the most interesting parts, and lay it before our readers, with some additional comments of our own. The paper will consist of two parts,—an abstract of the work itself, and some criticisms thereon.

The volume contains fourteen chapters: the first five are general, and relate to the development of mankind under various circumstances friendly or hostile thereto,—to the method of inquiry, and the influence of various causes upon civilization. The sixth is a transitional chapter, in which the author leads his readers over from his general laws to their particular applications. The other eight treat mainly of the development of civilization in England and France.

In Chapter I. he tells us that history is the most popular branch of knowledge; more has been written on it than on any other, and great confidence is felt in its value. It enters into all plans of education; materials of a rich and imposing appearance have been collected; political and military annals have been compiled; and much pains taken with the history of law, religion, science, letters, arts, useful inventions, and of late with the manners and customs of the people. Political economy has become a science; statistics treat of the material interests of mankind, their moral peculiarities, the amount of crime, and the effect of age, sex, and education thereupon. We know the rate of mortality, marriages, births, deaths, the fluctuation of wages, the price of needful things. Physical geography has been studied in all its details; all food has been chemically analyzed, and its relation to the body pointed out. Many nations have been studied in all degrees of civilization. Put all these things together, they seem to be of immense value.

But the use of these materials is less satisfactory; the separate parts have not been combined into a whole, while the necessity of generalization is admitted in all other great fields of inquiry, and efforts are made therein to rise from particular facts to universal laws, this is seldom attempted in the history of man.

"Any author who, from indolence of thought or from natural incapacity, is unfit to deal with the highest branches of knowledge, has only to pass some years in reading a certain number of books, and then he is qualified to be an historian; he is able to write the history of a great people, and his work becomes an authority on the subject which it professes to treat. The establishment of this narrow standard has led to results very prejudicial to the progress of our knowledge. Owing to it, historians, taken as a body, have

never recognized the necessity of such a wide and preliminary study as would enable them to grasp their subject in the whole of its natural relations; hence the singular spectacle of one historian being ignorant of political economy; another knowing nothing of law; another nothing of ecclesiastical affairs and changes of opinion; another neglecting the philosophy of statistics, and another physical science: although these topics are the most essential of all, inasmuch as they comprise the principal circumstances by which the temper and character of mankind have been affected and in which they are displayed."—p. 4.

Accordingly, in the whole literature of Europe there are only three or four really original books, which contain a systematic attempt to investigate the history of man in the scientific manner belonging to other departments. Yet in the last hundred years there has been a great gain, and the prospects of historical literature are more cheering than ever before; but scarcely anything has been done towards discerning the principles which govern the character and destiny of nations. "For all the higher purposes of human thought, history is still miserably deficient, and presents that confused and anarchical appearance natural to a subject of which the laws are unknown, and even the foundation unsettled." Auguste Comte, "who has done more than any man to raise the standard," contemptuously notices "the incoherent compilation of facts hitherto called history." The most celebrated historians are manifestly inferior to the great men of science; none of them is at all entitled to be compared with Kepler and Newton. Yet the study of history requires the greatest talents, on account of the complication of its phenomena, and the fact that nothing can be verified by experiment.

Hence the scientific study of the movements of Mind, compared with that of the movements of Nature, is still in its infancy. So in physics, the regularity of events and the possibility of predicting them are always taken for granted, while the regularity of history is not only not so taken, but is often denied. It is said, in the affairs of men there is something mysterious and providential, which hides their future from us, and so history has never become a science, but only an empirical narrative of facts. But the question comes: Is it so? Are the actions of men and societies governed by fixed laws, or are they

the result either of blind chance or of supernatural interference?

In regard to all events there are two doctrines which represent different stages of civilization:—(1.) that every event is single and isolate, the result of blind Chance; or (2.) that all events are connected, and so each is the result of Necessity.* An increasing perception of the regularity of Nature destroys the doctrine of Chance, and replaces it by Necessary Connection. Out of these two doctrines of Chance and Necessity come the dogmas of Free-Will and Predestination.

As soon as a people has accumulated an abundance of the means of living, some men will cease to work; the most of those who are free from labour seek only pleasure, but a few endeavour to acquire knowledge and diffuse it. Some of the latter will study their own minds; such of them as have great ability will found new philosophies and religions, which often exercise an immense influence over the people who receive them. But these great thinkers are affected by the character of their age, which accordingly appears in their philosophy and religion. Thus the doctrine of Chance in the outer world corresponds to, and occasions, that of Free-Will in the inner world; while the doctrine of Necessary Connection in nature corresponds to that of Predestination in man. Predestination is founded on the theological hypothesis that all is regulated by supernatural interference. Among the Protestants, this doctrine, accompanied with that of the eternal damnation of the non-elect, acquired influence through the dark and powerful mind of Calvin, and among Catholics from Augustine, who seems to have borrowed it from the Manicheans; but it is a barren hypothesis, lying out of the province of human knowledge, and so it cannot be proved either false or true. Free-Will is connected with Arminianism, and founded on the metaphysical hypothesis that all happens by chance; it rests on the supremacy of human consciousness, a dogma supported only by the assumption, (1.) that there is an independent faculty called consciousness; and (2.) that its dictates are infallible. But the first has not been proved; the second is unquestionably false, for though consciousness be infallible as to

* He means *Necessitudo*, we take it, not *Necessitas*.

the *fact* of its testimony, it is fallible as to its *truth*. The present uncertainty in regard to the matter of consciousness shows that metaphysics will never be raised to a science by the ordinary method of observing merely individual minds; but that its study can be successfully prosecuted only by the deductive application of laws, which must be discerned by historical induction from the whole of those great phenomena which the human race presents. Homer, Shakespeare, and other great poets, have hitherto been the best investigators of the human mind; but they occupied themselves mainly with the concrete phenomena of life, and if they analyzed, as is probable, they concealed the steps of their process.

"The believer in the possibility of history is not required to hold either to Predestination or Free-Will, only to admit that, when we perform an action, we perform it in consequence of some motive or motives; that those motives are the result of some antecedents; and that, therefore, if we were acquainted with the whole of the antecedents and with all the laws of their movements, we could with unerring certainty predict the whole of their immediate results."

Now, as men's actions are determined by outward things, those actions must be uniform, and the same results must always follow from the same circumstances. All the progress and decline of men must come from the action of external phenomena on the mind, or that of the mind on the phenomena. On the one side is nature, the world of matter obeying its own laws; on the other, man obeying his laws. By their mutual action each modifies the other. A philosophical history can be made only on the knowledge of this action and mutual modification of man by nature and nature by man. The problem of the historian is to discover the laws of this twofold modification. First, he must inquire whether man affects nature most, or nature man; that is, whether physical phenomena are more affected by man than man by physical phenomena, or the opposite. That which is most active and powerful should be studied first, for being the most conspicuous, it is easiest known, and when its laws are generalized, the unknown to be accounted for will be smaller than if the opposite course be pursued. But before he enters on that work, the historian will prove the regularity of mental

phenomena, not by deduction from an assumed hypothesis, either metaphysical or theological, but by induction from almost innumerable facts, extending over many centuries, gathered and put into arithmetical tables,—the clearest of all forms,—by government officials, who had neither prejudices nor theories to support.

The actions of men are of these two classes,—Virtues or Vices. If it can be shown that the vices vary according to changes in surrounding society, then it is clear the virtues vary also in like manner, though inversely. But if there be no such variations, then it must follow that men's actions depend on personal caprice, free-will, and the like,—on what is peculiar to the individual.

At first thought, it would appear that, of all vicious or virtuous actions, the crime of murder was the most arbitrary and irregular. But experience shows that it is committed with regularity, and bears a uniform relation to certain circumstances, as the movement of the tides or the rotation of the seasons. Thus it was observed that from 1826 to 1844 the number of persons accused of crime in all France was on the whole about equal to the male deaths in Paris; but the annual amount of crime in France fluctuated less than that of male deaths in Paris; the same regularity was observed in each separate class of crimes, all obeying the same law of uniform and periodical repetition. In other countries, also, variations of crime are less than those of mortality.

Suicide seems the most arbitrary and capricious of all murders, but this also observes a constant law. The average annual number of suicides in London is about 240. It varies from 213 to 266. In 1846 there was a great railway panic, the suicides rose to 266; in 1847 there was a slight improvement, and the suicides fell to 256; in 1848 there were 247; in 1849, 213; and in 1850 they rose again to 229. This crime, like many others, depends somewhat on the season of the year, and is more common in summer than in winter.

Facts of this kind "force us to the conclusion, that the offences of men are the result not so much of the vices of the individual offender as of the state of society into which he is thrown." And this induction cannot be overthrown by any of those hypotheses with which metaphysicians

and theologians have perplexed the study of past events. This is the great social law, that the moral actions of men are the product of their antecedents, not of their volition. But, like other laws, it is subject to disturbances proceeding from minor forces, which meet the larger at particular points, and cause aberrations. But these discrepancies are trifling. Hence "we may form some idea of the prodigious energy of those vast social laws, which, though constantly interrupted, seem to triumph over every obstacle, and which, when examined by the aid of large numbers, scarcely undergo any sensible perturbation."

Marriage has a fixed relation to the price of corn; in England, the experience of a century has proved, that instead of having any connection with personal feelings, marriages "are simply regulated by the average earnings of the great mass of the people; so that this immense social and religious institution is not only swayed, but is completely controlled, by the price of food or the rate of wages."

The aberrations of memory also follow a general law. At London and Paris the same proportionate number of persons drop undirected letters into the post-office. These things are so plain, that in less than a hundred years it will be as hard to find an historian who denies the regularity of the moral world, as it now is to find a philosopher who denies the uniformity of nature. This regularity of human actions and its dependence on certain conditions is the basis for scientific history.

In Chapter II. Mr Buckle states the influence of physical agents on the organization of society and the character of individuals. The most powerful agents are food, soil, climate, and the general aspects of nature. The latter excites the imagination, and so sometimes produces superstition, which is the great obstacle to progressive knowledge, and imparts ineffaceable peculiarities to the national religion. The three former affect the general organization, and cause those large and conspicuous differences between nations, which are often ascribed to some fundamental difference in the various races into which mankind are divided. But these ethnological differences are altogether hypothetical, while those caused by climate, food, and soil are not only real, but also capable of a satisfactory explanation. He condenses these three into one

general term, Physical Geography, and tells the effect it produces.

1. The accumulation of wealth must always be the first great social improvement, for without that there is neither taste nor leisure for the acquisition of knowledge. In an ignorant people,—and all must start ignorant,—this accumulation will be regulated solely by the physical peculiarities of the country, that is, by the fertility of the soil, and by the energy and regularity of the work bestowed upon it. This latter depends entirely on the climate, which directly affect man's power of work, by enervating or invigorating the labourer, and also indirectly influences the regularity of his habits. Thus, in Northern countries, cold and darkness interrupt out-door work, and the labouring people are more prone to desultory habits; hence the national character becomes more fitful and capricious than it would be under a better climate. The Swedes and Norwegians differ greatly from the Spanish and Portuguese in government, laws, religion, and manners, but all four agree in a certain instability and fickleness of character. This peculiarity, common to them all, is caused by the climate, which in the Southern countries interrupts toil by heat and drought, and in the Northern by darkness and cold. This effect of climate has not been noticed by Montesquieu, Hume, and Charles Comte, the three most philosophical writers on climate.

No nation has ever been civilized through its own efforts, unless it had a favourable soil or climate. Thus in Asia civilization has always been confined to that tract which extends from the south of China to the west coast of Asia Minor, Phœnicia, and Palestine, while the barren country in the North has been peopled by rude wandering tribes, who are always kept in poverty by the nature of the soil; but yet, when they migrate thence, they found great monarchies, in China, India, and Persia, and equal the civilization of the most flourishing peoples. In Arabia the Arabs have always been a rude, uncultivated people, their soil compelling them to poverty; but when established in Persia, Spain, and the Punjaub, their character seems to undergo a great change. In the sandy and barren parts of Africa,—the vast plain which occupies the centre and North,—the people are always bar-

barians, entirely uncultivated, acquiring no knowledge, because they can accumulate no wealth. But in Egypt the overflow of the Nile makes the country fertile; wealth was rapidly accumulated; the cultivation of knowledge quickly followed, and the land became the seat of a civilization which, though grossly exaggerated, forms a striking contrast to the barbarism of the other nations of Africa, none of which could work out their progress or emerge from the ignorance to which the penury of nature condemned them.

In the ancient world,—Asia and Africa,—the fertility of the soil had more influence than climate in civilization. But in Europe climate is the more powerful of the two. In the former case, the effect depends on the relation of the soil to its produce, that is, of one part of nature to another; in the latter, the effect depends on the relation between the climate and the labourer, that is, between nature and man. The first is the less complicated relation, and came earlier into action, and hence civilization began in Asia and Africa, and not in Europe. But that form of civilization which depends on the fertility of the soil is not so valuable or permanent as that which depends on climate, for all effectual human progress depends less on the bounty of nature than on the energy of man which a favourable climate developes. And while the productive powers of nature are limited and stationary, the powers of man are unlimited. We have no evidence which authorizes us to put even an imaginary limit to the human intellect. So a favourable climate, which stimulates labour, is a more valuable agent of civilization than fertility of soil, which feeds men with its almost spontaneous bounty.

The next thing to consider is the distribution of wealth,—what portion shall belong to the labouring classes, what to such as labour not. In a very early stage of society, the distribution of wealth, like its creation, is wholly determined by physical laws, which are so active as to have kept a vast majority of the inhabitants of the fairest portion of the globe in constant poverty. An inquiry into the distribution of wealth, therefore, is an inquiry into the distribution of power, and will throw light on the origin of social and political inequality. Wealth will be distri-

buted between the labourers, the more numerous class, who produce it, and the non-labourers, the contrivers,—the less numerous, but more able class, who direct the energy of the others. The labourers' share is called wages; the contrivers' share is profits. Wages will depend on the number of labourers, and that on the cheapness of food; so, in a country where food is cheap, labourers will abound and wages be low. Therefore an inquiry into the physical laws on which a nation's food depends is of the greatest importance.

The food of man produces two and only two effects necessary to his existence,—(1.) to supply the animal heat, and (2.) to repair the waste of tissues. The first purpose is accomplished by non-azotized substances containing carbon, but no nitrogen; the second, by azotized substances in which nitrogen is always found. In hot climates men require but little non-azotized food,—for the climate keeps up the temperature; and less azotized food than in cold ones,—for, as they exercise less, the body has less waste to repair. So the inhabitants of hot countries will require less food than those of cold ones, and population will increase with corresponding rapidity. But the inhabitants of colder countries consume not only more food than those of warm countries, but more animal, carbonized, or non-azotized food, which is more costly than is the other kind, for it is not, like vegetables, thrown up by the soil, but consists of the bodies of powerful and often ferocious animals, and is procured only with great labour. So, when the coldness of the climate compels men to use carbonized or animal food, even in the infancy of society the men are bolder, more adventurous, than the vegetable-eaters of warm climates, gratuitously fed by the bounty of nature. Thus there is a constant tendency for wages to be low in warm countries, and high in cold ones. In hot climates food will be abundant, population will increase rapidly, and wages be low; while in cold countries the opposite result will follow.

In Asia, Africa, and America, all the ancient civilizations were seated in hot climates, where food was cheap, the wages low, the profits high, and the labourer depressed. In Europe civilization arose in a colder climate, where food was dearer, wages consequently higher, profits lower,

and the labourers in a better condition. The Irish are the only great European people fed on cheap food; and the consequences presently appeared in the rapid increase of the labourers, their low wages, and miserable squalid condition, though in a country which has greater natural resources than any other in Europe. The matter of food and wages may be thus summed up: when the wages are invariably low, the distribution of wealth being very unequal, the distribution of political power and social influence will also be very unequal.

Civilization is old in India. The climate requires men to feed on vegetable, non-azotized food, on rice, the most nutritive of all the grains. Food is cheap, labourers abundant, wages low, profits high, in the shape of rent of land and interest of capital, the labouring people much depressed, the ruling class rich, insolent, and despotic. It has been so these three thousand years, as appears from the ancient laws and maxims which determine the condition of the working man.

These laws of fertility, soil, food, and climate are so invincible that, wherever they have come into play, they have kept the labourers in perpetual subjection; the people have no voice in the management of the state, no control over the wealth they have created; they have always been tame and servile, their history recites no instance of their turning upon their rulers, no war of classes, no popular insurrections, not one great popular conspiracy, no revolutions among the people. Similar causes were at work in Egypt, in Peru, in Mexico, and produced the same results as in India: the date, the banana, and the maize were to the latter what rice was to the former. In all these countries civilization depended on the fertility of the soil, food was cheap, labourers abundant, wages low, profits high, the working class poor and enslaved, the rulers rich, insolent, and despotic. We have not space to follow the author in the interesting details of this part of his work, but only remark, in passing, that he does not seem to be entirely familiar with the aboriginal civilization, and is sometimes mistaken in his statements; but his grand inductive generalization remains secure.

He thus sums up the result for Asia, Africa, and America:—

"The great physical laws which, in the most flourishing countries out of Europe, encouraged the accumulation of wealth, but prevented its dispersion, secured to the upper classes a monopoly of one of the most important elements of social and political power. The result was, that in all those civilizations the great body of the people derived no benefit from the national improvements; hence, the basis of the progress being very narrow, the progress itself was very insecure. When, therefore, unfavourable circumstances arose from without, it was but natural that the whole system should fall to the ground. In such countries society, being divided against itself, was unable to stand. And there can be no doubt that, long before the crisis of their actual destruction, these one-sided and irregular civilizations had begun to decay. So that their own degeneracy aided the progress of foreign invaders, and secured the overthrow of those ancient kingdoms which, under a sounder system, might have been easily saved." —p. 107.

In Europe civilization depended less on the fertility of the soil, giving man its cheap spontaneous bread, more on the climate, which stimulated him to vigorous and regular activity, demanded a more costly food, and so prevented the too rapid increase of population. As a natural consequence, in Europe alone a permanent civilization has been established, and society so organized as to include all the different classes; and though the scheme is not yet sufficiently large, it leaves room for the welfare of each, and so secures the progress of all.

Having thus disposed of the influence of food, soil, and climate, which directly affect the material interests of man, in the accumulation and distribution of wealth, he next examines that of the general aspects of nature which affect his intellectual interests in the accumulation and distribution of knowledge. The aspects of nature may be divided into two kinds,—such as affect the imagination by exciting feeling, terror, or great wonder, and such as affect the understanding, and excite men to study the details and causes of the phenomena about them. In all civilizations hitherto, the imagination has been active to excess. This appears from the superstitions of the ignorant, and the poetic reverence for antiquity which blinds the judgment of the educated, and limits their originality. It is possible that the understanding may in turn tyrannize over the imagination. All the great early civilizations of Asia, Africa, and America were situated within the tropics, where nature is most

dangerous to man, and its aspects most sublime and terrible, both in the constant phenomena, such as mountains, and the occasional, such as earthquakes, tempests, hurricanes, and pestilences, which powerfully affect the imagination.

This general statement is illustrated by examples of the superstitions generated by earthquakes and pestilences. The illustrations are not happy, they are almost puerile. He thus generalizes his conclusions: "There are certain natural phenomena which excite the imagination, incline man to superstition, and hinder the progress of knowledge. These phenomena are much more numerous out of Europe than in it," and give a peculiar character to literature, religion, and art. To prove this, he compares the productions of a typical Asiatic with a typical European country. India with Greece,—both "flagrant instances."

The literature of India shows the most uncontrolled ascendancy of the imagination. There is little prose composition; works on grammar, law, history, medicine, mathematics, geography, and metaphysics are nearly all poems. The matter corresponds to the form; imagination, luxuriant even to disease, runs riot on every occasion. This appears in great national works, the Ramayana, the Mahabharata and the Puranas, and in geographical and chronological systems; in the exaggerated respect for past ages, which is "repugnant to every maxim of reason, and is merely the indulgence of a poetic sentiment in favour of the remote and unknown." "It gave theologians their idea of the primitive virtue and simplicity of man, and of his subsequent fall from that high estate." It "diffused a belief that in old times men were not only more virtuous and happy, but also physically superior in the structure of their bodies," and lived to a greater age than is possible for their degenerate children. Thus the Hindoos say that in the most flourishing periods of antiquity the average age of common men at death was 80,000 years, and of holy men 100,000 years; but some early poets lived about half a million, and one king—his title is too long for our space—lived 8,400,000, of which he reigned 6,300,000. To glorify the Institutes of Menu, which are really less than three thousand years old, the native authorities declare they were miraculously revealed to man more than

2,000,000,000 years ago. The same characteristics appear in the Indian religion. Its mythology, like that of every tropical country, is based upon terror of the most extravagant kind. The most terrible deities are also the most popular. The same thing appears in the Indian art, which is an expression of the monstrous.

Now in Greece the aspects of nature were quite different, nay, almost opposite; they gave a healthy stimulus to the imagination and the understanding, which led to the elevation of man. The Indians had more respect for super-human powers, and turned men to the unknown and mysterious; the Greeks had more respect for human powers, and turned to the known and available. This peculiarity appears in the literature, religion, and art of Greece, which are so well known that we need not follow Mr Buckle in the details of his learned and careful comparison. The Greek literature was the first in which a systematic attempt was made to test all opinions by human reason, and vindicate the right of man to judge for himself on matters of supreme importance.

In Chapter III. he examines "the method employed by metaphysicians for discovering mental laws." Studying the whole of human history, he finds that, out of Europe, the tendency has been to subordinate man to nature, but in Europe to subordinate nature to man. So he divides civilization into two parts, Non-European and European. To understand the first, we must begin with the study of nature, the stronger force, while to comprehend the European civilization, which is characterized by a diminishing influence of physical agents and an increasing influence of mental agents, we must begin with man, who continually and progressively overmasters nature;—so that the average duration of life becomes greater,—the number of dangers thereto is lessened; the curiosity of men is keener, and their contact closer, than at any former period; and a more just distribution of wealth has taken place than in other countries. It is only in Europe that man has succeeded in taming the energies of nature, and compelling them to minister to him. He has extirpated ferocious beasts, overcome famine and the most frightful diseases, bridged the rivers, tunnelled the mountains, reclaimed land from the sea, and fertilized the barren spots of the earth. The most

advanced nations of Europe owe comparatively little to the original forces of nature, which had unlimited power over all other civilizations.

European civilization differs from all others in this. It is characterized by the "diminishing influence of physical laws,"—he means *forces*,—"and an increasing influence of mental laws." The proposition will be proved in future volumes, but will be admitted in advance, he thinks, by all who attend to these two fundamental propositions: (1.) that the forces of nature have never been permanently increased, and never will be; and (2.) that the forces of man continually become more powerful by the acquisition of new means, either to control the manageable operations of nature, or to avoid dangers from those consequences which we can foresee when we cannot prevent them.

To discover the laws of European civilization, we must first know the laws of mind, which will afford the ultimate basis of history. The metaphysicians claim to have done this work; so it is necessary to ascertain the value of their researches, the extent of their resources, and the validity of their method. The metaphysical method consists in each observer's studying his own mind, while the historical method consists in studying many minds. The metaphysical method is one by which no discovery has ever yet been made in any branch of knowledge, as it is impossible for the metaphysician to isolate his mind from disturbing forces, and his method does not allow him to enlarge his survey, so as to correct the individual disturbance by the general fact gathered from many particulars.

Besides, there is yet another difficulty. There are two applications of this metaphysical method; with one the inquirer begins by examining his Sensations, with the other by examining his Ideas. Hence there are two classes of metaphysicians, the Sensationalists and the Idealists, who adopt different methods and arrive at opposite conclusions; the further they advance, the more they differ; they are at open war in every department of morals, philosophy, and art. They know no other method; no other application of it is possible, and so they cannot reconcile their antagonistic conclusions. Meaning by metaphysics "that vast body of literature which is constructed on the supposition that the laws of the human mind can be gener-

alized *solely* from the facts of individual consciousness," Mr Buckle says, "If we except a very few of the laws of association, and perhaps I may add the modern theories of vision and touch,"—he refers to Berkeley, Hume, Hartley, and Brown,—“there is not to be found in the whole compass of metaphysics a single principle of importance, and at the same time of incontestable truth.” This defect in the conclusions comes from the fault in the method,—metaphysicians first raise a cloud, and then complain they cannot see. Metaphysics can be successfully studied only “by an investigation of history so comprehensive as to enable us to understand the conditions which govern the movements of the human race.”

In Chapter IV. he compares the moral and intellectual forces or agencies,—he calls them *Laws*,—and inquires into the effect of each on the progress of society. In this investigation he tries to avoid the method of the metaphysician, who derives his knowledge of men from the study of his own consciousness, exceptional, perturbed, and abnormal as it may be; and follows that of the naturalist, who takes so large a number of facts that the individual perturbations are but an infinitesimal quantity; and thence induces his general laws.

The progress of mankind, he says, is twofold: moral, relating to our duties, and intellectual, relating to our knowledge. This double increase of knowledge and virtue is essential to civilization. To be willing to perform our duty, is the moral part of progress; to know how to perform it, the intellectual. It is possible that there is a progressive increase of man's natural powers, intellectual and moral; but the fact has not yet been proved, and we have no decisive ground for saying that natural faculties would be greater in a child born in the most civilized part of Europe, than in one born in the wildest region of a barbarous country. We have no proof, he thinks, of the existence of hereditary talents, vices, or virtues, hereditary madness and disease. There is no progress of capacity, only of opportunity.

The moral powers—that is, in our philosophy, the power to know duty and the will to do it—have an extremely small influence over the progress of civilization. The great dogmas of morals, which are “the sole essential of morals,”

have been known for thousands of years, not a jot nor tittle has been added to them, while there is a continual increase in the knowledge of intellectual truths. The most cultivated Europeans do not know a single moral truth not known to the ancients, while the moderns have made most important addition to every department of ancient knowledge, and have created new sciences, which the boldest thinkers of old times never thought of. So it is plain man's progress depends on the intellectual, which is the progressive agent, not on the moral, which is but stationary.

Besides, intellectual achievements are permanent; they are put in the terms of science, and, in immortal bequests of genius, become the heirlooms of mankind. But good moral deeds are less capable of transmission, less dependent on previous experience, and cannot well be stored up for future men. So, though moral excellence be more amiable than intellectual, it is less active, less permanent, and less productive of real good. The effects of the most active philanthropy, the most disinterested kindness, reach but few, do not last long, and the institutions they found soon fall to decay. The more we study, the more we shall

"see the superiority of intellectual acquisition over moral feeling. There is no instance on record of an ignorant man, who, having good intentions, and supreme power to enforce them, has not done far more evil than good. And whenever the intentions have been very eager, and the power very extensive, the evil has been enormous. But if you can diminish the sincerity of that man, if you can mix some alloy with his motives, you will likewise diminish the evil which he works. If he is selfish, as well as ignorant, it will often happen that you may play off his vice against his ignorance, and, by exciting his fears, restrain his mischief. If, however, he has no fear, if he is entirely unselfish, if his sole object is the good of others, if he pursues that object with enthusiasm, upon a large scale, and with disinterested zeal, then it is that you have no check upon him; you have no means of preventing the calamities which, in an ignorant age, an ignorant man will be sure to inflict."—pp. 166, 167.

To prove this discouraging proposition, he cites the case of religious persecutors, who are not bad men, nor bad-intentioned men, but only ignorant of the nature of truth, and of the consequences of their own actions. It was the most moral of the Roman Emperors, Aurelius and Julian, who persecuted the Christians; and in Spain, "the In-

quisitors were remarkable for an undeviating and incorruptible integrity."

Religious persecution is the greatest evil man ever inflicts on man; "all other crimes are of small account" compared to this. It is intellectual, and not moral, activity which has ended it. The practice of war is the next great evil, and in diminishing that, the moral feelings have had no share at all, for the present moral ideas relating to war were "as well understood and as universally admitted in the Middle Ages, when there was never a week without war, as they are now, when war is deemed a rare and singular occurrence." It is intellectual, and not moral, actions which have done this great work. For every addition to knowledge increases the power of the intellectual class, and weakens the military class. It is a significant fact, that the recent Continental war was begun by Russia and Turkey, the two most barbarous nations in Europe. The military predilections of Russia are not "caused by a low state of morals, or by a disregard of religious duties," but by ignorance; for as the intellect is little cultivated, the military class is supreme, and all ability is estimated by a military standard.* In England, a love of war, as a national taste, is utterly extinct; this result has not come from moral instinct or moral training, but from the cultivation of intellect, and the rise of educated classes, who control the military. As society advances, the ecclesiastical spirit and the military spirit never fail to decline. Thus, while in Greece, some of the most celebrated poets, orators, philosophers, and statesmen were also warriors, since the sixteenth century Europe has not produced ten soldiers who were distinguished either as thinkers or writers. "Cromwell, Washington, and Napoleon are perhaps the only first-rate modern warriors" who were competent to govern a kingdom and command an army.†

Three things have weakened the power of the military class,—the invention of gunpowder, the discoveries of political economy, and the application of steam to the

* In sustaining his assertions here, Mr Buckle should take comfort from the somewhat celebrated preamble of our Congress in 1846, "Whereas war exists by the act of Mexico,"—she being the less intellectual power of the two.

† His contrast here of Marlborough and Wellington is well put, and worth remembering.

purposes of travel. We have no space for an analysis of his argument here.

Hitherto Mr Buckle's remarks have been general, and belong to what may be called the universal part of transcendental history ; but in Chapter V. he turns his attention more especially to England. He selects this as a typical country,—an *instantia flagrans*,—in which the universal laws of human development are interfered with less than elsewhere, and where for some centuries the people have not been much troubled by the two great disturbing forces, the authority of government and the influence of foreigners. England has borrowed nothing by which the destinies of nations are permanently altered, and affords the best example of the normal march of society, and the undisturbed operation of those agencies which regulate the fortunes of mankind.

Germany and the United States are not typical countries, like England. In the first, the philosophers are at the head of the civilized world, but the people are more prejudiced, ignorant, superstitious, and unable to guide themselves, than the people of England or France. The great authors write books for each other, not for the people, and the dull, plodding class remains uninfluenced by the knowledge of the great thinkers, and uncheered by the fire of their genius.*

"In America we see a civilization precisely the reverse of this; a country of which it has been truly said, that in no other are there so few men of great learning, and so few of great ignorance. In Germany the speculative classes and the practical classes are altogether disunited; in America they are altogether fused. In Germany, nearly every year brings forward new discoveries, new philosophies, new means by which the boundaries of knowledge are to be enlarged. In America such inquiries are almost entirely neglected : since the time of Jonathan Edwards, no great metaphysician has appeared ; little attention has been paid to physical science [!]; and, with the single exception of jurisprudence, scarcely anything has been done for those vast subjects on which the Germans are incessantly labouring. The stock of American knowledge is small, but it is spread through all classes ; the stock of German knowledge is immense, but it is confined to one class."—p. 220.

* This sweeping remark of Mr Buckle is founded probably on his impressions of Southern Germany. It is not true of Prussia or of Saxony.

The progress of European civilization depends on the accumulation and distribution of knowledge; and so he must take a country in which knowledge is both normally accumulated and diffused. These conditions are happily united in England, which he will portray as the central and heroic figure in the historic group, but sketch in the other nations, who play special and subordinate parts in this great drama of civilization. He will study Germany for the laws of accumulation of knowledge; America, for those of its diffusion; France, for the political form of the protective spirit; Spain for its religious form. Thence he will induce the general laws, and, in subsequent volumes of the history itself, apply them deductively to England.

The progress of a nation depends partly on the method its thinkers pursue in their investigations, whether it be deductive or inductive. The Germans favour the first, the Americans the last. The English thinkers are inductive, the Scotch deductive:—Simson, Stewart, Hutchinson, Adam Smith, Hume, Ferguson, Mill, all pursue the deductive method. No country possesses a more original and inquisitive literature than Scotland; but in none equally enlightened does so much of the superstition of the Middle Ages still continue. There is hostility between the speculative and practical classes.

By religion, he means the theological ideas and the ritual service; by literature, "everything which is written;" and by government, not the complex of institutions, laws, and modes of administration, but simply the privileged classes who rule officially. He says a nation's progress does not depend on its religion, literature, or government. This proposition he defends at length; a nation's religion, literature, and government are only effects of its civilization, not also causes thereof; no progressive country voluntarily adopts a retrogressive religion; no declining country ameliorates its religion. Savages are converted to Christianity only by becoming civilized. A religion too much in advance of a people can do no present service, but must bide its time. Thus the Hebrews continually relapsed from the monotheism which Moses taught. The Romans, with rare exceptions, were an ignorant and barbarous race, ferocious, dissolute, and cruel; polytheism was their natural creed; they

could not comprehend the sublime and admirable doctrines of Christianity, and after that seemed to have carried all before it, and received the homage of the best part of Europe, it was soon found that nothing was really effected. Superstition but took a new form; men worshipped the Virgin Mary instead of Cybele. The Catholic religion is to Protestantism what the Dark Ages are to modern times. Accordingly, the most civilized countries should be Protestant. In general, it is so; but sometimes a foreign force fixed the religion of the people, which does them small service. Thus Scotland and Sweden are Protestant countries, but more marked with superstition, intolerance, and bigotry than Catholic France. The French have a religion worse than themselves; the Scotch have one better than themselves; and in both cases the characteristics of the people neutralize those of their creed, and the national faith is altogether inoperative.

"Literature in itself is but a trifling matter." (!) Its value depends on its communicating real knowledge, that is, an acquaintance with physical and mental laws. To look upon an acquaintance with literature as one of the objects of education, is to make the end subordinate to the means. Hence there are "highly-educated men," so called, whose advance in knowledge has been retarded by the activity of their education. They are burdened with prejudices, which their reading only renders more inveterate; for literature is not only full of wisdom but of absurdities also; so the benefit of literature will depend on the skill and judgment with which books are selected and studied. Europe would have made more rapid progress in the seventh and eighth centuries, if all knowledge of the alphabet had been lost. For the noble works of antiquity thereby preserved were not used at all, and letters helped only to spread the superstitious regard men so much delighted in at that time.

Government is still less the ally of progressive civilization; for "no great political improvement, no great reform, either legislative or executive, has ever been originated in any country by its rulers." Able thinkers find out the abuses, devise the remedy, convince and persuade the people, and force the rulers to adopt the improvement; and then the people are expected to admire the

wisdom of the rulers! Thus, the repeal of the Corn Laws in England was not the work of the ministry in Parliament, but of the political economists, who proved that protective restrictions were absurd; and thus the repeal of the Corn Laws became a matter, not of party or of expediency, but merely of knowledge: when the diffusion of knowledge reached a certain point the laws must fall. Besides, all great reforms consist in undoing an old wrong, not in enacting a new right; the tendency of modern legislation is to restore things to that natural channel whence preceding legislation turned them away. The ruling classes have interfered so much with the development of mankind, and done so much mischief, that it is wonderful civilization could advance at all. In England, for the last two centuries, they had less power than elsewhere, but have yet done such a great amount of evil as forms a melancholy chapter in the history of the human mind; excepting certain laws necessary to preserve order and prevent crime, nearly all has been done amiss. All the most important interests have been grievously damaged by the rulers' attempt to aid them; thus, the effort to protect trade nearly ruined trade itself, which would have perished had it not violated the laws by smuggling. The economical evils of this protective system, its injuries to trade, are surpassed by its moral evils,—the increasing of crime. The attempt to protect religion increased only hypocrisy and heresy,—he might have added cruelty and atheism; the effort to keep down the rate of interest on money has always raised that interest. Still more, all the great Christian governments have made strenuous efforts to destroy the liberty of the press, and prevent men from expressing their thoughts in politics and religion, the most important of all subjects. Even in England the rulers tax paper, and make the very thoughts of men pay toll.

"It is truly a frightful consideration that knowledge is to be hindered, and that the proceeds of honest labour, of patient thought, and sometimes of profound genius, are to be diminished, in order that a large part of their scanty earnings may go to swell the pomp of an idle and ignorant court, minister to the caprice of a few powerful individuals, and too often supply them with the means of turning against the people resources which the people called into existence."

In England the rulers have less power than elsewhere; and the progress has been more regular, more rapid, and less violent and bloody. She has shown the world "that one main condition of the prosperity of a people is this,—that its rulers shall have very little power, and exercise that little very sparingly."

So the growth of European civilization is not due to religion, literature, or government, but only to the progress of knowledge, which depends on the number of truths known, and the extent to which they are known,—the accumulation and distribution of knowledge.

In Chapter VI. Mr Buckle treats of the origin of history, and the state of historical literature during the Middle Ages. In this history of history he finds that, in the last three centuries, historians have shown an increasing respect for man's mind, and have more than ever attended to the condition of the people and the diffusion of knowledge. His sketch of the progress of history from the oral ballad, up through all stages of monkish absurdity, is amusing and curious. We must pass it by, however, to speak of what seems more essential to the understanding of his positions.

In Chapter VII. he gives an outline of the History of the English Intellect, from the middle of the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century. To escape from the melancholy condition of the Dark and Middle Ages, there must be an increase of doubt. Knowledge is the condition of progress, doubt of knowledge. Scepticism is "hardness of belief," an increased application and diffusion of the laws of evidence and the rules of reasoning. "In physics, it is the necessary precursor of science; in politics, of liberty; in theology, of toleration,"—and, he might have added, of truth.

"To scepticism we owe that spirit of inquiry which, during the last two centuries, has encroached on every possible subject, has reformed every department of practical and speculative knowledge, has weakened the authority of the privileged classes, and thus placed liberty on a surer foundation, has chastised the despotism of princes, has restrained the arrogance of nobles, and has even diminished the prejudices of the clergy."

No single fact has so extensively affected the different nations as the duration, amount, and diffusion of their

scepticisms. In Spain, by means of the Inquisition, the Church prevented the publication of sceptical opinions; there knowledge and civilization are stationary. But scepticism first began in England and France, and was most widely diffused; and there "has arisen that constantly progressive knowledge to which these two great nations owe their prosperity."

Mr Buckle then shows the growth of doubt in England, and, as its consequence, the increase of religious toleration, and the decline of the old ecclesiastical spirit. It is the authority of the secular classes which has forced toleration on the Christian clergy. Elizabeth at first balanced the Catholics and Protestants, allowing neither party the preponderance; in the first eleven years of her reign no Roman Catholic was put to death for religion, and afterwards, though men were undoubtedly executed for their opinions, yet none dared state their religion as the cause of their execution.

Jewel's Apology was written in 1561; Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity in 1594; Chillingworth's Religion of Protestants in 1637: each is typical of its time;—in Jewel, ecclesiastical authority is the basis, and reason the superstructure; in Hooker, reason is the basis, and authority the superstructure; while with Chillingworth authority disappears, and "the whole fabric of religion is made to rest upon the way in which the unaided reason of man shall interpret the decrees of an omnipotent God." This fundamental principle was adopted by the most influential writers of the seventeenth century, all of whom insisted on the authority of private judgment. The ecclesiastical spirit declined; able men devoted their talents to science.

"What used to be considered the most important of all questions is now abandoned to men who mimic the zeal without professing the influence of those really great divines whose works are among the glories of our early literature." "Theological interests have long ceased to be supreme; and the affairs of nations are no longer regulated according to ecclesiastical views."

Sir James Mackintosh said, that unless some revolution, auspicious to priestcraft, should replunge Europe in ignorance, "church-power will certainly not survive the nineteenth century."

"In England, where its march has been more rapid than elsewhere, this change is very observable. In every other department we have had a series of great and powerful thinkers, who have done honour to their country, and have been the admiration of mankind. But for more than a century we have not produced a single original work, in the whole field of controversial theology."

For more than a century no valuable addition has been made to that immense mass of divinity which continually loses something of its interest among thinking men. Both military and ecclesiastical power decline before the progress of civilization.*

In the reign of James I. and Charles I. great attempts were made to restore the fading power of authority; but the dead could not be revived. Even the Puritans were more fanatical than superstitious.

We have not space to examine Mr Buckle's profound investigation into the reign of Charles II., when so severe a blow was struck at the tyranny of the Church and of the nobles. In those few years clerical property was made amenable to Parliamentary taxation; the clergy were forbidden to burn a heretic, or make a suspected person criminate himself in the trial. It was fixed that all money bills must originate with the House of Commons; that the Peers have no original jurisdiction, only appellate, in civil cases. The prerogatives of purveyance and pre-emption were abolished, and the king could not vex the property of his subjects; the Habeas Corpus Act made their persons also secure; general impeachments fell to the ground, and the liberty of the press became a fixed fact; the feudal incidents which the Norman conquerors had imposed, military tenures, wardships, fines

* In his summing up on this point, the author gives the following explanation of his use of the word *scepticism*. "By scepticism I merely mean hardness of belief,—so that an increased scepticism is an increased perception of the difficulty of proving assertions; or, in other words, it is an increased application, and an increased diffusion, of the rules of reasoning, and of the laws of evidence. This feeling of hesitation, and of suspended judgment, has, in every department of thought, been the invariable preliminary to all the intellectual revelations through which the human mind has passed; and without it there could be no progress, no change, no civilization. In physics it is the necessary precursor of science; in politics, of liberty; in theology, of toleration. These are the three leading forms of scepticism: it is therefore clear that in religion the sceptic steers a middle course between atheism and orthodoxy, rejecting both extremes, because he sees that both are incapable of proof."—p. 327.

for alienation, forfeiture for marriage by reason of tenure, aids, homages, *escuages*, *primer-seisins*, and other mischievous subtleties, all went to common ruin. This was done in the age of Charles II.: the king was incompetent, the court profligate, the ministers venal,—all these in the pay of France; there were unprecedented insults from abroad, frequent conspiracies at home, a great fire and a great plague in London!

“How could so wonderful a progress be made in the face of these unparalleled disasters? These are questions which our political compilers are unable to answer; because they look too much at the peculiarities of individuals, and too little at the temper of the age in which those individuals live. Such writers do not perceive that the history of every civilized country is the history of its intellectual development, which kings, statesmen, and legislators are more likely to retard than to hasten; because, however great their power may be, they are, at best, the accidental and insufficient representatives of the spirit of their time; and because, so far from being able to regulate the movements of the national mind, they themselves form the smallest part of it, and, in a general view of the progress of man, are only to be regarded as the puppets who strut and fret their hour upon a little stage; while beyond them, and on every side of them, are forming opinions and principles which they can scarcely perceive, but by which, alone, the whole course of human affairs is ultimately governed.”—p. 358.

Even the vices of the rulers served the people's cause.

“All classes of men soon learned to despise a king who was a drunkard, a libertine, and a hypocrite; and who, in point of honour, was unworthy to enter the presence of the meanest of his subjects.”

His reckless debaucheries made him abhor all restraint, and to dislike the clerical class, whose profession at least presupposes more than ordinary purity. From the love of vicious indulgence, he disliked the clergy; and he conferred the highest dignities of the Church on feeble or insincere men, who could not defend what they really believed, or did not believe what they really professed. Such were Juxon, Sheldon, and Sancroft, Archbishops of Canterbury, and Frewen, Stearn, and Dolben, Archbishops of York. But Jeremy Taylor, who married the king's illegitimate sister, daughter of Joanna Bridges, and Barrow, both men of great talents and unspotted virtue, were treated with neglect. In consequence of this filling great

ecclesiastical offices with little, and sometimes wicked men, and banishing the noble men to obscure positions, the power of the Church continued to decline, and religious liberty to increase. The clergy attempted to retrieve their power, by reviving the doctrine of Passive Obedience and Divine Right; but this only increased the opposition of the people. The Anglican clergy were friendly to James II. before he came to the Crown, using all their strength to defeat the bill which excluded him from the succession. They rejoiced in his elevation. They sustained him, while he persecuted the dissenters, but when he issued his Declaration of Indulgence, which nullified the Test and Corporation Acts, the established clergy broke from him, and dissolved this "conspiracy between the Crown and the Church." They looked on, in silence, while the king proposed to turn a free government into a despotism. They saw Jeffreys and Kirke torture their fellow-subjects, the jails crowded, the scaffolds running with blood.* They were well pleased that Baxter should be thrown into prison, and Howe driven into exile. They insisted on passive obedience to a Lord's Anointed, because these victims opposed the Church. But when James attempted to protect men hostile to their Church, the guardians of the temple flew to arms. They refused to obey the order, united with the dissenters, and overturned the throne. The only time when the Church made war upon the throne was when the Crown declared its intention of tolerating, and in some degree of protecting, the rival religions of the land. When James subsequently promised to favour their order, they repented of their work. They opposed William, "that great man, who, without striking a blow, saved the country from the slavery with which it was threatened." They continued to intrigue for the restoration of the dethroned tyrant, because his successor was the friend of religious liberty.

The power of the Church continued to decline.

"Under two of the most remarkable men of the eighteenth century, Whitfield, the first of theological orators, and Wesley, the first of theological statesmen, there was organized a great system of religion, that bore the same relation to the Church of England that the Church of England bore to the Church of Rome." "In the eighteenth century the Wesleys were to the Bishops what in the sixteenth century the Reformers were to the Popes."

But after the death of their great leaders, the Methodists produced no man of original genius, and, since Adam Clarke, none of their scholars has had a European reputation. In the time of William the dissenters were estimated as about one twenty-third part of the population; in 1786 they were one fourth; in 1851 they were two fifths of the whole.

The advance of the sceptical spirit, and the triumph of religious liberty, are shown by yet other things,—the separation of theology from morals and politics. The one was effected late in the seventeenth century, the other before the middle of the eighteenth; and both were begun by the clergy themselves. Cumberland would construct a system of morals independent of theology; Warburton taught that, in dealing with religion, the state must look to expediency, not revelation; Hume, Paley, Bentham, and Mill have carried their doctrines much further. The Catholics are already admitted to Parliament; the Jews will soon be there. The power of clerical oppression was still further weakened by the great Arian controversy, “rashly instigated by Whiston, Clarke, and Waterland,” by the Bangorian controversy, by Blackburne’s work on the confessional, the dispute on miracles, the exposure of the gross absurdities of the Fathers, the statements of Gibbon relative to the spread of Christianity,—“important and unrefuted,”—the “decisive controversy between Porson and Travis respecting the text of the heavenly witnesses,” and the “discoveries of geologists, in which not only was the fidelity of the Mosaic cosmogony impugned, but its accuracy was shown to be impossible.”

This spirit of inquiry reached classes hitherto shut out from education. In the eighteenth century, for the first time, schools were established for the lower classes on the only day they had time to attend them, and newspapers on the only day they had time to read them; circulating libraries first appeared in England; printing began to be established in the country towns. Then, too, for the first time, were efforts made to popularize the sciences; literary reviews began then; book-clubs, debating-societies amongst tradesmen, date from the same period. It was not till 1769 that the first public meeting assembled in England, where an attempt was made to enlighten Englishmen re-

specting their political rights.* Then the proceedings of the courts of law and parliament were published, and political newspapers arose. The great political doctrines that persons, not land or other property, should be represented, was then promulgated, and the people, for the first time, were called on to decide the great questions of religion, which they were not consulted on before.† The word "independence," in its modern acceptation, does not occur till the beginning of the eighteenth century. Authors began to write in a lighter and simpler style, which all men could understand. Literary men found a wider public, and were no longer dependents on the caprices of the privileged class.

Our author then traces the reaction against this spirit of civilization, and thinks it fortunate that, after the death of Anne,—a weak and silly woman,—the throne was long filled by the two Georges, "aliens in manners and in country, one of whom spoke our language but indifferently, and the other not at all,"—"and both profoundly ignorant of the people they undertook to govern." The Crown and the clergy could not work together to resist the progress of mankind. But the reactionary movement was greatly aided by the character of George III. ; despotic and superstitious, he sought to extend the prerogative and strengthen the Church. Here is the picture of that monarch, such as our fathers, looking across the ocean, saw him.

"Every liberal sentiment, everything approaching to reform, nay, even the mere mention of inquiry, was an abomination in the eyes of that narrow and ignorant prince. Without knowledge, without taste, without even a glimpse of one of the sciences, or a feeling for one of the fine arts, education had done nothing to enlarge a mind which nature had more than usually contracted. Totally ignorant of the history and resources of foreign countries, and barely knowing their geographical position, his information was scarcely more extensive respecting the people over whom he was called to rule. In that immense mass of evidence now extant, and which consists of every description of private correspondence, records of private conversation, and of public acts, there is not to be found the slightest proof that he knew any one of those numerous things which the governor of a country ought to know ; or, indeed, that he was acquainted with a single duty of his position, except that mere mechanical routine of

* For the author overlooks the political preaching of the Puritans.

† For the author overlooks the theological preaching of the Puritans.

ordinary business, which might have been effected by the lowest clerk in the meanest office in his kingdom."—pp. 405, 406.

During the sixty years of his reign, Pitt was the only great man he willingly admitted to his councils; and he must forget the lessons of his illustrious father, and persecute his party to death. George III. looked on slavery as a good old custom, and Pitt dared not oppose it. The king hated the French, and Pitt plunged the nations in a needless, wicked, and costly war. He corrupted the House of Lords by filling it with country gentlemen remarkable for nothing but health, and lawyers who rose to office chiefly through the zeal with which they favoured the king and repressed the people.

Mr Buckle gives a nice and discriminating account of Burke, "one of the greatest men, and the greatest thinkers, who has ever devoted himself to the practice of English politics." We have seen no picture so just of this great man when sane, and also when madness had made him the most dangerous of lunatics. But we must pass it by,—and also his account of the American Revolution, and the reaction in England occasioned by the troubles in France.

Chapter VIII. relates the history of the French intellect from the middle of the fifteenth century to the reign of Louis XIV. It is one of the most learned, original, and instructive chapters in the book. Great events pass before us, and also great men,—Henry IV., Montaigne, Richelieu, Descartes, and their famous contemporaries. But we have no time to look at them.

Chapter IX. is devoted to the "History of the Protective Spirit and Comparison of it in France and England." We must submit a short analysis of its contents.

Modern civilization began to dawn in the tenth and eleventh centuries; in the twelfth it had reached all the nations now civilized. The people began to rebel against the clergy, who had once protected them against the military rulers. This is the starting-point of modern civilization. Then the clergy began systematically to punish men for heresy; inquisitions, torturing, burnings, and the like, became general. Then began an unceasing struggle between the advocates of Inquiry and the advocates of Tradi-

tion. Then the feudal system began, and set the example of a large public polity, in which the clerical body, as such, had no place. Accordingly there came a struggle between feudality and the Church. European aristocracy began, and in the organization of society took the place of the Church. William the Conqueror brought feudalism to England, but made each vassal dependent on the king, not merely on his feudal superior; while in France the great lords and their vassals were independent of the king. Hence arose the great difference between the English and French aristocracy. The former, being too feeble to resist the king, allied themselves with the people to uphold their common right against the king; the people acquired a tone of independence and lofty bearing with the habits of self-government, and founded their great civil and political institutions. In France the great lords resisted the people. Hence, when the feudal system declined in the fourteenth century, in one country the French king took the authority, and power became more and more centralized, while the English people took it in the other, and power became progressively diffused. When evil days set in, and the invasions of despotism have begun, liberty will be retained, not by those who show the oldest deeds and longest charters, but by those most inured to independence, and most regardless of that insidious protection which the upper classes throw around them. Men can never be free unless they are educated to freedom, and that training is by institutions, not books,—by self-discipline, self-reliance, self-government.

The protective spirit was strong enough in France to resist the Reformation, and preserve to the clergy the forms of this ancient supremacy; in England it was opposed by the great nobles,—who are to politics what the priests were to religion,—but carried by the people. At the accession of Elizabeth there was an intimate connection between the English nobles and the Catholic clergy; she therefore must choose her ministers from the commoners; hence came the two Bacons, the two Cecils, Knollys, Sadler, Smith, Throgmorton, and Walsingham,—the most eminent statesmen and diplomatists of her reign. The Pope taunted her with excluding the ancient nobility, and raising obscure people to honour; the rebellion of 1569 was

the rising of the great families of the North against "the upstart and plebeian administration of the queen." At first James and Charles tried to revive the power of the two great protective classes, the nobles and the clergy; but they could not execute their mischievous plans, for there arose what Clarendon called "the most prodigious, the boldest rebellion that any age or country ever brought forth." This was an outbreak of the democratic spirit; the political form of a movement of which the Reformation was the religious form.

In Chapter X. Mr Buckle makes a comparison between the English Rebellion and the contemporary Fronde, and shows that the energy of the protective spirit in France caused the failure of the latter. In France, the people, not accustomed to self-government, intrusted the conduct of this rebellion to great noblemen; in England they took the matter into their own hands, and carried it through.

Chapters XI. and XII. treat of the age of Louis XIV. and his successor;—of the protective spirit applied to literature, of the consequences of the alliance between the intellectual and the governing classes, of the reaction against this spirit, and of the distant preparations for the French Revolution. Both chapters are well studied, rich in learning, in critical judgment on men and things, and full of original opinions. No writer, we think, has given so just an account of the good and ill of Louis XIV., and surely none, of the progress of the French mind during that period. We are compelled to pass them over. No man has given so careful and exact an account of the character of Voltaire, and the good services he rendered to the world.

In Chapters XIII. and XIV. Mr Buckle discusses the historical literature of France, from the end of the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century, and the proximate causes of the French Revolution, after the middle of the eighteenth century. They are learned, exact, and profound. But we have no space for an analysis.

The plan of Mr Buckle's book is quite faulty, both confused and defective. When he began to print, we doubt if he knew exactly what he would do. At first he appears to intend writing a Universal History of Civilization; he

lays down his rules accordingly, and begins his work. But finding at length the difficulties greater than he imagined, he says he has abandoned his original scheme, and reluctantly determined to write, not the history of the civilization of mankind, but that of a single country (p. 210); and accordingly selects England as the best type of normal developments (p. 221).

He has no preface or special introduction to this volume. He does not, at the outset, tell his readers what he intends to do, on the whole, and how many volumes he designs to regale them with; and then distribute the work into its several parts, and lay before us a plan of the entertainment, with a bill of fare, showing what we are to feast upon, and when each special dish is to appear. In various parts of the volume he hints at his plan, rather vaguely intimating what he intends to do. Thus the introduction is scattered piecemeal throughout a volume of nearly a thousand pages.

On his title, the book is called "History of Civilization in England," but the "running-title," at the head of each page, is "General Introduction," of which it seems this volume is but a part,—one or two more on the same preliminary theme being hinted at. Only the first six chapters are, properly speaking, Introductory to the History of Civilization; the rest are the actual History of Civilization in England and France.

The volume is divided only into chapters, not also into Books, and the arrangement of the chapters is not very good; so the author is often forced to repeat what had been sufficiently said before. As the work is not completed, perhaps it would be excessive to ask for an index,—such as generous Mr Macaulay so kindly throws in with his magnificent composition; but we think the reader of so big a book has a right to claim a copious table of contents at the beginning, and a descriptive "heading" on each of the nine or ten hundred pages. But Mr Buckle gives us neither the one nor the other. Besides, the titles of the chapters do not always sufficiently indicate the contents.

But these faults can be easily corrected in the next edition, which is sure to be called for, when the public recovers from this painful but healing panic. We would

modestly hint to the author the following scheme for his grand work.

A Preface, setting forth the purpose of the work and its probable extent. The volume itself might thus be divided into Books and Chapters. Book I. Transcendental History. Chap. I. Resources and Purpose of the Historian; Chap. II. Regularity of Human Actions, and the Causes thereof; Chap. III. Influence of Physical Forces on the Development of Man, on the Organization of Society and the Character of Individuals; Chap. IV. Examination of the Metaphysical Method of Investigating the Spiritual Faculties of Man; Chap. V. Comparison of the Power of the Moral and Intellectual Faculties,—their relative Influence on the Civilization of Mankind; Chap. VI. The Effect of Religion, Literature, and Government on that Civilization.

Book II. Origin of Historical Literature in general, and its Progressive Development in Europe, from the Decline of the Classic Nations to the end of the Middle Ages.

Book III. Outline of the Intellectual History of the English, from the end of the Middle Ages till the end of the Eighteenth Century.

Book IV. Intellectual and Moral History of the French, from the end of the Middle Ages to the end of the Eighteenth Century. Chap. I. General Outline thereof, till the Accession of Louis XIV.; Chap. II. General History of the Protective Spirit, and a Comparison of its Special Effects in France and England; Chap. III. Comparison between the French and English Rebellions of the Seventeenth Century; Chap. IV. Reign of Louis XIV.,—Effect of the Protective Spirit on Literature, and of the consequent Union of the Intellectual and the Governing Classes; Chap. V. Reaction against the Protective Spirit,—Remote Preparation for the French Revolution; Chap. VI. Progressive Developments of Historical Literature in France, from the end of the Middle Ages to the end of the Eighteenth Century; Chap. VII. Proximate Causes of the French Revolution, after the middle of the Eighteenth Century.

We do not say this is the best possible arrangement of the valuable matter which Mr Buckle spreads out before us, but one better than the present; and likely to save some confusion, and to spare both writer and reader some

repetitions which now embarrass the development of his great thoughts.

There is a little confusion in his use of terms. Thus he uses the word Law, when he means Force, Power, or even a special human faculty. We take it, a Law is not a force (or power), but the constant mode of operation in which that force acts: it is the manner of a cause, not the cause of a manner. He often speaks of the progress of mankind, or a nation, but does not tell what it consists in. Speaking generally, we suppose the progress of mankind may be summed up in these three things:—1. The development of man's natural faculties. 2. The consequent acquisition of power over the material world. 3. The organization of men into small or large companies having corporate unity of action for the social whole, and individual freedom for the personal parts. It would be an improvement if the author would favour us with a definition of Civilization, which might properly be made in the Preface.

The author's style is clear and distinct, not ambitious or ornamented. We often pause to admire a great thought, a wide and felicitous generalization, or a nice account of some special detail, nay, to question the truth of a statement of fact, or of a philosophic induction; we never stop to puzzle over a difficult sentence. Now and then he rises to eloquence,—the elevation of his language coming from a moral, and not a merely intellectual cause. We do not always agree with the argument, but remember no instance in which he uses a sophism, or practises any trick on the mind or emotions of his readers; he never throws dust in their eyes. Sometimes the evidence he offers is obviously inadequate to convey the writer's certainty to the reader; then he confesses the fact. We remember no ill-natured line in all the book, no ungenerous sentiment. It is written in the special interest of no class, nation, or race, but in the general interest of mankind.

We must now mention in detail some things which seem to require a little further notice at our hands.

He says (p. 3) we are enabled to compare the condition of mankind in every stage of civilization, and under every variety of circumstance. We think the collection of facts is not yet quite adequate to convey an idea of the lowest stage. Man's existence may be divided into six periods,—the

wild, savage, barbarous, half-civilized, and enlightened. Scholarly men know little of the first; for many years it has not been a favourite subject of research. Lafitau, Monboddo, Meiners, and others, have collected important facts; many more still lie unused in the works of travellers, geographers, and naturalists. Within a few years Colonel Sleeman related some exceedingly interesting particulars which came under his notice in India; we refer to the children brought up by the wolves in Hindustan, and subsequently reclaimed. Captain Gibson of New York has told some things highly important if true. Scholars know little of the condition of the wild men who are below the savage, though now and then one of that class is exhibited in our great towns as a show. But, as mankind started from this primeval condition, it becomes important to study those tribes which have advanced least from it, and such isolated persons as Colonel Sleeman speaks of, who occur, from time to time, even in Germany and France, and to gather together the facts scattered in the works of ancient and modern writers, from Herodotus to the travellers in the American interior. The cannibals of Polynesia may shed much light on the historical development of the human race. Writers make great mistakes through their ignorance of the primitive condition of mankind.

Mr Buckle says we cannot make experiments in civilization, and thereby determine either facts of man's nature, or laws of his developments, and thus it is more difficult to master human history. This is true; but at this day so many human experiments are taking place spontaneously, that a philosopher need hardly ask for more, even if he had power to make them directly. Thus we have all the five great races before us,—to adopt that convenient division,—living separately in some places, and mingling their blood in others. There are nations in all the six stages of development, except the lowest, and perhaps some even in that condition, or very near it; it is a wide range from the Dyaks of New Guinea to the Royal Academy of London. There are five great forms of civilized religion still in the full tide of experiment,—the Brahminic, Buddhistic, Jewish, Christian, and Mohammedan,—not to mention Mormons. Catholicism and Protestantism stand side by side in Christendom; there are many Protestant sects experi-

menting on mankind. The three great forms of government, and many transitional forms, may be studied in their actual works. The experiment of labour is tried in many forms, from slavery to entire unrestricted freedom. Polyandria still prevails as an institution in Siberia, and other parts of Asia,—nay, in all the great towns of the world as a profession; what is the instancial life of the tribe in Tartary, as it once was in Scotland, is the exceptional life of the individual harlot in London and Boston. Polygamy can be studied in Turkey and Utah, where it is a lawful institution, and in many places in its unlawful forms. In the United States we have three races of men, Ethiopian, American, Caucasian, here living separate, or there mingling their blood. In one part of the Union the public takes great pains to educate and foster the labouring people; in another, the public makes it penal to educate them. There are few experiments a philosopher would wish made with mankind, which mankind is not making without his advice. We think, however, of two not yet attempted. One is to allow women the same political rights as the men; the other, to put honest men in political office. Neither has been tried as yet.

Mr Buckle denies that there is any original difference in the faculties of different races of men.

“Original distinctions of race are altogether hypothetical.” “We have no proof of the existence of hereditary talents, vices, or virtues, we cannot safely assume that there has been any permanent improvement in the moral or intellectual faculties of man, nor have we any decisive ground for saying that these faculties are likely to be greater in an infant born in the most civilized part of Europe than in one born in the wildest region of a barbarous country.”—p. 161.

We are surprised at this statement, coming from a man of such a comprehensive mind, and one so exceedingly well read in many departments of human thought. Looking at the matter on a large scale, it seems to us that the difference in the natural endowment of different races is enormous. All the great, permanent, and progressive civilizations are Caucasian. The Mongolian in China is no longer progressive;—no other race has reached the enlightened state. All the six forms of civilized religion, Brahminic, Hebrew, Buddhistic, Classic (Greek and Roman), Christian, Mohammedan, are Caucasian. All the great works of science, literature, poetry, eloquence, and the fine arts are

from the same race. So are all the liberal governments,—the democracies, republics, aristocracies, limited monarchies. No other race ever got beyond a despotism limited by fear of assassination. Surely the inductive philosophy would compel an inquirer to infer an original difference of faculties in the races themselves. What odds betwixt even the Greeks and the Romans, the French and English, the Irish and the Scotch! In America the original difference of faculties in the African, the Indian, and the Caucasian springs into the mind as readily as the difference of colour comes up before the eye. The obstinate and ferocious Indian will fight, he will not be a slave. He may be broken, not bent. The pliant and affectionate African seldom fights, and rarely takes vengeance, and is easily sent into slavery. The Indian boy and girl refuse education, or take it unkindly. How many experiments have been made in Massachusetts and New York! They all came to nothing.

Look at the matter on a smaller scale. The individual inheritance of qualities, we had thought, was abundantly made out in the case of man, as of the humbler animals. The same historic face runs in the family for generations, the same qualities appear. Genius appears to be an exception to this. Writers on phrenology we thought had proved this long ago. We can hardly suppose Mr Buckle ignorant of any important work, but this matter of inheritance has been lately discussed with great learning by M. Prosper Lucas.*

We find national character as the result of three factors. There is a geographical element, an ethnological element, and an institutional element. Mr Buckle admits only two, the geographical and institutional. If, in the Middle Ages, the Angles, Saxons, Danes, and Norsemen had settled in France instead of England, and there mixed their blood, does any one think this Teutonic people would have now the same character which marks the Celtic French? What a difference between the Spanish and English settlements in America! Is there no odds in the blood? What a difference between the Greeks of the age of Pericles and the mongrel people—part Greek, but chiefly Roman, Celt, and Slave—who occupy the same soil to-day! Climate, soil,

* In his *Traité philosophique et physiologique sur l'Hérédité Naturelle*. Paris. 1850. 2 vols. 8vo.

aspect of nature, is still the same ; what an odds in the men !

“ Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild,
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields ;
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields ;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The free-born wanderer of thy mountain air ;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beams Mendeli's marbles glare ;
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.”

The difference between the mythology of India and Greece, we think, was caused more by the ethnology of the people than the geography of their lands.

Mr Buckle assumes that the Swedes and Spanish are a fickle people, inconstant and unstable, and finds the cause of that peculiarity in their climate, which renders out-door work irregular. We have found no proof of national fickleness in either people.

He gives a terrible portrait of the destructive deities of the Hindoos. Siva is represented as a hideous being, encircled by a girdle of snakes, with a human skull in his hand, and wearing a necklace composed of human bones. He has three eyes ; the ferocity of his temper is marked by his being clothed in a tiger's skin ; over his left shoulder the deadly cobra di capello raises its head. Dourga, his wife, has a body of dark blue, while the palms of her hands are red with blood : she has four arms, one holding the skull of a giant ; the hands of victims are round her waist ; her tongue lolls out from her mouth ; her neck is adorned with a ghastly row of human heads, which hang dangling there. Mr Buckle attributes this horrible deity to the effect of the aspect of nature, filling the mind with terror, and forcing it to call up “ shrieks and shapes and sights unholy.” But, alas ! these Hindoo conceptions of God are less hideous than the Deity set forth by our own Jonathan Edwards. No Hindoo could believe in eternal damnation. Siva and Dourga would have shrunk from the thought of tormenting new-born babies for ever and ever.

Mr Buckle speaks of the regularity of crime, the certainty of its annual amount. But he fails to notice some other important facts connected with crime. Such offences

as theft, violence to the person, beating of women, and the like, are confined, almost entirely, to the poorest class of the community. A more careful inquiry shows that the criminals of this class either have a bodily organization which impels them to crime, or else have been exposed in early life to influences of education which incline them that way: so that, with many, crime is either organized in them, or institutionized upon them.*

What we most object to in Mr Buckle's Transcendental History is his estimate of the moral powers; he thinks they have little to do with the progress of mankind. He says (pp. 158, 159) there is a twofold progress, moral and intellectual; to be willing to perform our duty is the moral part; to know how to perform it is the intellectual part; the influence which moral motives, or the dictates of the moral instinct, have exercised over the progress of civilization, is exceedingly small, while the intellect is the real mover in man's progress.

Here we differ widely from him. It seems to us that a man must know his duty, be willing to perform it, and also know how to perform it; and that there has been a continual progress in these three things. He says, quoting from Sir James Mackintosh, Morals have hitherto been stationary, and are likely for ever to continue so (p. 164, note 15). But, if we read history aright, there has been a continually increasing knowledge of natural right, a continual spread of knowledge among larger and larger masses of people; and more and more are animated by moral motives,—the desire to do a known right. He says the great moral systems were the same three thousand years ago as they are now; we think this statement greatly deceptive. Take an example. Did the Hebrew Law say, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour"? It restricted neighbourhood to men of the same country. When Jesus

* What Seneca says of man in general, is mainly true of these unfortunates. "Fata nos ducunt; et quantum cuique restet, prima nascentium hora disposuit. Causa pendet ex causa, privata ac publica longus ordo rerum trahit."—*De Prov.*, V. 6.

[The Necessitarian argument of Buckle, founded on the regularity of crime, has been well parodied by another. "On an average the same numbers of panes of glass are broken every year in England by hailstorms. There must, therefore, exist a law compelling so many to be broken; and even when we substitute plate glass throughout the land, the same number must continue every year to be smashed!"]—EDITOR.

explained the word as meaning whoso needed the aid a man could give, he represented a great moral progress since the Law was written. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself:" these words are adequate to express the moral feelings of a good man to-day, as well as when first uttered; but how much more they include now than then!—removal of the causes of poverty, drunkenness, crime,—protection to the deaf and dumb, the blind, the crazy, and the fool. There has been no change in the multiplication-table since the days of Pythagoras, there will be no change of it; but the knowledge of it has been spread among many millions; that knowledge has been applied to many things he never thought of; and there has been a great development of the mathematical faculty in mankind.

Mr Buckle says the influence of a man of great morality is short in time, and not extensive in space. In both statements he is mistaken. For the good man directly incites others to imitate and surpass his excellence; the tradition of it remains long after he is dead, and spreads over all the civilized world. Besides, the moral idea becomes an institution or a law, and then is a continual force in the new civilization itself. A moral feeling can be organized, as well as an intellectual idea. The law forbidding murder, theft, the slave-trade, piracy, and a thousand other offences, was a moral feeling once. So a hospital, an almshouse, a school, a college, was once only the "dictate of the moral instinct." He says, "The deeper we penetrate into the question, the more clearly shall we see the superiority of intellectual acquisitions over moral feeling" (p. 167). He should invert the sentence. He says the Spanish Inquisitors were highly moral men, no hypocrites, but remarkable for an undeviating and incorruptible integrity; with conscientious energy "they fulfilled their duty." Now it is quite clear that the leaders of the Spanish Church were men of large intellect, carefully cultivated, learned, adroit, familiar with the world. But we should say they were men of very little morality. The conscience, the power to discern right, was so little developed, that, if they were learned, they did not know it was wrong to tear a girl to pieces on the rack, because she could not believe that the Pope was infallible. We should not say a man's mind was well developed, who did not know that one and one make

two; should we say a man's conscience is well developed, who does not know it is wrong thus to torture a girl?

He says (p. 220), "The stock of American knowledge is small, but it is spread through all classes." If by knowledge he means "an acquaintance with physical and mental laws," as on p. 246, it is not true that the amount is small in comparison with other countries; though acquaintance with literature is certainly quite rare. But when he says "little attention has been paid to physical science," we think him much mistaken. He thinks philosophical inquiries are "almost entirely neglected." It is not quite true. If no great metaphysician has appeared since Jonathan Edwards, as he truly says, how many has England produced since Berkeley? Dr Hickok's "Rational Psychology" is a more profound book than that of Jonathan Edwards. Three things go to make a great metaphysician;—power of psychological analysis; intuitive power to perceive great truths, either by a synthetic judgment *à priori*, or by a comprehensive induction from facts of consciousness or observation; power of deductive logic. Jonathan Edwards was great only in the last, and least of all. America is more devoted to practical affairs, and certainly has done little in metaphysics. But from the death of Newton, in 1727, till the end of that century, how little England did in mathematics! We wish it were true that knowledge is so widely diffused as he says. But, alas! there are four million slaves who know nothing, and as many "poor whites" who know little.

We shall not pursue these criticisms.

"Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura."

Mr Buckle has given us one of the most important contributions which any Englishman has yet made to the philosophy of human history. We wish we had adequate space to point out its excellences in detail; but the analysis and the extracts we have given must suffice for the present. We congratulate the author on his success. We are sure the thoughtful world will give him a thoughtful welcome, and if his future volumes, which we anxiously look for, shall equal this, he is sure of a high place in the estimation of mankind.

A BUMBLEBEE'S THOUGHTS

ON THE

PLAN AND PURPOSE OF THE UNIVERSE.

MANY centuries ago, when the beings now known to scientific men as Radiata, Mollusca, and Vertebrata did not exist on the earth, on the twenty-first day of June, in the year one million six hundred and seventeen before our era, there was a great scientific convention of Bumblebees (*Apis bombax*) in a little corner of a valley in the Jura mountains. I know not how the place is now called, its latitude and longitude have not been ascertained; but then it was named Bumbloonia; a great town was it and a famous. I think this was not the first convention of Bumblebees, nor the last: certainly there must have been many before it, probably also many after it, for such a spirit of investigation could not have been got up of a sudden, nor could it at once disappear and go down for ever. Possibly such scientific meetings went on in a progressive development for many centuries. But, alas! it is of this alone that the records have come down to us; none told the tale of the others.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi: sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique, longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro!

It is not quite easy to determine the affinity of the Bumblebee language used at that meeting: yet it seems to have analogies with the Caucasian, with both the Shemitish and the Indo-Germanic branches thereof; nay, some learned men have found or fancied a close resemblance to the dialect now in current use among German philosophers and professors, especially those of the Hegelian stripe. But I confess I have found the Bumblebee *style* a little clearer than that of the modern professors. However, I must pass over all these philological questions, interesting and important as they are.

The meeting was conducted after much the same fashion as are congresses of the learned in these days. There were four or five hundred members, who met in general assembly,

and had a celebrated Bumblebee for their president, vice-presidents and secretaries abounded. There were also sections devoted to special departments of science—Palæontology, Entomology, Zoology, Physiology, Geology, Botany, Astropomy, Mathematics pure and mixed; nay, Metaphysics were not neglected. Every section had its appropriate officers. These savants had their entertainments not less than their severe studies: several excursions were made to places remarkable for their beauty or their sublimity, or for some rare phenomenon of animate or inanimate nature. Rich persons, nobles, and even Bumblebee princesses and queens honoured the convention, sometimes by the physical presence of their distinguished personality, sometimes by inviting the naturalist to a repast upon choice flowers, or on honey of delicious flavour already stored up for winter. Once the whole assembly visited the palace of the Bumblebee Empress—Bombacissima CXLVII.—and admired it as much as if her subjects had not built it for this long descended creature, but she had made it herself. She conferred the order of the LONG STING on the president: an honour never given to any Bumblebee savant before! Patriotic and scientific songs were sung at their dinners, and the Bumblebees were as merry over their simple food as Homer's heroes have since been over their beef, or as modern naturalists with their icecreams and their wine. To their honour be it spoken, no savant required to be helped to his place of sleep after dinner, or was left unsupported and insupportable under the table; but when night drew on they went each to his several place of repose, in a pumpkin blossom—which was the favourite resort—or under a leaf—or to some other convenient shelter. Yet I am sorry to relate, that little jealousies and rivalries, heart-burnings, and the disposition to steal another's discovery prevailed at Bumbloonina in the year B. C. 1,000,617 nearly as much as they have since done with the two-legged mammals who now-a-days take their place.

On the last and great day of the meeting it was announced that by special desire the president would conclude the session with a brief speech on some matter of great importance to the interests of all science. He was the most distinguished savant in the world of Bumblebees, old, famous alike for his original genius and his acquired learning; he

was regarded as the sum of actual knowledge, the incarnation of all science, the future possible as well as the present actual. Besides, he would wear the splendid decoration of the order of the Long Sting—never seen in a scientific convention before, and be addressed as “MOST MAGNIFICENT DRONE,” the title of the highest nobility, members of the Imperial family! His speech was waited for with obvious and yet decorous impatience. At the appointed hour the sections broke up, though without confusion, and the members crowded about him greedy of knowledge: even to have heard might one day be a distinction. He was conducted to the tip of a mullein leaf (*Verbascum Thapso-Lychnitis*), while his audience below hummed and buzzed and clapped their wings and their antennæ with applause; nay, some briskly snapped their mandibles together with great and enthusiastic admiration. After order was restored, the great philosopher of the year B. C. 1,000,617 stretched out his feelers, and thus began:

Illustrious audience! It is the greatest honour of my life, already oppressed with much more than I deserve, that in my old age I am allowed to preside over this distinguished body, and still more myself to address these assembled sections before we separate. For what do I now behold? I see before me the congregated talent, learning, and even genius of all the world. Here are travellers who have skirted every zone; Geologists who understand the complicated structure of the soil beneath our feet to the depth of nearly an inch; Astronomers familiar with the entire heavens; Botanists, Zoologists, Physiologists, Chemists, who know all things between the earth beneath and the heavens above; Philologists, understanding the origin and meaning, the whence, the wherefore, and the whither of every word in our wonderful language; and perhaps more remarkable than all else, here are Metaphysicians that have analyzed all the facts of consciousness or of unconsciousness which are known or not known to the Bumblebee. There was never such an assembly! Old, oppressed with the importance of my position and its solemn responsibilities, your presence overawes me! I can scarcely control my own emotions of admiration and esteem. [Great sensation.] Shall I proceed? shall I be silent? But wherefore am I here? Is it not to speak? I would fain listen, but obedient to your

command, I am compelled to the more ungrateful course. What shall I touch upon? No subject would be out of place in such an assembly, born to such diversity of talents and bred to such largeness of wisdom. But I ought to select a theme so deep and so wide that it shall be attractive to all and worthy likewise of this august occasion. So, O ye Bumblebees, I shall deliver

A BUMBLEBEE'S THOUGHTS ON THE PLAN AND PURPOSE OF
THE UNIVERSE.

I separate the Universe into two parts: the world of matter, wherein organization and reflection are the highest forms of activity; and the world of mind, where there are also life and thought. In the one the antithesis is only between motion and rest, growth and decay, formation and decomposition: in the other it is between life and death, progress and regress, truth and falsehood.

I. I thus dispose of the world of matter. There are four primitive substances or elements, out of which all other things are made, earth, water, light, heat: these are made known to us by the senses. Some Bumblebees have indeed suspected the existence of a fifth element, to which they give the name of "air." But I think its existence has never been proved, nor even shown to be probable. From the nature of the Bumblebee mind it is plain there can be but four primitive and indivisible substances; for this I might appeal merely to the many distinguished metaphysicians I see before me, and the question would be settled at once by the *à priori* method. But I take another road, and appeal only to common sense. I put the question: did any of you ever see the air, ever hear it, feel it, taste it, smell it? None: no, not one! It lacks the evidence of the senses, the only organs by which the Bumblebee holds communion with the world of matter. I know it is asked how can you then fly without "air" to support you? I answer—we fly on our wings! [Loud laughter and great applause.] Let "air" justify its existence, and I admit it; not till then.

Now, gentlemen, these elements are not thrown together without order: there is a certain ascending ratio to be noticed among them. Thus at the bottom of all is earth, the

most gross, the most intractable of all, yet the basis on which all things rest. I hold this to be the oldest element, yet so imperfect is our knowledge of nature, even now, that we are not yet sure of the fact! Next is water, pliant, moveable, capable of many forms, a step above earth. It is also the great nursery of life. Third comes light; and highest of all is heat. This completes the handsome scale: earth is at one end, visible, tangible, audible, palpable, odorizable, subject to any sense; heat is at the other, so delicate in its nature that it is cognizable only by a single sense. [Cheers.]

Of these four elements are all things compounded—rocks, trees, the blossom of the clover we feed upon, and that of the pumpkin we often sleep in; nay, the proud and costly magnificence of the palaces we build, and the delicious honey we therein store up for winter's use; even the curious fabric of our bodies—all is but a combination of these four elements. And, I repeat it, from the nature of things there can be no more than four elements; there can also be no less. [Sensation.]

Surely there is a plan in these things. But are they the end, the Purpose of the Universe! The furthest from it possible. The material world is not for itself; it is but the basis on which another world is to rest: they are provisional for something else, not final for themselves; they have no meaning, no consciousness; still less have they any self-consciousness. Suppose the universe stopped with its material part, with these four elements and their combinations: suppose from some other and more perfect universe a Bumblebee, accomplished as the members of this honourable body, should arrive—what would he say to a world of mere matter where motion, organization, growth was the highest mode of activity? I think he would at once leave it with disgust. [Cries of "Hear, Hear," and Aye, Aye."]

II. Let us next look at the world of mind. Here is thought, consciousness, and in the highest departments self-consciousness—the mind that looks before and after, that knows and knows itself, conscious of its own processes of thought. The Bumblebee lives, feels, thinks, and wills. On the one side indeed he is fettered by matter, and must touch the mass of the elements of which his frame is made up; but on the other he is winged with mind: there bound,

here free. Is the Bumblebee matter? The furthest from it possible. He is mind; mind in itself, of itself, from itself, for itself, and by itself.

Is there any order in this world of mind? At first it would seem there was none, so various are the phenomena of life, so divergent; so free is the will, and so manifold the forms of existence. Look at the animals inferior to us, which crawl on every leaf, which flutter in the light and heat of day, or which swarm in the water. Classification appears impossible, for there seems no order. But after long looking at the facts, I think I can distinguish a certain method in this mysterious world of life and mind. I know I am the first Bumblebee who has ever ventured on so bold a generalization—pardon me if I seem over-confident in my conviction, for I know that if I am in error here are hundreds who can correct me: I have studied the principle of construction in all departments of the world of mind, and I find two great classes of living things, the *Protozoa* and the *Articulata*. To the metaphysicians it would be easy to show that there must be two classes, and can be no more; for as it follows from the laws of mind that there must be four elements, no less, no more; so from these same laws does it follow that there can be but two classes of living beings. Yet I do not wish to dwell on these high and difficult matters. Let us look at these classes themselves.

1. The PROTOZOA. Gentlemen, these little animals are the beginning of the world of mind. Here is life; but, alas! at first it is but little elevated above mere botanic growth: I cannot tell where one begins and the other ends. Yet the highest Protozoa is infinitely superior to the highest plant—different in kind, not merely in degree; he has sensibility, has power of motion—in one word, he has mind. Such is the ineffaceable difference between the two worlds.

I class the Protozoa into three genera—the Gregarina, the Rhizopoda, the Infusoria. I know savants will differ from this division. I tremble while I announce it to those far abler than myself, yet I think it will ultimately command the respect of all the scientific Bumblebees in the world. I need not dwell on the peculiarities of each genus.

Now let me ask you, are the Protozoa the Purpose and

Final Cause of the Universe? Does the world of matter exist for them; and the world of mind? By no means. Take the Gregarina: he has no definite and determinate organs; any part of him may perform the function of any other part. They have no sex; they multiply by division. What shall a Bumblebee say to a race of beings whose power of propagation consists only in the ability to tear themselves to pieces? I leave them behind me, and pass to the next grand division of the world of mind.

2. The ARTICULATA. Here begins the true life of mind, and here the difference between the two worlds is most clearly seen. Yet the lowest Articulata are but a little above the highest Protozoa: it is a thread, not a chasm, which separates the two—a thread loosely drawn. I pass over the inferior genera of Articulata: I come at once to the highest of all, the BUMBLEBEE.

Gentlemen, consider our constitution. Look at our body. What an admirable thorax, so barrel-shaped and so strong. Consider the arch of the breast, of the back; it is the perfection of mechanic art. How impenetrable is our armour to the terrible weapons of our foes: then, too, how beautiful is it all! Look at the abdomen, a congeries of rings well-fitted together. How strong it is, and yet so flexible. In the lower orders of Articulata the abdomen is long drawn out, trailing on the ground a hideous sight. With us it is compact, condensed to the smallest possible compass. Gentlemen, I notice this in passing, that the grade of elevation in the scale of being is always inversely as the length of the abdomen. With us it is reduced to the minimum, plainly intimating that we have attained the maximum of mental grandeur! Think of these legs,—three on either side; how strong they are, how admirably divided into several parts, connected with the most beautiful joints. Is there on earth a fairer sight than the well-crooked leg of the Bumblebee? No, gentlemen, there is none; such is my judgment, not my prejudice. [Continued cheering.] How nicely is it fitted for walking on the plants which feed us! Look, then, at our feelers, at our mandibles, at our eyes, with many facets. Consider the wings on which we fly more freely than the water runs—for while that has its definite course on every leaf, we turn and wan-

der at our own sweet will. How powerful is our sting. The Protozoa has no limbs, but

"Every part can every part supply,"

while we have a definite and unalterable figure, which is the resultant of strength and beauty. We have organs for catching and holding, for walking and flying; we can therewith burrow in the ground, wherein we build our wonderful habitations, which are the perfection of architecture. Armed front and rear, we can defend ourselves against our foes with mandible and sting. What organs of digestion are we furnished with! with what exquisite chemistry do we change the crude juices of the plants into the most delicious honey. Thus we feed on the most ethereal portion of the flowers, which are the transcendental portion of the plants. [Loud cheers.]

The Protozoa has no sex; the Bumblebee has three—the male, the female, the neuter. We exhaust the categories of sexuality; the three are actual, a fourth is not possible, not conceivable. How prolific we are! Then, too, all grossness is removed from our connubial activity: it is not a hideous young Bumblebee that is born naked into the world; but the produce of our love is a little round delicate egg: in due time it develops itself into a most lovely maggot, and finally is transfigured into the complete and perfect Bumblebee!

2. How far more wonderful is the Bumblebee mind. What wonderful faculties of sensation, of reflection, of imagination, of analysis and synthesis! Alone of all animals we reason from effect to cause, from cause to effect. There is consciousness below us, I doubt not,—though dim and feeble. But self-consciousness is our glorious monopoly! It is only the Bumblebee that can lay his feeler on his proboscis, and say *I am a ME*. Even the slimiest worm lives, but we *know* that we live, and say, "I think, and so I know I am." Oh glorious attribute reserved for Bumblebees! We are the sole possessors of science. To the inferior animals (I will not call them *creatures*, for that implies a theory, while I adhere only to the fixed facts of philosophy [immense applause]); to the inferior animals metaphysics are unknown, they know, but do not know they know; on the

widest heath there is no worm, nor bug, no philosophic mite who ever thinks about his thinking ! There is no logic in the crickets' senseless noise. Poetry alone is ours, and in the sublime chants of our immortal bards all nature is mirrored back again, and made more fair by passing through the Bumblebee consciousness. [Tremendous applause.] But there is another department of superior consciousness which is also peculiar to us—it is a science and an art—I mean politics. Our assemblies are not a brute congeries of life, like the heaps of caterpillars, it is a well-policied state. How majestic is the presence of our Queen, her wisdom how infinite. [Tremendous applause, long continued.] I need not speak of the Princesses so beautiful, as soon as they break forth from the brittle shell that guards their charmed life ! [Renewed applause.]

What wonderful learning have we heaped up. Our thought is the standard-measure of the world of things. The great world of matter and of mind lies there outside of us—and we are a little world. No, gentlemen, it is we that are the great world. Unconscious matter, and mind not self-conscious, is only the mikrocosm, it is the Bumblebee consciousness that is the true makrocosm, the real great world. [Great sensation.]

But why seek to show the wonderful powers of our intellect and our vast superiority over all external things, when the proof of it is before me in the glorious personalities who represent every excellence actual, possible, or conceivable?

3. Look at the relation between us and the world of matter. It seems to exist only for our use. Here I will mention but a single fact, and from that you can easily judge of all, for it is a crucial fact, a guide-board instance, that indicates the road which nature travels on. The red clover grows abundantly all over the world : in its deep cup there lies hid the most delicious honey, the nectar of the world. But that cup is so deep, no other insect can reach the sweet treasure at the bottom : even the common honey-bee, who stands next below us in the scale of being, must pass it by—longed for, but not touched ! Yet our proboscis is so constructed that with ease we suck this exquisite provision which nature furnishes solely for us ! [Cheers and applause.]

Now, gentlemen, it is plain that we are the Crown of the

Universe: we stand on the top of the world: all things are for us. I say it with calm deliberation, and also with most emphatic certainty: **THE BUMBLEBEE IS THE PURPOSE OF THE UNIVERSE!** [Tremendous applause.] Yes, gentlemen, the Plan of the Universe intends the Bumblebee as its End and Final Cause. Without him the world would be as unmeaning as a flower with no honey in its breast. As I look over the long line of causes and effects which compose the universe; as I thence dissolve away the material part thereof, and look at the idea, the meaning and ultimate purpose, I see all things point to the Bumblebee as the perfection of finite being; I had almost said of all being. He alone is the principal, the finality; all else is but provisional. He alone is his own excuse for being; his existence is the reason why he is here: but all other things are only that he may be; their excuse for existence is only this—that they prepare for him, provide for him, and shelter him. Some things do this directly, some in a circuitous manner, but though they serve other purposes, yet their end is to serve him. For him is the world of matter and its four elements, with their manifold forces, static and dynamic too: for him its curious combinations, which make up the world of organization and vegetation: all is but material basis for him!

For him, too, is the world of mind, with its two divisions of animated life, its Protozoa and its Articulata. Here the lower orders are all subservient, ancillary, not existing for their own sake, but only that they may serve him. They are the slope on which he climbs up to existence and enjoyment. The effort of the universe has been to produce the Bumblebee! So was it at the beginning, so has it ever been; so is it now; so must it ever be. Yet how many million years before she could make real her own idea, and the highest possibility of mind became a settled fact—a Bumblebee!

What a difference between us and the highest Infusoria! The two seem hardly to belong to the same world. How much vaster the odds between us and the inorganic matter, the primeval atoms of the world. Yet even from that to us there has been no leap; the continuity of being is never broken. Step by step went on the mighty work. It seemed, indeed, to have no meaning, there was only a chaos of organization and decomposition, attraction and

repulsion, growth and decay, life and death, progress and regress. But at length the end is reached, the idea shines through the more material fact. One evening the sun went down on a world without a meaning; the next morning it rose, and behold there were Bumblebees; the chaos of transient night has become the kosmos of eternal day! [Immense sensation, prolonged applause.] Shall I say the Bumblebee was created? No, gentlemen, that were to adduce a mere theory. That he came as the resultant of all the forces there or heretofore active in the universe? No more is this to be allowed in such an assembly! The Bumblebee is mind, mind in himself, for himself, of himself, by himself. So he exists of his own accord, his being is his will, he exists because he wills to be. Perhaps I might say that all things anterior to him were but an efflux from him. For with a being so vast as the Bumblebee's the effect may well precede the cause, and the non-existent Bumblebee project out of himself all actual existence! [Renewed applause.]

Such, gentlemen, is the Purpose of the World—the Bumblebee. Such is its plan—to prepare for, to provide for, to develop him. Here ends the function of the all of things. The world of matter can no further go: no more the world of mind; there can be no progress beyond us; no order of beings above us, different in their plan of structure. Look at the great facts. There are but two divisions of the universe—the world of matter and the world of mind. From the nature of things there *can be* no more. So there are and there *can be* only two orders of living beings, the Protozoa, without permanent definiteness of form, and without distinct organs; and the Articulata, with permanent organs and definite form. Here can be no new animals with a different plan of structure. The possibility of matter and of mind is exhausted in us. I repeat it, gentlemen, though there may be more Protozoa, more Articulata, yet **THERE CAN NEVER BE A NEW FORM OF ANIMATED BEING.** The Articulata sums up and finishes the world. The choice of being is complete in us; the last sublimation of matter, that is our body; the last elevation of mind, that is ourselves, our essence. The next step would be the absolute, the infinite; nay, who shall dare declare that we are not ourselves the absolute, the infinite! [Sensation.]

Gentlemen, do not think it irreverent in me to set limits thus to the powers of the universe [Cries of "No! no!"], for we are the standard of existence, the norm of all being. Our measure was taken before the world began; all fits us, and corresponds to our stature. My antenna is the unit-measure of all space, my thought of all time. Nay, time and space are but conditions of my body and my mind; they have no existence independent of us! My eye controls the light, my tongue is the standard of sweetness. The Bumblebee consciousness is at once the measure and the limit of all that has been, is, or ever shall be. The possibilities of mind and matter are exhausted in the universe and its plan and its purpose on the Bumblebee. [Great sensation and applause.]

But, gentlemen, there is one faculty of our multiform consciousness I have not named as yet, though I think it the greatest of all; I mean the *power of criticism*, the act to praise, the act to reprehend. Let me apply this highest faculty of the Bumblebee to the universe itself, for that is the proper object of our criticism. For a Protozoa to criticise the universe it were ridiculous; so would it be for a light-winged butterfly, for a grasshopper, for a cricket, or even the largest beetle. But for us, gentlemen, the universe lies below the level of the Bumblebee consciousness; we look down thereon, and pass judgment. I will make some criticisms on the universe, and also on some of its parts.

Do not think me presumptuous in standing forth as the representative of Bumblebeedom in this matter. I have peculiar advantages. I have attained great and almost unexampled age. I have buzzed four summers; I have dozed as many winters through: the number of my years equals that of my legs and antennæ on one side, and still my eye is not dim nor my natural vigour abated. This fact gives me an advantage over all our short-lived race. My time has been devoted to science, "all summer in the field, all winter in my cell"—this has been my motto all my life. I have travelled wide, and seen the entire world. Starting from this, my ancestral spot, I made expeditions east, west, north, and south. I travelled four entire days in each direction, stopped only at the limits of the world. I have been up to the top of the highest fir-tree (*abies pectinata*),

yes, have flown over it, and touched the sky. I have been deeper down in the earth than any Bumblebee, ten times my own length,—it makes me shudder to think of it, and then I touched the bottom of the monstrous world. I have lived in familiarity with all the philosophers now on earth, and have gathered all that time has left of the great thinkers before me. I am well acquainted with the summits of Bumblebee consciousness in times past and present. If any Bumblebee may criticise, surely I am that one. And if I am judge of anything it is of the universe itself, for I have studied it all my life; if I know anything, or can know anything, it is the all of things,—the world of matter and the world of mind,—this then is my judgment. [Sensation.]

Of the universe in general,—the all of things considered as a whole; I say I like it, and give it my emphatic approval—I admire its plan, I comprehend its wisdom, and rejoice in it—it is kindred to our own. So much for the whole universe—its plan is good, its purpose excellent, and realized in us. However, it is not so large as we have commonly supposed, nor so wonderful! But, gentlemen, when I come to speak of its parts, I confess I have my reserves; I cannot approve of all things in it—hear me in some details.

I like the nature and constitution of the Bumblebee, it is admirable, all strength. I give it my entire approval, nothing is to be added there,—infancy, how fair it is! the egg, the maggot that beautifully crawls out thence into the purple light of day! How noble its maturity! such strength in the neuters, such activity in the females, such laziness in the drones! Here comes old age. "The years that bring the philosophic mind!" Gentlemen, the old Bumblebee is the handsomest thing in the world! I find no fault with our nature. But there are defects in our relation to the material world.

1. Too much time was consumed in preparing for our race. Why not accomplish it at once, or in a short space, instead of waiting all that tedious delay of the long periods indicated by the great convulsions of Geology? Certainly there was a fault somewhere. Is it in the pause of thought or of execution! Alas, I know not. Was it perhaps that the production of the Bumblebee taxed the universe to the utmost, and what she gained in power she must needs lose

in time? It may be so. Still, I repeat it, there was a weakness, a fault somewhere. The Bumblebee might have existed twenty million years before he did, and all that time was lost!

2. I find fault, also, with the proportion of the seasons; the summers are too short, the winters are too long and cold. The first frosts come too early and too abruptly. Do we not feel it so, especially when we arrive at our best years—a ripe old age.

3. The trees are too tall, such, I mean, as bear the most valuable flowers, like the elm, the maple, the linden, and the honey-locust. Why must the Bumblebee fly for his daily food to such an exceeding height?

4. The conditions of life are too difficult. Why does not honey run all day in any place, or fall each night like dew? Why must we build our houses, and not find them built? Why wage inevitable war with mandibles and stings against unequal foes? Why does the moth, insensible to stings, devour the honey we lay up, and lodge with every comb we make? Why is so much of our time consumed in these mean evils, which are only for this vile body; and why is there so little left for science and for criticism of the universe?

Yes, gentlemen, I confess it. This is a hard world to live in! 'Tis needlessly hard! This fact gives a melancholy tinge to all our literature!

5. Our life is too short; commonly its years do not exceed the number of legs on one side of our body: now and then it is lengthened by a simple antenna more. It should last as many years as there are legs and feelers on both sides. Then were our life decent and respectable.

Such, gentlemen, is the universe, such its parts, such its purpose and its plan. Such also its defects; and such the proud pre-eminence of the Bumblebee, who not only is its crown and its completion, but can enjoy and comprehend it all; nay, can look beyond and see its faults, and find a serene but melancholy pleasure in thinking that it might be better made! Shall we complain of our lot, at the head of each department of nature, master of two worlds? It were unworthy of the Bumblebee. Let us be proud, because we are so great, and so be greater that we are so proud. Of this, dear friends, be sure. NO ORDER OF BEINGS CAN

EVER COME SUPERIOR TO US, FORMED AFTER A DIFFERENT STRUCTURAL PLAN: we are, and we shall ever be, the END OF THE UNIVERSE, its Final Cause; all things are made for us alone.

Gentlemen, I shall not long hold out; the frost of death will soon stiffen even my stalwart limbs. You will forget me for some greater one, and I shall not complain; as I succeeded so shall I be succeeded. But this shall be my last and greatest wish—may the race of philosophic Bumblebees continue for ever; their criticism of the universe, may it never cease.

With great applause the assembly welcomed these words: there was a prodigious humming, buzzing, clapping of legs and feelers and mandibles, and rustling of wings, then they flew to a clump of clover, and fed their fill, then went to sleep, and the next day went home.

JOHN BROWN'S EXPEDITION REVIEWED IN A
LETTER FROM ROME TO FRANCIS JACKSON,
BOSTON.

ROME, Nov. 24, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I see by a recent telegraph, which the steamer of Nov. 2nd brought from Boston, that the court found Capt. Brown guilty, and passed sentence upon him. It is said Friday, Dec. 2nd, is fixed as the day for hanging him. So long before this reaches you my friend will have passed on to the reward of his magnanimous public services, and his pure, upright, private life. I am not well enough to be the minister to any congregation, least of all to one like that which, for so many years, helped my soul while it listened to my words. Surely the 28th Congregational Society in Boston needs a minister, not half dead, but alive all over; and yet, while reading the accounts of the affair at Harper's Ferry, and of the sayings of certain men at Boston, whom you and I know only too well, I could not help wishing I was at home again to use what poor remnant of power is left to me in defence of the True and the Right.

America is rich in able men, in skilful writers, in ready and accomplished speakers. But few men dare treat public affairs with reference to the great principles of justice, and the American Democracy: nay, few with reference to any remote future, or even with a comprehensive survey of the present. Our public writers ask what effect will this opinion have on the Democratic party, or the Republican party; how will it affect the next Presidential election; what will the great State of Pennsylvania or Ohio, or New York say to it? This is very unfortunate for us all, especially when the people have to deal practically, and that speedily, with a question concerning the very existence of Democratic institutions in America; for it is not to be denied that we must give up DEMOCRACY if we keep SLAVERY, or give up SLAVERY if we keep DEMOCRACY.

I greatly deplore this state of things. Our able men fail to perform their natural function, to give valuable instruction and advice to the people; and at the same time they debase and degrade themselves. The hurrahs and the offices they get are poor compensation for falseness to their own consciences.

In my best estate, I do not pretend to much political wisdom, and still less now while sick; but I wish yet to set down a few thoughts for your private eye, and, it may be, for the ear of the fraternity. They are, at least, the result of long meditation on the subject; besides, they are not at all new nor peculiar to me, but are a part of the public knowledge of all enlightened men.

1. A MAN HELD AGAINST HIS WILL AS A SLAVE HAS A NATURAL RIGHT TO KILL EVERY ONE WHO SEEKS TO PREVENT HIS ENJOYMENT OF LIBERTY. This has long been recognized as a self-evident proposition, coming so directly from the primitive instincts of human nature, that it neither required proofs nor admitted them.

2. IT MAY BE A NATURAL DUTY OF THE SLAVE TO DEVELOPE THIS NATURAL RIGHT IN A PRACTICAL MANNER, AND ACTUALLY KILL ALL THOSE WHO SEEK TO PREVENT HIS ENJOYMENT OF LIBERTY. For if he continue patiently in bondage: First, he entails the foulest of curses on his children; and, second, he encourages other men to commit the crime against nature which he allows his own master to commit. It is my duty to preserve my own body from starvation. If I fail

thereof through sloth, I not only die, but incur the contempt and loathing of my acquaintances while I live. It is not less my duty to do all that is in my power to preserve my body and soul from slavery; and if I submit to that through cowardice, I not only become a bondman, and suffer what thralldom inflicts, but I incur also the contempt and loathing of my acquaintance. Why do freemen scorn and despise a slave? Because they think his condition is a sign of his cowardice, and believe that he ought to prefer death to bondage. The Southerners hold the Africans in great contempt, though mothers of their children. Why? Simply because the Africans are slaves; that is, because the Africans fail to perform the natural duty of securing freedom by killing their oppressors.

3. THE FREEMAN HAS A NATURAL RIGHT TO HELP THE SLAVES RECOVER THEIR LIBERTY, AND IN THAT ENTERPRISE TO DO FOR THEM ALL WHICH THEY HAVE A RIGHT TO DO FOR THEMSELVES.

This statement, I think, requires no argument or illustration.

4. IT MAY BE A NATURAL DUTY FOR THE FREEMAN TO HELP THE SLAVES TO THE ENJOYMENT OF THEIR LIBERTY, AND AS MEANS TO THAT END, TO AID THEM IN KILLING ALL SUCH AS OPPOSE THEIR NATURAL FREEDOM.

If you were attacked by a wolf, I should not only have a *right* to aid you in getting rid of that enemy, but it would be my *DUTY* to help you in proportion to my power. If it were a *MURDERER*, and not a wolf, who attacked you, the duty would be still the same. Suppose it is not a murderer who would kill you, but a *KIDNAPPER* who would enslave, does that make it less my duty to help you out of the hands of your enemy? Suppose it is not a kidnapper who would make you a bondman, but a *SLAVEHOLDER* who would keep you one, does that remove my obligation to help you?

5. THE PERFORMANCE OF THIS DUTY IS TO BE CONTROLLED BY THE FREEMAN'S POWER AND OPPORTUNITY TO HELP THE SLAVES. (The impossible is never the obligatory.) I cannot help the slaves in Dahomey or Bornou, and am not bound to try. I can help those who escape to my own neighbourhood, and I ought to do so. My duty is commensurate with my power; and as my power increases, my duty enlarges along with it. If I *could* help the bondmen,

in Virginia to their freedom as easily and effectually as I can aid the runaway at my own door, then I OUGHT to do so.

These five maxims have a direct application to America at this day, and the people of the Free States have a certain dim perception thereof, which, fortunately, is becoming clearer every year.

Thus, the people of Massachusetts *feel* that they ought to protect the fugitive slaves who come into our State. Hence come first the irregular attempts to secure their liberty, and the declarations of noble men, like Timothy Gilbert, George W. Carnes, and others, that they will do so even at great personal risk; and, secondly, the statute laws made by the legislature to accomplish that end.

Now, if Massachusetts had the power to do as much for the slaves in Virginia as for the runaways in her own territory, we should soon see those two sets of measures at work in *that* direction also.

I find it is said in the Democratic newspapers that "Capt. Brown had many friends at the North, who sympathized with him in general, and in special approved of this particular scheme of his; they furnished him with some twelve or twenty thousand dollars, it would seem." I think much more than that is true of us. If he *had* succeeded in running off one or two thousand slaves to Canada, even at the expense of a little violence and bloodshed, *the majority of men in New-England would have rejoiced, not only in the end, but also in the means.* The first successful attempt of a considerable number of slaves to secure their freedom by violence will clearly show how deep is the sympathy of the people for them, and how strongly they embrace the five principles I mentioned above. A little success of that sort will serve as *priming* for the popular cannon; it is already *loaded*.

Of course I was not astonished to hear that an attempt had been made to free the slaves in a certain part of Virginia, nor should I be astonished if another "insurrection" or "rebellion" took place in the State of —, or a third in —, or a fourth in —. Such things are to be expected; for they do not depend merely on the private will of men like Capt. Brown and his associates, but on the great general causes which move all human kind to hate wrong and love right. Such "insurrections" will continue

as long as slavery lasts, and will increase, both in frequency and in power, just as the people become intelligent and moral. Virginia may hang John Brown and all that family, but she cannot hang the HUMAN RACE; and until that is done, noble men will rejoice in the motto of that once magnanimous State—" *Sic semper Tyrannis!* " "Let such be the end of every oppressor."

It is a good anti-slavery picture on the Virginia shield:—a man standing on a tyrant and chopping his head off with a sword; only I would paint the sword-holder *black* and the tyrant *white*, to show the *immediate application* of the principle. The American people will have to march to rather severe music, I think, and it is better for them to face it in season. A few years ago it did not seem difficult first to check slavery, and then to end it without any bloodshed. I think this cannot be done now, nor ever in the future. All the great charters of HUMANITY have been writ in blood. I once hoped that of American Democracy would be engrossed in less costly ink; but it is plain, now, that our pilgrimage must lead through a Red Sea, wherein many a Pharaoh will go under and perish. Alas! that we are not wise enough to be just, or just enough to be wise, and so gain much at small cost!

Look, now, at a few notorious facts:

I. There are four million slaves in the United States violently withheld from their natural right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Now, they are our fellow-countrymen—yours and mine, just as much as any four million *white* men. Of course, you and I owe them the duty which one man owes another of his own nation—the duty of instruction, advice, and protection of natural rights. If they are starving, we ought to help feed them. The colour of their skins, their degraded social condition, their ignorance, abates nothing from their natural claim on us, or from our natural duty toward them.

There are men in all the Northern States who feel the obligation which citizenship imposes on them—the duty to help those slaves. Hence arose the ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, which seeks simply to excite the white people to perform their natural duty to their dark fellow-countrymen. Hence comes CAPT. BROWN'S EXPEDITION—an attempt to help his

countrymen enjoy their natural right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

He sought by violence what the Anti-Slavery Society works for with other weapons. The two agree in the end, and differ only in the means. Men like Capt. Brown will be continually rising up among the white people of the Free States, attempting to do their *natural duty* to their black countrymen—that is, help them to freedom. Some of these efforts will be successful. Thus, last winter Capt. Brown himself escorted eleven of his countrymen from bondage in Missouri to freedom in Canada. He did not snap a gun, I think, although then, as more recently, he had his fighting tools at hand, and would have used them, if necessary. Even now the under-ground railroad is in constant and beneficent operation. By-and-by it will be an over-ground railroad from Mason and Dixon's line clear to Canada: the only *tunnelling* will be in the slave States. Northern men applaud the brave conductors of that locomotive of liberty.

When Thomas Garrett was introduced to a meeting of political free-soilers in Boston, as "the man who had helped 1800 slaves to their natural liberty," even that meeting gave the righteous quaker *three times three*. All honest Northern hearts beat with admiration of such men; nay, with love for them. Young lads say, "I wish that heaven would make me such a man." The wish will now and then be father to the fact. You and I have had opportunity enough, in twenty years, to see that this philanthropic patriotism is on the increase at the North, and the special direction it takes is toward the liberation of their countrymen in bondage.

Not many years ago Boston sent money to help the Greeks in their struggle for *political freedom* (they never quite lost their *personal liberty*), but with the money she sent what was more valuable and far more precious, one of her most valiant and heroic sons, who staid in Greece to fight the great battle of humanity. Did your friend, Dr Samuel G. Howe, lose the esteem of New-England men by that act? He won the admiration of Europe, and holds it still.

Nay, still later, the same dear old Boston—Hunkers

have never been more than rats and mice in her house, which she suffers for a time, and then drives out twelve hundred of them at once on a certain day of March, 1776,—that same dear old Boston sent the same Dr Howe to carry aid and comfort to the Poles, then in deadly struggle for their political existence. Was he disgraced because he lay seven and-forty days in a Prussian jail in Berlin? Not even in the eyes of the Prussian King, who afterwards sent him a gold medal, whose metal was worth as many dollars as that philanthropist lay days in the despot's jail. It is said, "Charity should begin at home." The American began a good way off, but has been working homeward ever since. The Dr Howe of to-day would and ought to be more ready to help an American to *personal liberty*, than a Pole or a Greek to mere political freedom, and would find more men to furnish aid and comfort to our own countrymen, even if they were black. It would not surprise me if there were other and well-planned attempts in other States to do what Captain Brown heroically, if not successfully, tried in Virginia. Nine out of ten may fail—the tenth will succeed. The victory over Gen. Burgoyne more than made up for all the losses in many a previous defeat; it was the beginning of the end. Slavery will not die a dry death, it may have as many lives as a cat; at last, it will die like a mad dog in a village, with only the enemies of the human kind to lament its fate, and they too cowardly to appear as mourners.

II. But it is not merely white men who will fight for the liberty of Americans; the negroes will take their defence into their own hands, especially if they can find white men to lead them. No doubt the African race is greatly inferior to the Caucasian in general intellectual power, and also in that instinct for liberty which is so strong in the Teutonic family, and just now obvious in the Anglo-Saxons of Britain and America; besides, the African race have but little desire for vengeance—the lowest form of the love of justice. Here is one example out of many: In Santa Cruz the old slave laws were the most horrible, I think, I ever read of in modern times, unless those of the Carolinas be an exception. If a slave excited others to run away, for the first offence his right leg was to be cut off; for the second offence, his other leg. This mutilation was

not to be done by a surgeon's hand; the poor wretch was laid down on a log, and his legs chopped off with a plantation axe, and the stumps plunged into boiling pitch to stanch the blood, and so save the *property* from entire destruction; for the live *torso* of a slave might serve as a warning. No action of a court was requisite to inflict this punishment; any master could thus mutilate his bondman. Even from 1830 to 1846, it was common for owners to beat their offending victims with "tamarind rods" six feet long and an inch in thickness at the bigger end—rods thick set with ugly thorns. When that process was over, the lacerated back was washed with a decoction of the Manchineel, a poison tree, which made the wounds fester, and long remain open.

In 1846, the negroes were in "rebellion," and took possession of the island; they were 25,000, the whites 3000. But the blacks did not hurt the hair of a white man's head; they got their freedom, but they took no revenge! Suppose 25,000 Americans, held in bondage by 3000 Algerines on a little island, should get their masters into their hands, how many of the 3000 would see the next sun go down?

No doubt it is through the absence of this desire of natural vengeance that the Africans have been reduced to bondage, and kept in it.

But *there is a limit even to the negro's forbearance*. San Domingo is not a great way off. The revolution which changed its black inhabitants from tame slaves into wild men, took place after you had ceased to call yourself a boy.

It shows what may be in America, with no white man to help. In the slave States there is many a possible San Domingo, which may become actual any day; and, if not in 1860, then in some other "year of our Lord." Besides, America offers more than any other country to excite the slave to love of liberty, and the effort for it. We are always talking about "liberty," boasting that we are "the freest people in the world," declaring that "a man would die rather than be a slave." We continually praise our fathers "who fought the Revolution." We build monuments to commemorate even the humblest beginning of that great national work. Once a year we stop all ordinary work, and give up a whole day to the noisiest kind of rejoicing for the War of Independence. How we praise the "champions of liberty!" How we point out the "infamy of the

British oppressors!" "They would make our fathers slaves," say we, "and we slew the oppressor—SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS!"

Do you suppose this will fail to produce its effect on the black man, one day? The South must either give up keeping "Independence Day," or else keep it in a little more thorough fashion. Nor is this all: the Southerners are continually taunting the negroes with their miserable nature. "You are only half human," say they, "not capable of freedom." "Hay is good for horses, not for hogs," said the *philosophic* American, who now "represents the great Democracy" at the court of Turin. *So, liberty is good for white men, not for negroes.* Have they souls? I don't know that—*non mi ricordo.* "Contempt," says the proverb, "will cut through the shell of the tortoise." And, one day, even the sluggish African will wake up under the three-fold stimulus of the fourth of July cannon, the whip of the slaveholder, and the sting of his heartless mockery. Then, if "oppression maketh wise men mad," what do you think it will do to African slaves, who are familiar with scenes of violence, and all manner of cruelty? Still more: if the negroes have not general power of mind, or instinctive love of liberty, equal to the whites, they are much our superiors in *power of cunning*, and in *contempt for death*—rather formidable qualities in a servile war. There already have been several risings of slaves in this century; they spread fear and consternation. The future will be more terrible. Now, in case of an insurrection, not only is there, as Jefferson said, "no attribute of the Almighty" which can take sides with the master, but *there will be many white men who will take part with the slave.* Men, like the Lafayettes of the last century, and the Dr Howes of this, may give the insurgent negro as effectual aid as that once rendered to America and Greece; and the public opinion of an enlightened world will rank them among its heroes of noblest mark.

If I remember rightly, some of your fathers were in the battle of Lexington, and that at Bunker Hill. I believe, in the course of the war which followed, every able-bodied man in your town (Newton) was in actual service. Now-a-days their descendants are proud of the fact. One day it will be thought not less heroic for a negro to fight for

his personal liberty, than for a white man to fight for political independence, and against a tax of three pence a pound on tea. Wait a little, and things will come round.

III. The existence of slavery endangers all our Democratic institutions. It does this if only tolerated as an exceptional measure—a matter of present convenience, and still more when proclaimed as an instancial principle, a rule of political conduct for all time and every place. Look at this: In 1790 there were (say) 300,000 slaves; soon they make their first doubling, and are 600,000; then their second, 1,200,000; then their third, 2,400,000. They are now in the process of doubling the fourth time, and will soon be 4,800,000; then comes the fifth double, 9,600,000; then the sixth, 19,200,000. Before the year of our Lord nineteen hundred there will be twenty million slaves!

An Anglo-Saxon with common sense does not like this Africanization of America; he wishes the superior race to multiply rather than the inferior. Besides, it is plain to a one-eyed man that slavery is an irreconcilable enemy of the progressive development of Democracy; that, if allowed to exist, it must be allowed to spread, to gain political, social, and ecclesiastical power; and all that it gains for the slaveholders is just so much taken from the freemen.

Look at this—there are twenty Southern representatives who represent nothing but property in man, and yet their vote counts as much in Congress as the twenty Northerners who stand for the will of 1,800,000 freemen. Slavery gives the South the same advantage in the choice of President; consequently the slaveholding South has long controlled the Federal power of the nation.

Look at the recent acts of the slave power! The Fugitive Slave bill, the Kansas-Nebraska bill, the Dred Scott decision, the fillibustering against Cuba (till found too strong), and now against Mexico and other feeble neighbours, and, to crown all, the actual re-opening of the African slave-trade!

The South has kidnapped men in Boston, and made the Judges of Massachusetts go under her symbolic chain to enter the courts of justice (!) She has burned houses and butchered innocent men in Kansas, and the perpetrators of that wickedness were rewarded by the Federal government with high office and great pay! Those things are

notorious; they have stirred up some little indignation at the North, and freemen begin to think of defending their liberty. Hence came the Free-Soil party, and hence the Republican party—it contemplates no direct benefit to the slave, only the defence of the white man in his national rights, or his conventional privileges. It will grow stronger every year, and also bolder. It must lay down principles as a platform to work its measure on; the principles will be found to require much more than what was at first proposed, and even from this platform Republicans will promptly see that *they cannot defend the natural rights of freemen without destroying that slavery which takes away the natural rights of a negro*. So, first, the wise and just men of the party will sympathize with such as seek to liberate the slaves, either peacefully or by violence; next, they will declare their opinions in public; and, finally, the whole body of the party will come to the same sympathy and the same opinion. Then, of course, they will encourage men like Capt. Brown, give him money and all manner of help, and also encourage the slaves whenever they shall rise to take their liberty, at all hazards. When called to help put down an insurrection of the slaves, they will go readily enough and do the work by removing the cause of insurrection—that is—*by destroying slavery itself*.

An Anti-slavery party, under one name or another, will before long control the Federal Government, and will exercise its constitutional rights, and perform its constitutional duty, and “guarantee a Republican form of government to every State in the Union.” That is a work of time and peaceful legislation. But the short work of violence will be often tried, and each attempt will gain something for the cause of humanity, even by its dreadful process of blood.

IV. But there is yet another agency that will act against slavery. There are many mischievous persons who are ready for any wicked work of violence. They abound in the city of New York (a sort of sink where the villany of both hemispheres settles down, and genders that moral pestilence which steams up along the columns of the *New York Herald* and the *New York Observer*, the great escape-pipes of secular and ecclesiastical wickedness), they commit the great crimes of violence and robbery at home, plunder

emigrants, and engage in the slave-trade, or venture on filibustering expeditions. This class of persons is common in all the South. One of the legitimate products of her "peculiar institution," they are familiar with violence, ready and able for murder. Public opinion sustains such men. Bully Brooks was but one of their representatives in Congress. Now-a-days they are fond of slavery, defend it, and seek to spread it. But the time must come one day—it may come any time—when the lovers of mischief will do a little filibustering at home, and rouse up the slaves to rob, burn, and kill. Prudent carpenters sweep up all the shavings in their shops at night, and remove this food of conflagration to a safe place, lest the spark of a candle, the end of a cigar, or a friction-match should swiftly end their wealth, slowly gathered together. The South takes pains to strew her carpenter's shop with shavings, and fill it full thereof. She encourages men to walk abroad with naked candles in their hands and lighted cigars in their mouths; then they scatter friction-matches on the floor, and dance a filibustering jig thereon. She cries, "Well done! Hurrah for Walker!" "Hurrah for Brooks!" "Hurrah for the bark Wanderer and its cargo of slaves! Up with the bowie-knife! Down with justice and humanity!" The South must reap as she sows; where she scatters the wind, the whirlwind will come up. It will be a pretty crop for her to reap. Within a few years the South has BURNED ALIVE eight or ten negroes. Other black men looked on, and learned how to fasten the chain, how to pile the green wood, how to set this hell-fire of slavery agoing. The apprentice may be slow to learn, but he has had teaching enough by this time to know the art and mystery of torture; and, depend upon it, the negro will one day apply it to his old tormentors. The fire of vengeance may be waked up even in an African's heart, especially when it is fanned by the wickedness of a white man: then it runs from man to man, from town to town. What shall put it out? *The white man's blood!*

Now, slavery is a wickedness so vast and so old, so rich and so respectable, supported by the State, the press, the market, and the Church, that all those agencies are needed to oppose it with—those, and many more which I cannot speak of now. You and I prefer the peaceful method; but

I, at least, shall welcome the violent, if no other accomplish the end. So will the great mass of thoughtful and good men at the North; else why do we honour the heroes of the Revolution, and build them monuments all over our blessed New-England? I think you gave money for that of Bunker Hill: I once thought it a folly; now I recognize it as a great sermon in stone, which is worth not only all the money it cost to build it, but all the blood it took to lay its corner-stones. Trust me, its lesson will not be in vain—at the North, I mean, for the LOGIC OF SLAVERY will keep the South on its lower course, and drive it on more swiftly than before. "Capt. Brown's expedition was a failure," I hear it said. I am not quite sure of that. True, it kills fifteen men by sword and shot, and four or five men by the gallows. But it shows the weakness of the greatest slave State in America, the worthlessness of her soldiery, and the utter fear which slavery genders in the bosoms of the masters. Think of the condition of the city of Washington while Brown was at work!

Brown will die, I think, like a martyr, and also like a saint. His noble demeanour, his unflinching bravery, his gentleness, his calm, religious trust in God, and his words of truth and soberness, cannot fail to make a profound impression on the hearts of Northern men; yes, and on Southern men. For "every human heart is human," &c. I do not think the money wasted, nor the lives thrown away. Many acorns must be sown to have one come up; even then, the plant grows slow; but it is an oak at last. None of the Christian martyrs died in vain; and from Stephen, who was stoned at Jerusalem, to Mary Dyer, whom our fathers hanged on a bough of "the great tree" on Boston Common, I think there have been few spirits more pure and devoted than John Brown's, and none that gave up their breath in a nobler cause. Let the American State hang his body, and the American Church damn his soul; still, the blessing of such as are ready to perish will fall on him, and the universal justice of the Infinitely perfect God will take him welcome home. The road to heaven is as short from the gallows as from a throne; perhaps, also, as easy.

I suppose you would like to know something about myself. Rome has treated me to bad weather, which tells its

story in my health, and certainly does not mend me. But I look for brighter days and happier nights. The sad tidings from America—my friends in peril, in exile, in jail, killed, or to be hung—have filled me with grief, and so I fall back a little, but hope to get forward again. God bless you and yours, and comfort you!

Ever affectionately yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

A LETTER TO THE BOSTON ASSOCIATION OF CON-
GREGATIONAL MINISTERS, TOUCHING CER-
TAIN MATTERS OF THEIR THEOLOGY.

GENTLEMEN :

The peculiar circumstances of the last few years have placed both you and me in new relations to the public, and to one another. Your recent actions constrain me to write you this public letter, that all may the more fully understand the matter at issue between us, and the course you design to pursue. You are a portion of the Unitarian body, and your opinions and conduct will no doubt have some influence upon that body. You have, I am told, at great length, and in several consecutive meetings, discussed the subject of my connection with your reverend body; you have debated the matter whether you should expel me for heresy, and by a circuitous movement, recently made, have actually excluded me from preaching the Thursday Lecture. I do not call in question your motives, for it is not my office to judge you, neither do I now complain of your conduct, public or private, towards me during the last three years. That has been various. Some members of your association have uniformly treated me with the courtesy common amongst gentlemen; some also with the civilities that are usual amongst ministers of the same denomination. Towards some of your number I entertain an affectionate gratitude for the good words I have heard from their lips in my youth. I feel a great regard for some of

you, on account of their noble and Christian characters, virtuous, self-denying, pious, and without bigotry. I cherish no unkind feelings towards the rest of you; towards none of you do I feel ill-will on account of what has past. I have treated my opponents with a forbearance which, I think, has not always been sufficiently appreciated by such as have had the chief benefit of that forbearance. However, I hope never to be driven either by abuse from an opponent, or by the treachery of a pretended friend, to depart from the course of forbearance which I have hitherto, and uniformly, pursued.

But since you have, practically, taken so decided a stand, and have so frequently discussed me and my affairs among yourselves, and have at last made your movement, I think it important that the public should have a distinct knowledge of your theological position. I am searching for truth, however humbly, and I suppose that you are as desirous of imparting to others as of receiving it from Heaven; therefore I shall proceed to ask you certain questions, a good deal talked of at the present day, to which I venture to ask a distinct and categorical reply. But, by way of preliminary, I will first refresh your memory with a few facts.

Until recently the Unitarians have been supposed to form the advance-guard, so to say, of the church militant; at least they have actually been the *Movement party in Theology*. It may hurt the feelings of some men, now, to confess it, but I think it is true. As such, the Unitarians have done a great work. As I understand the matter, this work was in part *intellectual*—for they really advanced theological science both negatively, by the exposure of errors, and positively, by the establishment of truths;—but in greater part *moral*, for they declared either directly, or by implication, the right of each man to investigate for himself in matters pertaining to religion, and his right also to the Christian name if he claimed it, and by his character seemed to deserve it. They called themselves “liberal” Christians, and seemed to consider that he was the best Christian who was most like Christ in character and life, thus making religion the essential of Christianity, and leaving each man to determine his own theology. They began their history by a denial of the Trinity, a doctrine very dear to the Christian Church, of very ancient standing

therein, common alike to Catholics and Protestants,—a doctrine for centuries regarded as essential to the Christian scheme, the fundamental dogma of Christianity. For this denial they encountered the usual fate of the movement party;—they were denied Christian fellowship, and got a bad name, which they keep even now. I am told that they are still called “Infidels” by the Trinitarian leaders, and that, you know, gentlemen, is a term of great reproach in the theological world. It has been asserted, I think, in some orthodox journal, that the lamented Dr Channing, whose name is now perhaps praised by your association oftener than his example is followed, undoubtedly went to hell for his sin in denying that Jesus of Nazareth was the infinite God. Gentlemen, these things happened not a great many years ago. I do not wonder at the treatment the Unitarians have received, and still receive, where they are not numerous and powerful, for the Trinitarians maintain that no one can be saved without a belief in certain doctrines of their theology, which very doctrines the Unitarians stoutly denied, and in public too. The orthodox were consistent in what the Unitarians then regarded as persecution, and, I doubt not, would have used the old arguments, fagots and the axe—had not the laws of the land rendered it quite impossible to resort to this ultimate standard of theological appeal, which had been a favourite with many of the clergy for more than fourteen centuries. The Unitarians complained of that treatment as not altogether Christian.

But now, gentlemen, it seems to me that some of you are pursuing the same course you once complained of, and if I rightly apprehend the theology of your learned body—of which, however, I am not quite sure—without the same consistency, having no warrant therefor in your theological system. I say nothing of your motives in all this; nothing of the spirit in which some of you have acted. That matter is beyond my reach; to your own master you stand or fall. In 1841 I preached a sermon at South Boston, at an ordination. That was soon attacked by the Rev. Mr Fairchild, and numerous other clergymen, of several denominations, equally zealous for the Christian faith. Since that time most of you have refused me the ministerial courtesies commonly shown to the ministers of the same denomination.

And yet, gentlemen, I think these courtesies are not, in all denominations, withheld when one of the parties has a moral reputation that is at least ambiguous. Only five of your number I believe have since exchanged with me, though comparatively but few members of other Unitarian associations have departed from their former course. I do not complain of this ;—I simply state the fact.

Now, gentlemen, there is one matter on which you will allow me to pause a moment. The Benevolent Fraternity of Churches is, I suppose, virtually, though not formally, under the direction of certain members of your association. Now that Fraternity has virtually expelled from his office a minister engaged in a noble and Christian work, and performing that work with rare ability and success. You have thus expelled him from his place, simply because he extended ministerial fellowship to me in common with ministers of several other denominations. The case of Mr Sargent is peculiar, and I must dwell a moment on a few particulars respecting it. If I rightly remember, his family contributed largely to the erection and embellishment of the chapel out of which he is expelled. He has himself spent freely his own property for the poor under his charge, and has been untiring in his labours. No shadow of reproach attaches to his name. He is above suspicion of immorality ; but on the contrary, is distinguished beyond his fellows by the excellence of his character, and the nobleness of his life. A righteous and a self-denying man, he went out into the lanes and highways of Boston, gathering together the poor and the forsaken, and formed a society which prospered under his ministry, and became strongly attached to him. And yet, gentlemen, some of you have seen fit, knowing all these circumstances, by demanding of him a pledge that he would never exchange with me—to drive away from the field of his labours and the arms of his parish this noble man—solely because he extended the usual ministerial fellowship to me, and yet I still continue a member of your association ! I think he has never been accused, perhaps not suspected, of preaching in his pulpit, or even believing in his study, the peculiar doctrines of my own theology, which are so obnoxious to some of you, and apparently reckoned worse than a grave moral offence. It may be said that Mr Sargent was minister over a *vassal*-

church and the Fraternity were his *feudal superiors*, and this seems to be true. You will say, furthermore, that the Boston Association, as a whole, is not responsible for the acts of the Fraternity, and this is doubtless the case, but as I think some of its members are accountable, to them let the above remarks apply. I pass to another matter.

The Unitarians have no recognized and public creed. It used to be their glory. At the Theological School in Cambridge, I subscribed no symbolical books; at my ordination I assented to no form of doctrines—neither church nor council requesting it. When I became a member of your learned body, no one asked me of my opinions, whether orthodox or heterodox. No one even demanded a promise that I should never change an opinion, or discover a new truth! I know well, gentlemen, that I differ, and that very widely, from the systems of theology which are taught, and from the philosophy which underlies those systems. I have no wish to disguise my theology, nor shelter it beneath the authority of your association. Let it stand or fall by itself. But still, I do not know that I have transgressed the limits of Unitarianism, for I do not know what those limits are. It is a great glory to a liberal association to have no symbolical books, but a great inconvenience that a sect becoming exclusive should not declare its creed. I cannot utter the *Shibboleth* of a party till I first hear it pronounced in the orthodox way. I shall presently proceed to beg you to point out the limits of scientific freedom, and tell the *maximum* of theological belief which distinguishes you from the “orthodox” on the one side, and the *minimum* thereof, which distinguishes you from the “infidels” on the other side.

Gentlemen, you refuse me fellowship; you discuss the question whether you shall expel me from your association, and you actually, though indirectly, prohibit me, as I understand it, from preaching “the great and Thursday lecture.” Gentlemen, I wish to know distinctly the ground you take in this matter. It is not altogether plain why you put yourselves in your peculiar attitude towards me. Mr Sargent is expelled for granting me ministerial fellowship. He was an accessory after the fact in my alleged heresies—and being but a vassal of the Fraternity, and therefore within their power, is punished while the principal of

the mischief is allowed to go unscathed, and other clergymen who exchange with me, but have no feudal lords, retain their places as before. Here the issue is obvious, and Mr Sargent is expelled from his pulpit for *Positive Misprision of Heresy*, if I may make use of such a term. Of course the same decree excludes him from his pulpit and the association. But I am told that Mr Pierpont was quite as effectually excluded from the actual fellowship of your association, as even myself; for while three of the city members of your association have continued to extend ministerial fellowship to me—Mr Pierpont, Mr Sargent, and Mr Clarke,—only three—Mr Gannett, Mr Sargent, and Mr Waterston—if I am rightly informed, have actually extended that fellowship to him since the time of the famed Hollis-street council, though Messrs Clarke and Bartol have offered exchanges! Yet I think he is guilty of no heresy,—*theological* and *speculative* heresy I mean, for in practical affairs it is well known that his course is the opposite of that pursued by most of his brethren in the city.

Still more, at a conference I had with the association, a little more than two years ago, the chairman of the association—the Rev. Dr Parkman—declared that my main offence was not my theological heresies, they would have been forgiven and forgot, had it not been for an article I published on the Hollis-street council (printed in the *Dial* for Oct. 1842), in which, as he alleged, I “poured scorn and contempt upon the brethren.” Yet others charge me with heresies, and on account thereof, I am told, actually deny my right to Christian fellowship from them, and even my title to the Christian name.

In this intricate confusion, gentlemen, you will probably see the necessity of saying a word to put all things in a fair light, that I may know on what point you and I are really at issue. Notwithstanding the remarks of the Rev. Dr Parkman, I am still inclined to the belief that the charge of heresy is the main charge, and as you have had the field of controversy entirely to yourselves these several years, and as yet have not, as a body, made a public and authorized statement of your theological belief, I must beg you to inform me what is *ORTHODOXY* according to the Boston Association. The orthodoxy of the Catholic Church I

know very well; I am not wholly ignorant of what is called orthodox by the Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches; but the ORTHODOXY of the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers is not a thing so easy to come at. As I try to comprehend it, I feel I am looking at something dim and undefined. It changes colour, and it changes shape; now it seems a mountain, then it appears like a cloud. You will excuse me, gentlemen,—but though I have been more than seven years a member of your reverend body, I do not altogether comprehend your theology—nor know what is orthodox. You will do me a great service, if you will publish your symbolical books, and let the world know what is the true doctrine according to the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers.

I have defined my own position as well as I could, and will presently beg you to reply distinctly, categorically, and unequivocally to the following questions. Gentlemen, you are theologians; men of leisure and learning; mighty in the Scriptures. Some of you have grown grey in teaching the world; most of you, I think, make no scruple of passing judgment, public and private, on my opinions and myself. It is therefore to be supposed that you have examined things at large, and been curious in particulars; have searched into the mysteries of things, deciding what is true, what false, what Christian, and what not, and so have determined on a standard of doctrines, which is to you well known, accessible, and acknowledged by all. Some of you can sling stones at a hair's breadth in the arena of theology. You are many, and I am standing alone. Of course I shall take it for granted that you have, each and all, thoroughly, carefully, and profoundly examined the matters at issue between us; that you have made up your minds thereon, and are all entirely agreed in your conclusions, and that, on all points; for surely it were not charitable to suppose, without good and sufficient proof, that a body of Christian ministers,—conscientious men, learned and aware of the difficulties of the case,—would censure and virtually condemn one of their number for heresy, unless they had made personal investigation of the whole matter, had themselves agreed on their standard of orthodoxy, and were quite ready to place that standard before the eyes of the whole people. I beg that this standard of Unitarian orthodoxy,

as it is agreed upon and established by the authority of the Boston Association, may be set before my eyes, and those of the public at the same time, and therefore, gentlemen, I propose to you the following

QUESTIONS.

CLASS I.—SCHOLASTIC QUESTIONS RELATING TO THE DEFINITION OF TERMS FREQUENTLY USED IN THEOLOGY.

1. What do you mean by the word *salvation*?
2. What do you mean by a *miracle*?
3. What do you mean by *inspiration*?
4. What do you mean by *revelation*?

CLASS II.—DOGMATIC QUESTIONS RELATING TO CERTAIN DOCTRINES OF THEOLOGY.

5. In questions of theology, to what shall a man appeal, and what is the criterion whereby he is to test theological, moral, and religious doctrines; are there limits to theological inquiry,—and if so, what are those limits? is truth to be accepted because it is true, and right to be followed because it is right, or for some other reason?

6. What are the conditions of salvation, both theoretical and practical, and how are they known?

7. What do you consider the essential doctrines of Christianity; what moral and religious truth is taught by Christianity, that was wholly unknown to the human race before the time of Christ?—and is there any doctrine of Christianity that is not a part also of natural religion?

8. Do you believe all the books in the Bible came from the persons to whom they are, in our common version thereof, ascribed?—or what are genuine and canonical Scriptures?

9. Do you believe that all or any of the authors of the Old Testament were miraculously inspired, so that all or any of their language can properly be called the *Word of God*, and their writings constitute a miraculous revelation? or are those writings to be judged of, as other writings, by their own merits, and so are to pass for what they are worth; in short, what is the authority of the Old

Testament, and what relation does it bear to man,—that of master or servant?

10. Do you believe the law contained in the Pentateuch, in all parts and particulars, is miraculously inspired or revealed to man?—or is it, like the laws of Massachusetts, a human work, in whole or in part?

11. Do you believe the miracles related in the Old Testament, for example, that God appeared in a human form, spoke in human speech, walked in the garden of Eden, eat and drank; that He commanded Abraham to sacrifice Isaac; and made the verbal declarations so often attributed to Him in the Old Testament; that Moses spoke with Him “as a man speaketh with his friend;” that the miracles alleged to have been wrought for the sake of the Hebrews in Egypt, the Red Sea, Arabia, and Palestine, and recorded in the Bible, were actual facts; that the birth of Isaac, Samson, and Samuel, was miraculous; that Balaam’s ass spoke the Hebrew words put into his mouth; that God did miraculously give to Moses and others mentioned in the Old Testament, the commands there ascribed to Him; that the sun stood still as related in the book of Joshua; that Jonah was swallowed by a large fish, and while within the fish, composed the ode ascribed to him; and do you believe all the miracles related in the books of Daniel, Job, and elsewhere, in the Old Testament?

12. Do you believe that any prophet of the Old Testament, solely through a miraculous revelation made to him by God, did distinctly and unequivocally foretell any distant and future event which has since come to pass, and in special, that any prophet of the Old Testament did thereby, and in manner aforesaid, distinctly, and unequivocally, foretell the birth, life, sufferings, death, and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth, so that Jesus was, in the proper and exclusive sense of the word, the *Messiah* predicted by the prophets, and expected by the Jews?

13. What do you think is the meaning of the phrase, “Thus saith the Lord,” with its kindred expressions, in the Old Testament?

14. Do you believe that all or any of the authors of the New Testament were miraculously inspired, so that all or any of their language can properly be called the *Word of God*, and their writings constitute a miraculous revelation,

or are those writings to be judged of as other writings, by their own merits, and so are to pass for what they are worth? in short, what is the authority of the New Testament, and what relation does it bear to man—that of master or servant?

15. Do you believe the Christian Apostles were miraculously inspired to teach, write, or act, with such a *mode*, *kind*, or *degree* of inspiration as is not granted by God, in all time, to other men equally wise, moral, and pious; do you think the apostles were so informed by miraculous inspiration, as never to need the exercise of the common faculties of man, and never to fall into any errors of fact and doctrine, or are we to suppose that the apostles were mistaken in their announcement of the speedy destruction of the world, of the resurrection of the body, &c.?

16. What do you think is the nature of Jesus of Nazareth;—was he *God*, *man*, or a *being neither God nor man*, and how does he effect the salvation of mankind; in what sense is he the Saviour, Mediator, and Redeemer?

17. Do you believe that Jesus of Nazareth was miraculously born, as it is related in two of the Gospels, with but one human parent; that he was tempted by the devil, and transfigured, talking actually with Moses and Elias; that he actually transformed the substance of water into the substance of wine; fed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes; that he walked on the waters; miraculously stilled a tempest; sent demons out of men into a herd of swine; and that he restored to life persons wholly and entirely dead!

18. Do you believe that Jesus had a miraculous and infallible inspiration—different in *kind* or *mode* from that granted to other wise, good, and pious men—informing him to such a degree that he never made a mistake in matters pertaining to religion, to theology, to philosophy, or to any other department of human concern; and that therefore he teaches with an authority superior to reason, conscience, and the religious sentiment in the individual man?

19. Do you believe that it is impossible for God to create a being with the same moral and religious excellence that Jesus had, but also with more and greater intellectual and other faculties, and send him into the world as a man;

or has Jesus exhausted either or both the *capacity of man*, or the *capability of God*?

20. Do you believe that from a state of entire and perfect death, Jesus returned to a state of entire and perfect physical life; that he did all the works, and uttered all the words, attributed to him in the concluding parts of the Gospels, after his resurrection, and was subsequently taken up into heaven, bodily and visibly, as mentioned in the book of Acts?

21. Do you believe that at the death of Jesus the earth quaked, the rocks were rent; that darkness prevailed over the land for three hours; that the graves were opened, and many bodies of saints that slept arose, and appeared to many?

22. Do you believe that Jesus, or any of the writers of the New Testament, believed in, and taught the existence of, a personal devil, of angels good or bad, of demons who possessed the bodies of men; and do you, yourselves, believe the existence of a personal devil, of such angels and demons; in special, do you believe that the angel Gabriel appeared to Zacharias, and to the Virgin Mary, and uttered exactly those words ascribed to him in the third Gospel?

23. Do you believe that the writers of the four Gospels, and the book of Acts, never mingled mythical, poetical, or legendary matter in their compositions; that they never made a mistake in a matter of fact; and that they have, in all cases, reported the words and actions of Jesus, with entire and perfect accuracy?

24. Do you believe the miracles related in the book of Acts, — for example, the miraculous inspiration of the apostles at Pentecost; the cures effected by Peter, his vision, his miraculous deliverance from prison "by the angel of the Lord;" the miraculous death of Ananias and Sapphira; the miraculous conversion of Paul; that diseased persons were cured by handkerchiefs and aprons brought to them from Paul; and that he and Stephen actually, and with the body's eye, saw Jesus Christ, an actual object exterior to themselves?

25. Do you believe that Peter, in the Acts, correctly explains certain passages of the Old Testament, as referring to Jesus of Nazareth, his sufferings, death, and resurrection; that Jesus himself—if the Gospels truly represent

his words—in all cases, applies the language of the Old Testament to himself in its proper and legitimate meaning; was he never mistaken in this matter, or have the passages of the Old Testament many meanings?

26. Do you think that a belief in the miraculous inspiration of all or any of the writers of the Old Testament or New Testament; that a belief in all or any of the miracles therein mentioned; that a belief in the miraculous birth, life, resurrection, and ascension of Jesus; that a belief in his miraculous, universal, and infallible inspiration, is essential to a perfect Christian character, to salvation and acceptance with God, or even to participation in the Christian name? and if so, what doctrine of morality or religion really and necessarily rests, in whole or in part, on such a belief?

27. Do you believe that the two ordinances,—Baptism and the Lord's Supper,—are, in themselves, essential, necessary, and of primary importance as ends, valuable for their own sakes, or that they are but *helps* and *means* for the formation of the Christian character, and therefore valuable only so far as they help to form that character?

28. Do you think it wrong or unchristian in another, to abandon and expose what he deems a popular error, or to embrace and proclaim an unpopular truth; do you count yourselves, theoretically, to have attained all religious and theological truth, and to have retained no error in your own creed, so that it is wholly unnecessary for you, on the one hand, to re-examine your own opinions, or, on the other, to search further for light and truth, or do you think yourselves competent, without such search, or such examination, to pronounce a man an infidel, and no Christian, solely because he believes many things in theology which you reject, and rejects some things which you believe?

Gentlemen, you have yourselves constrained me to write this letter. I write to you in this open way, for I wish that the public may understand your opinions as well as my own. I beg you will give your serious attention to the above questions, and return me a public answer, not circuitously, but in a straightforward, manly way, and at your earliest convenience. I have, at various times, as

distinctly as possible, set forth my own views, and as you have publicly placed yourselves in a hostile attitude to me; as some of you have done all in their power to disown me, and as they have done this, partly, on account of my alleged heresies; it is but due to yourselves to open the Gospel according to the Boston Association, give the public an opportunity to take the length and breadth of your standard of Unitarian orthodoxy, and tell us all what you really think on the points above-mentioned. Then you and I shall know in what we differ; there will be a clear field before us, and if we are doomed to contend, we shall not fight in the dark. I have invited your learned attention to matters on which it is supposed that you have inquired and made up your minds, and that you are entirely agreed among yourselves, and yet that you differ most widely from me. I have not, however, touched the great philosophical questions which lie at the bottom of all theology, because I do not understand that you have yourselves raised these questions, or consciously and distinctly joined issue upon them with me. Gentlemen, you are men of leisure, and I am busied with numerous cares; you are safe in your multitude of council, while I have comparatively none to advise with. But notwithstanding these advantages, so eminently on your side, I have not feared to descend into the arena, and looking only for the truth, to write you this letter. I shall pause, impatient for your reply; and, with hearty wishes for your continued prosperity, your increased usefulness, and growth alike in all Christian virtues, and every manly grace, I remain, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

THEODORE PARKER.

WEST ROXBURY, March 20th, 1845.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MY MINISTRY.

TWO SERMONS

PREACHED BEFORE THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY
IN BOSTON, ON THE 14TH AND 21ST OF NOVEMBER, 1852, ON
LEAVING THEIR OLD AND ENTERING A NEW PLACE OF WORSHIP.

SERMON I.

"I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." ACTS xx. 27.

On the 22nd of January, 1845, at a meeting of gentlemen in Boston, which some of you very well remember, it was "*Resolved*, that the Rev. Theodore Parker shall have a chance to be heard in Boston."

That resolution has been abundantly backed up by action; and I have had "a chance to be heard." And this is not all: I have had a long and patient, a most faithful and abundant hearing. No man in the last eight years in New-England has had so much. I mean to say, no minister in New-England has done so much preaching, and had so much hearing. This is the result of your resolution; and your attempts to make your thought a thing.

As this seems likely to be the last time I shall stand within these walls, it is not improper that I should give some little account of my stewardship whilst here; and therefore you will pardon me if I speak considerably of myself,—a subject which has been before you a long time, very much in your eye, and I think also very much in your heart.

I must, in advance, ask your indulgence for the character of this sermon. I have but just returned from an expedition to Ohio, to lecture and to preach; whither I went weary and not well, and whence I have returned still

more weary and no better. It is scarcely more than twenty-four hours since I came back, and accordingly but a brief time has been allowed me for the composition of this sermon. For its manner and its matter, its substance and its form, therefore, I must ask your indulgence.

When I spoke to you for the first time on that dark, rainy Sunday, on the 16th of February, 1845, I had recently returned from Europe. I had enjoyed a whole year of leisure: it was the first and last I have ever had. I had employed that time in studying the people and institutions of Western Europe; their social, academical, political, and ecclesiastical institutions. And that leisure gave me an opportunity to pause, and review my scheme of philosophy and theology; to compare my own system with that of eminent men, as well living as dead, in all parts of Europe, and see how the scheme would fit the wants of Christendom, Protestant and Catholic. It was a very fortunate thing that at the age of three and thirty I was enabled to pause, and study myself anew; to re-examine what I had left behind me, and recast my plans for what of life might yet remain.

You remember, when you first asked me to come here and preach, I doubted and hesitated, and at first said, No; for I distrusted my own ability to make my idea welcome at that time to any large body of men. In the country I had a small parish, very dear to me still, wherein I knew every man, woman, and child, and was well known to them: I knew the thoughts of such as had the habit of thinking. Some of them accepted my conclusions because they had entertained ideas like them before I did, perhaps before I was born. Others tolerated the doctrine because they liked the man, and the doctrine seemed part of him, and, if they took my ideas at all, took them for my sake. You, who knew little of me, must hear the doctrine before you could know the man; and, as you would know the doctrine only as I had power to set it forth in speech, I doubted if I should make it welcome. I had no doubt of the truth of my idea; none of its ultimate triumph. I felt certain that one day it would be "a flame in all men's hearts." I doubted only of its immediate success in my hands.

Some of you had not a very clear notion of my programme of principles. Most of you knew this,—that a

strong effort was making to exclude me from the pulpits of New-England; not on account of any charge brought against my character, but simply on account of the ideas which I presented; ideas which, as I claimed, were bottomed on the nature of man and the nature of God: my opponents claimed that they were not bottomed on the Bible. You thought that my doctrine was not fairly and scientifically met; that an attempt was making, not to put it down by reason, but to howl it down by force of ecclesiastical shouting; and that was true. And so you passed a resolve that Mr Parker should have "a chance to be heard in Boston," because he had not a chance to be heard anywhere else, in a pulpit, except in the little village of West Roxbury.

It was a great principle, certainly, which was at stake; the great Protestant principle of free individuality of thought in matters of religion. And that, with most of you, was stronger than a belief in my peculiar opinions; far stronger than any personal fondness for me. Therefore your resolution was bottomed on a great idea.

My scheme of theology may be briefly told. There are three great doctrines in it, relating to the idea of God, the idea of man, and of the connection or relation between God and man.

First, of the idea of God. I have taught the infinite perfection of God; that in God there are united all conceivable perfections,—the perfection of being, which is self-existence; the perfection of power, almightiness; the perfection of wisdom, all-knowingness; the perfection of conscience, all-righteousness; the perfection of the affections, all-lovingness; and the perfection of soul, all-holiness;—that He is perfect cause of all that He creates, making everything from a perfect motive, of perfect material, for a perfect purpose, as a perfect means;—that He is perfect providence also, and has arranged all things in His creation so that no ultimate and absolute evil shall befall anything which He has made;—that, in the material world, all is order without freedom, for a perfect end; and in the human world, the contingent forces of human freedom are perfectly known by God at the moment of creation, and so balanced together that they shall work out a perfect blessedness for each and for all His children.

That is my idea of God, and it is the foundation of all my preaching. It is the one idea in which I differ from the antichristian sects, and from every Christian sect. I know of no Christian or antichristian sect which really believes in the infinite God. If the infinity of God appears in their synthetic definition of Deity, it is straightway brought to nothing in their analytic description of the divine character, and their historic account of His works and purposes.

Then, of the idea of man. I have taught that God gave mankind powers perfectly adapted to the purpose of God;—that the body of man was just what God meant it to be; had nothing redundant, to be cut off sacramentally; was not deficient in anything, to be sacramentally agglutinated thereunto;—and that the spirit of man was exactly such a spirit as the good God meant to make; redundant in nothing, deficient in nothing; requiring no sacramental amputation of an old faculty, no sacramental imputation of a new faculty from another tree;—that the mind and conscience and heart and soul were exactly adequate to the function that God meant for them all; that they found their appropriate objects of satisfaction in the universe; and as there was food for the body,—all nature ready to serve it on due condition,—so there was satisfaction for the spirit, truth and beauty for the intellect, justice for the conscience; human beings—lover and maid, husband and wife, kith and kin, friend and friend, parent and child—for the affections; and God for the soul;—that man can as naturally find satisfaction for his soul, which hungers after the infinite God, as for his heart, which hungers for a human friend, or for his mouth, which hungers for daily bread;—that mankind no more needs to receive a miraculous revelation of things pertaining to religion than of things pertaining to housekeeping, agriculture, or manufactures; for God made the religious faculty as adequate to its function as the practical faculties for theirs.

In the development of man's faculties, I have taught that there has been a great progress of mankind,—outwardly shown in the increased power over nature, in the increase of comfort, art, science, literature; and this progress is just as obvious in religion as in agriculture or in housekeeping. The progress in man's idea of God is as

remarkable as the progress in building ships ; for, indeed, the difference between the popular conception of a jealous and angry God, who said His first word in the Old Testament, and His last word in the New Testament, and who will never speak again "till the last day," and then only damn to everlasting ruin the bulk of mankind,—the difference between that conception and the idea of the infinite God is as great as the difference between the "dug-out" of a Sandwich Islander and a California clipper, that takes all the airs of heaven in its broad arms, and skims over the waters with the speed of wind. I see no limit to this general power of progressive development in man ; none to man's power of religious development. The progress did not begin with Moses, nor end with Jesus. Neither of these great benefactors was a finality in benefaction. This power of growth, which belongs to human nature, is only definite in the historical forms already produced, but quite indefinite and boundless in its capabilities of future expansion.

In the human faculties, this is the order of rank : I have put the body and all its powers at the bottom of the scale ; and then, of the spiritual powers, I put the intellect the lowest of all ; conscience came next higher ; the affections higher yet ; and highest of all, I have put the religious faculty. Hence I have always taught that the religious faculty was the natural ruler in all this commonwealth of man ; yet I would not have it a tyrant, to deprive the mind or the conscience or the affections of their natural rights. But the importance of religion, and its commanding power in every relation of life, that is what I have continually preached ; and some of you will remember that the first sermon I addressed to you was on this theme,—the absolute necessity of religion for safely conducting the life of the individual and the life of the State. I dwelt on both of these points,—religion for the individual, and religion for the State. You know very well I did not begin too soon. Yet I did not then foresee that it would soon be denied in America, in Boston, that there was any law of God higher than an Act of Congress.

Woman I have always regarded as the equal of man,—more nicely speaking, the equivalent of man ; superior in some things, inferior in some other ; inferior in the lower qualities, in bulk of body and bulk of brain ; superior in

the higher and nicer qualities, in the moral power of conscience, the loving power of affection, the religious power of the soul : equal, on the whole, and of course entitled to just the same rights as man ; to the same rights of mind, body, and estate ; the same domestic, social, ecclesiastical, and political rights as man, and only kept from the enjoyment of these by might, not right ; yet herself destined one day to acquire them all. For, as in the development of man, the lower faculties come out and blossom first, and as accordingly, in the development of society, those persons who represent the lower powers first get elevated to prominence ; so man, while he is wanting in the superior quality, possesses brute strength and brute intellect, and in virtue thereof has had the sway in the world. But as the finer qualities come later, and the persons who represent those finer qualities come later into prominence ; so woman is destined one day to come forth and introduce a better element into the family, society, politics, and church, and to bless us far more than the highest of men are yet aware. Out of that mine the fine gold is to be brought which shall sanctify the church, and save the State.

That is my idea of man ; and you see how widely it differs from the popular ecclesiastical idea of him. .

Then a word for the idea of the relation between God and man.

I. First, of this on God's part. God is perfect cause and perfect providence, Father and Mother of all men ; and He loves each with all of his being, all of His almightiness, His all-knowingness, all-righteousness, all-lovingness, and all-holiness. He knew at the beginning all the future history of mankind, and of each man,—of Jesus of Nazareth and Judas Iscariot : and prepared for all, so that a perfect result shall be worked out at last for each soul. The means for the purposes of God in the human world are the natural powers of man, his faculties ; those faculties which are fettered by instinct, and those also which are winged by free-will. Hence while, with my idea of God, I am sure of the end, and have asked of all men an infinite faith that the result would be brought out right by the forces of God,—with my idea of man, I have also pointed out the human means ; and, while I was sure of the end, and called for divine faith, I have also been sure of the means, and called

for human work. Here are two propositions: first, that God so orders things in His providence, that a perfect result shall be wrought out for each; and, second, that He gives a certain amount of freedom to every man. I believe both of these propositions; I have presented both as strongly as I could. I do not mean to say that I have logically reconciled these two propositions, with all their consequences, in my own mind, and still less to the minds of others. There may seem to be a contradiction. Perhaps I do not know how to reconcile the seeming contradiction, and yet I believe both propositions.

From this it follows that the history of the world is no astonishment to God; that the vice of a Judas, or the virtue of a Jesus, is not a surprise to Him. Error and sin are what stumbling is to a child; accidents of development, which will in due time be overcome. As the finite mother does not hate the sound and strong boy, who sometimes stumbles in learning to walk; nor the sound, but weak boy, who stumbles often; nor yet the crippled boy, who stumbles continually, and only stumbles;—but as she seeks to help and teach all three, so the Infinite Mother of us all does not hate the well-born, who seldom errs; nor the ill-born, who often transgresses; nor yet hate the moral idiot, even the person that is born organized for kidnapping;—but will, in the long run of eternity, bring all these safely home,—the first murderer and the last kidnapper, both reformed and blessed. Suffering for error and sin is a fact in this world. I make no doubt it will be a fact in all stages of development in the next world. But mark this: it is not from the anger or weakness of God that we suffer; it is for purposes worthy of His perfection and His love. Suffering is not a devil's malice, but God's medicine. I can never believe that evil is a finality with God.

II. Then see the relation on man's part. Providence is what God owes to man; and man has an absolutely unalienable right to the infinite providence of God. No sin ever can alienate and nullify that right. To say that it could, would seem to me blasphemy against the Most High God; for it would imply a lack of some element of perfection on God's part; a lack of power, of wisdom, of justice, of love, or of holiness,—fidelity to Himself. It would make God finite, and not infinite.

Religion is what man owes to God, as God owes providence to man. And with me religion is something exceedingly wide, covering the whole surface, and including the whole depth of human life.

The internal part I have called piety. By that I mean, speaking synthetically, the love of God as God, with all the mind and conscience, heart and soul: speaking analytically, the love of truth and beauty, with the intellect; the love of justice, with the conscience; the love of persons, with the affections; the love of holiness, with the soul. For all these faculties find in God their perfect object,—the all-true, all-beautiful, all-just, all-loving, and all-holy God, the Father and Mother of all.

The more external part of religion I have called morality; that is, keeping all the natural laws which God has writ for the body and spirit, for mind and conscience and heart and soul; and I consider that it is just as much a part of religion to keep every law which God has writ in our frame, as it is to keep the "Ten Commandments;" and just as much our duty to keep the law which He has thus published in human nature, as if the voice of God spoke out of heaven, and said, "Thou shalt," and "Thou shalt not." Man's consciousness proclaims God's law. It is nature on which I have endeavoured to bottom my teachings. Of course this morality includes the subordination of the body to the spirit, and, in the spirit, the subordination of the lower faculties to the higher; so that the religious element shall correct the partiality of affection, the coldness of justice, and the shortsightedness of intellectual calculation; and, still more, shall rule and keep in rank the appetites of the body. But in this the soul must not be a tyrant over the body; for, as there is a holy spirit, so there is likewise a holy flesh; all its natural appetites are sacred; and the religious faculty is not to domineer over the mind, nor over the conscience, nor over the affections of man. All these powers are to be co-ordinated into one great harmony, where the parts are not sacrificed to the whole, nor the whole to any one part. So, in short, man's religious duty is to serve God by the normal use, development, and enjoyment of every limb of the body, every faculty of the spirit, every particle of power which we progressively acquire and possess over matter or over man.

The ordinances of that religion are, inwardly, prayer of penitence and aspiration, the joy and delight in God and His gifts; and, outwardly, they are the daily works of life, by fire-side and street-side and field-side,—“the charities that soothe and heal and bless.” These are the ordinances, and I know no other.

Of course, to determine the religiousness of a man, the question is not merely—what does he believe? but—has he been faithful to himself in coming to his belief? It may be possible that a man comes to the conviction of atheism, but yet has been faithful to himself. It may be that the man believes the highest words taught by Jesus, and yet has been faithless to himself. It is a fact which deserves to be held up everlastingly before men, that religion begins in faithfulness to yourself. I have known men whom the world called infidels, and mocked at, who yet were faithful among the faithfulest. Their intellectual conclusions I would have trodden under my feet; but their faithfulness I would fall on my knees to do honour to.

Then the question is not how a man dies, but how he lives. It is very easy for a dying man to be opiated by the doctor and minister to such a degree that his mouth shall utter anything you will; and then, though he was the most hardened of wretches, you shall say “he died a saint!” The common notion of the value of a little snivelling and whimpering on a death-bed is too dangerous, as well as too poor, to be taught for science in the midst of the nineteenth century.

I have taken it for granted also, that religion gave to men the highest, dearest, and deepest of all enjoyments and delights; that it beautified every relation in human life, and shed the light of heaven into the very humblest house, into the lowliest heart, and cheered, and soothed, and blessed the very hardest lot and the most cruel fate in mortal life. This is not only my word, but your hearts bear witness to the truth of that teaching, and all human history will tell the same thing.

These have been the chief doctrines which I have set forth in a thousand forms. You see at once how very widely this differs from the common scheme of theology in which most of us were born and bred. There is a vast

difference in the idea of God, of man, and of the relation between the two.

Of course I do not believe in a devil, eternal torment, nor in a particle of absolute evil in God's world or in God. I do not believe there ever was a miracle, or ever will be : everywhere I find law,—the constant mode of operation of the infinite God. I do not believe in the miraculous inspiration of the Old Testament or the New Testament. I do not believe that the Old Testament was God's first word, nor the New Testament his last. The Scriptures are no finality to me. Inspiration is a perpetual fact. Prophets and Apostles did not monopolize the Father : He inspires men to-day as much as heretofore. In nature, also, God speaks for ever. Are not these flowers new words of God ? Are not the fossils underneath our feet, hundreds of miles thick, old words of God, spoken millions of millions of years before Moses began to be ?

I do not believe the miraculous origin of the Hebrew Church, or the Buddhist Church, or the Christian Church ; nor the miraculous character of Jesus. I take not the Bible for my master, nor yet the church ; nor even Jesus of Nazareth for my master. I feel not at all bound to believe what any church says is true, nor what any writer in the Old or New Testament declares true ; and I am ready to believe that Jesus taught, as I think, eternal torment, the existence of a devil, and that he himself should ere long come back in the clouds of heaven. I do not accept these things on his authority. I try all things by the human faculties,—intellectual things by the intellect, moral things by the conscience, affectional things by the affections, and religious things by the soul. Has God given us anything better than our nature ? How can we serve Him and His purposes but by its normal use ?

But, at the same time, I reverence the Christian Church for the great good it has done for mankind ; I reverence the Mahometan Church for the good it has done,—a far less good. I reverence the Scriptures for every word of truth they teach,—and they are crowded with truth and beauty, from end to end. Above all men do I bow my face before that august personage, Jesus of Nazareth, who seems to have had the strength of man and the softness of

woman,—man's mighty, wide-grasping, reasoning, calculating, and poetic mind; and woman's conscience, woman's heart, and woman's faith in God. He is my best historic ideal of human greatness; not without errors, not without the stain of his times, and, I presume, of course not without sins,—for men without sins exist in the dreams of girls, not in real fact; you never saw such a one, nor I, and we never shall. But Jesus of Nazareth is my best historic ideal of a religious man, and revolutionizes the vulgar conception of human greatness. What are your Cæsars, Alexanders, Cromwells, Napoleons, Bacons, and Leibnitz, and Kant, and Shakspeare, and Milton even,—men of immense brain and will,—what are they all to this person of large and delicate intellect, of a great conscience, and heart and soul far mightier yet?

With such ideas of man, of God, and of the relation between them, how all things must look from my point of view! I cannot praise a man because he is rich. While I deplore the vulgar rage for wealth, and warn men against the popular lust of gold, which makes money the tri-une deity of so many men, I yet see the function of riches, and have probably preached in favour of national and individual accumulation thereof more than any other man in all New-England, as I see the necessity of a material basis for the spiritual development of man; but I never honour a live man because he is rich, and should not think of ascribing to a dead one all the Christian virtues because he died with a large estate, and his faith, hope, and charity were only faith in money, hope for money, and love of money. I should not think such a man entitled to the praise of all the Christian virtues.

And again, I should never praise or honour a man simply because he had a great office, nor because he had the praise of men; nor should I praise and honour a man because he had the greatest intellect in the world, and the widest culture of that intellect. I should take the intellect for what it was worth; but I should honour the just conscience of a man who carried a hod up the tallest ladder in Boston; I should honour the loving heart of a girl who went without her dinner to feed a poor boy; the faith in God which made a poor woman faithful to every daily duty, while poverty and sickness stared her in the face,

and a drunken husband smote her in the heart,—a faith which conquered despair, and still kept loving on ! I should honour any one of these things more than the intellect of Cæsar and Bacon and Hannibal all united into one : and you see why ; because I put intellect at the bottom of the scale, and these higher faculties at the other end.

I put small value on the common “signs of religion.” Church-going is not morality : it is compliance with common custom. It may be grievous self-denial, and often is. Reading the Bible daily or weekly is not piety : it may help to it. The “sacraments” are no signs of religion to me : they are dispensations of water, of wine, of bread, and no more. I do not think a few hours of crying on a sick-bed proves that a notorious miser or voluptuary, a hard, worldly fellow, for fifty years, has been a saint all that time, any more than one mild day in March proves that there was no ice in Labrador all winter.

With such views, you see in what esteem I must be held by society, church, and state. I cannot be otherwise than hated. This is the necessity of my position,—that I must be hated ; and, accordingly, I believe there is no living man in America so widely, abundantly, and deeply hated as I have been, and still continue to be. In the last twelve years I fear there has been more ecclesiastical preaching in the United States against me than against war and slavery. Those that hate any particular set of reformers hate me because I am with that particular set ; with each and with all. I do not blame men for this ; not so much as some others have done on my account. I pity very much more than I blame ; not with the pity of contempt, I hope, but with the pity of appreciation, and with the pity of love. I see in the circumstances of men very much to palliate the offences of their character ; and I long ago learned not to hate men who hated me. It was not hard to learn ; I began early,—I had a mother who taught me.

You know the actual condition of the American Church,—I mean all the ecclesiastical institutions of the land—that it has a theology which cannot stand the test of reason ; and accordingly it very wisely resolved to throw reason overboard before it began its voyage. You know that all Christendom, with a small exception, professes a belief in the devil, in eternal torment ; and of course all

Christendom, with scarce any exception, professes a belief in a God who has those qualities which created a devil and eternal torment.

You know the morality of the American Church. The clergy are a body of kindly and charitable men. Some virtues, which are not very easy to possess, they have in advance of any other class of men amongst us; they are the virtues which belong to their position. I believe they are, as a body, a good deal better than their creed. I know men often say a man is not so good as his creed; I never knew a minister who was half so bad as Calvinism. I surely have no prejudice against John Calvin, when I say he was an uncommonly hard man, with a great head and a rigorous conscience; but John Calvin himself was a great deal better than the Calvinistic idea of God. I should give up in despair with that idea of God: I should not cast myself on His mercy, for there would be no mercy in Him.

But the preaching of the churches is not adapted to produce the higher kinds of morality. Certain humble but needful forms thereof the Church helps, and very much indeed. On the whole it blocks the wheels of society backwards, so that society does not run down-hill; but on the other hand, it blocks them forward, so that it is harder to get up; and, while you must run over the church to get far down-hill, you must also run over it to get up. It favours certain lower things of morality: higher things it hinders.

Here are two great forms of vice,—natural forms. One comes from the period of passion; and, when it is fully ripe, it is the vice of the debauchee: the other comes from the period of calculation; and, when it is fully rotten, it is the sin of the hunker.* Now, the churches are not very severe on the first kind of vice. They are very severe on unpopular degrees of it, not on the popular degree. They do service, however, in checking the unpopular degree. But the sin of the hunkers, I think, the churches uniformly uphold and support. The popular sins of calculation are pretty sure to get the support of the pulpit on their side. Why so? They can pay for it in

* I do not use this word in its political sense, but to denote a man thoroughly selfish on calculation.

money and in praise ! I know but few exceptions to that rule.

Then there are certain other merely ecclesiastical vices, mere conventional vices ; not sins, not transgressions of any natural law. These the churches regard as great sins. Such are doubt and disbelief of ecclesiastical doctrine ; neglect of ecclesiastical ordinances,—of the “Sabbath day,” as it is called ; neglect of the great bodily sacrament, church-going, and the like. All these offences the churches preach against with great power.

Accordingly the churches hinder the highest morality, favour the lower. The highest morality is thought superfluous in society, contemptible in politics, and an abomination in the church.

Just now I learned through the newspapers that John Wesley’s pulpit has been brought to America, and it is thought a great gain. But if John Wesley’s voice, declaring aloud that slavery is “the sum of all villainies,” were to be brought, it would presently be excommunicated from the Methodist Church. I understand that the chair in which the “Shepherd of Salisbury Plains” once sat, has likewise arrived in America ; and the tub, I think it is, which belonged to the “Dairyman’s Daughter,” has also immigrated ; and these will be thought much more valuable ecclesiastical furniture than the piety of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plains, and the self-denial of the Dairyman’s Daughter. It is popular to sprinkle babies with water from the Jordan ; unpopular to baptize men with the spirit of Jesus, and with fire from the Holy Ghost.

My preaching has been mainly positive, of truth and duty in their application to life : but sometimes negative and critical, even militant. This was unavoidable ; for I must show how my scheme would work when brought face to face with the church, society, and the State.

So I have sometimes preached against the evil doctrines of the popular theology ; its false idea of God, of man, and of religion. This popular theology contains many excellent things : but its false things, taken as a whole, are the greatest curse of the nation ; a greater curse than drunkenness, than the corruption of political parties ; greater than slavery. It stands in the way of every advance. Would you reform the criminal,—along comes

theology, with its "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." Would you improve the church,—men say, "You must listen to the church, but not reform it; it must reform you, and not you it." Would you elevate woman to her rights,—the popular theology quotes St Paul till you are almost sick of his name. Would you refuse obedience to a wicked law, and quote Jesus, and every great martyr from the beginning of the world,—the popular theology meets you with "Whoso resisteth the powers that be, resisteth the ordinance of God." If you wish to abolish slavery,—ministers come out with the old story of Ham and Noah, and justify American bondage on an old mythology, writ three thousand years ago, nobody knows where, nobody knows by whom, nobody knows for what purpose. All the garments possessed by the children of Shem and Japheth are too scant to hide the shame of the popular theology. At this day it bears the same relation to human progress, that Heathenism and Judaism bore in the first and second and third and fourth centuries after Christ. I confess that, while I respect the clergy as much as any class of men, I hate the false ideas of the popular theology, and hate them with my body and with my spirit, with my mind and my conscience; with my heart and my soul; and I hate nothing so much as I hate the false ideas of the popular theology. They are the greatest curse of this nation.

Then I have preached against slavery; and to me slavery appears in two views.

First, it is a measure to be looked on as a part of the national housekeeping. We are to ask if it will pay; what its effect will be on the material earnings of the nation. And when we propose to extend slavery to a new territory, this is the question: Will you have slavery, and your land worth five dollars an acre, as in South Carolina; or will you have freedom, and your land worth thirty dollars an acre, as in Massachusetts? Will you have slavery, and the average earnings of all the people one dollar a week; or freedom, and the average earnings four dollars a week? Will you have slavery, and the worst cultivated lands, the rudest houses, and the poorest towns; or will you have freedom, and the nicest agriculture, the best manufactures, the richest houses, and the most sumptuous towns? Look-

ing at it barely as a part of housekeeping, if I were a monarch, I should not like to say to California, Texas, and New Mexico: "You might have institutions that would make your land worth thirty dollars an acre, and enable your people to earn four dollars a week; but you shall have institutions that will make your land worth five dollars an acre, and the average earnings of the people one dollar a week." I like money too well to take off three dollars from every four that might be earned, and twenty-five dollars from every acre of land worth thirty. I should think twice, if I were the President of the United States, before I did anything to bring about that result.

That is not all. Slavery is a principle, to be looked on as a part of our national religion: for our actions are our worship of God, if pious; of the "devil," if impious. It is to be estimated by its conformity to natural law. From my point of view it is against all natural right, all natural religion, and is, as John Wesley said, "the sum of all villainies." When the question comes up, Shall we introduce slavery into a new territory? this is the question to be asked, Shall the labouring population be reduced to the legal rank of cattle; bought, bred, branded as cattle? Shall the husband have no right to his wife's society? Shall the maiden have no protection for her own virtue? Shall the wife be torn from her husband? Shall a mother be forced to cut the throats of four of her children, or else see them sold into slavery?—a case that has actually happened. If I were a monarch, I should not like to levy such a tax on any people under my dominion. If I were President of the United States, I should not like to say to California, New México, or old Mexico, "I intend to reduce you to that position;" and I think if I did, and stood up before you afterwards, you would have something to say about it. I should not like to do this for the sake of being President of the United States.

Now, I must confess that I hate slavery; and I do not hate it any the less since it has become so popular in Boston, and, after a belief in the finality of the compromise measures has been made the *sine qua non* of a man's social, political, and ecclesiastical respectability. I always hated it, and hate it all the worse to-day for what it has done.

Then I have preached against oppression in every form:

the tyranny of man over woman ; of popular opinion over the individual reason, conscience, and soul. I have preached against the tyranny of public law, when the law was wicked. Standing in a pulpit, preaching in the name of God, could I call on you to blaspheme the name of God for the sake of obeying a wicked statute which men had made ? When I do that, may my right arm drop from my shoulder, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth ! I have preached against the tyranny which takes advantage of men's misfortunes, and with the sponge of illegal usury sucks up the earnings of honest men ; against the tyranny of the few over the many in Europe, and of the many over the few in America. I love freedom of thought and of action ; and I claim for every man the right to think, not as I do, but as he must or may.

Then I have preached against intemperance, against making rum, selling rum, and drinking rum. The evil of intemperance has been under my eyes every Sunday. There is not a man before me, not a woman before me, not a girl or boy before me, but has lost some dear and valued relative, within not many years, slain by this monstrous vampire, which sucks and poisons the body of America. The poor men that I feed have been made paupers by rum ; of the funerals that I attend, rum, with its harsh hammer, has often nailed down the coffin-lid ; and of the marriages that I have helped to solemnize, how often has the wife been left worse than a widow ! Since intemperance has become so popular in Boston ; since it has got the mayor and aldermen on its side, and while every thirty-fifth voter in Boston is a licensed seller of rum ; when it is invested with such strength, and gets possession of the House of Representatives, — I have preached against it all the more. I know, from the little town where I was born, as well as this large one, what a curse and blight drunkenness is.

Then I have preached against war, and I suppose, before long, I shall have a new occasion to lift up my voice against it once more.

Now, with such ideas, and such a style of preaching, I could not be popular. Hated I must needs be. How could it be otherwise ? Men who knew no God but a jealous God ; no human nature but total depravity ; no

religion but the ordinances of baptism, the Lord's Supper, and reverence for ancient words of holy men, and the like; no truth but public opinion; no justice but public law; no earthly good above respectability,—they must needs hate me, and I do not wonder at it. I fear there is not a theological newspaper in the land that has not delivered its shot in my face. You know how the pulpits, at various times, have rung out with indignation against me, and what names you and I have been called.

Well, I have not yet fired a shot in my own defence. Not one. I have replied to no attack, to no calumny. I have had too much else to do. In comparison with the idea which I endeavour to set forth, I am nothing, and may go to the ground, so that the truth goes on.

When I first came to stand in this place, many of my Unitarian brethren of the city, and elsewhere, complained publicly and privately, that they were held responsible for my theological opinions, which they did not share; and that they had no opportunity to place themselves right before the public. To give them an opportunity and occasion for developing the theological antithesis betwixt their doctrines and my own, and to let the public see in what things they all agreed, and in what they unitedly differed from me, I published "a Letter to the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers, touching certain Matters of their Theology." But, alas! they have not answered the letter, nor informed the public of the things in which they "all agree with each other," and wherein they all differ from me.

Men predicted our defeat. I believe, six months was the longest space allotted to us to live and repent: that was the extent of our "mortal probation." We ought not to think harshly of men for this. I suppose they did the best they could with their light. But we went on, and continued to live. It is a little curious to notice the reasons assigned, by the press and the pulpit, for the audience that came together. For the first six months I took pains to collect the opinions of the theological press and pulpit. I would say that, with this exception, I have seldom read the various denunciations which have been written against you and me, and which have been sent, I hope with the best intentions, from all parts of the United States. When I have received them, and seen their character from a line

or two,—and the postage was seldom paid,*—I have immediately put them in the safest of all places,—committed them to the flames. But, for this period of six months, during which our ecclesiastical existence was likely to continue, I inquired what the opinions of the press and pulpit were.

The first reason assigned for the audience coming together was this: They came from vain curiosity, having itching ears to hear “what this babbler sayeth.”

Then it was said men came here because I taught “utter irreligion, blank immorality;” that I had “no love of God, no fear of God, no love of man;” and that you thought if you could get rid of your conscience and soul, and trample immortality under-foot, and were satisfied there was no God, you should “have a very nice time of it here and hereafter.” Men read history very poorly. It is not ministers who falsify the word of God that are ever popular with the great mass of men. Never, never! Not so. The strictest, hardest preacher draws crowds of men together, when he speaks in the name of religion and God’s higher law; but eloquent Voltaire gets most of his admirers of scoffing among the cultivated, the refined, and the rich: atheism is never democratic.

Then it was declared that I was a shrewd, practical man, perfectly “well posted up” in everything which took place; knew how to make investments, and get very large returns: unluckily, it has not been for myself that this has been true. And it was said that I collected large-headed, practical men to hear me, and that you were a “boisterous assembly.”

Then, that I was a learned man, and gave learned discourses on ecclesiastical history or political history,—things which have not been found very attractive in the churches hitherto.

Then again, that I was a philosopher, with a wise head, and taught men “theological metaphysics;” and so a large company of men seemed all at once smitten with a panic for metaphysics and abstract preaching. It was never so before.

Then it was reported that I was a witty man, and shot

* Here I must make one exception. Abusive letters from South Carolina have been uniformly post-paid. Such anonymous letters I never read.

nicely feathered arrows very deftly into the mark ; and that men came to attend the sharp-shooting of a wit.

Then there was a seventh thing,—that I was an eloquent man ; and I remember certain diatribes against the folly of “filling churches with eloquence.”

Then again, it was charged against me that I was a philanthropist, and taught the love of men, but did “not teach at all the love of God ;” and that men really loved to love one another, and so came.

Then it was thought that I was a sentimentalist, and tickled the ears of “weak women,” who came to delight themselves, and be filled full of “poetry and love.”

The real thing they did not seem to hit ; that I preached an idea of God, of man, and of religion, which commended itself to the nature of mankind.

From the churches in general I expected little ; but I have found much deep and real kindness from fellow-ministers of all denominations,—Unitarian, Universalist, Baptist, Methodist, Calvinist, and Christian. On the whole,—I am sorry to say it,—I have had less friendship shown me by the Unitarian sect in America, all things considered, than by the other sects. The heartiest abuse has come from my own brethren, and the stingiest testimonials for any merit. That was to be expected. I was a Unitarian : that is, I utterly rejected the Trinitarian theology ; I associated chiefly with Unitarian clergymen. When my theological opinions became known to the wider public, some twelve years ago, they were declared “unsafe” and “dangerous” by the stricter sects. So an outcry was raised, not only against me, but also against the Unitarian sect. In self-defence, many Unitarian ministers, who had long been accused of being “hag-ridden by the orthodox,” turned round, and denounced both my opinions and me, sometimes in the bitterest and most cruel fashion. They said, “He must be put down.” They sought to “silence” me, to exclude me from the journals and the pulpits of the sect, to dissuade lyceum committees from asking me to lecture, and to prevent my speaking in Boston. Nay, some took pains to prevent my parishioners at West Roxbury from attending service there ; they tried to hinder booksellers from publishing my works ; and twelve years ago I could not find a publisher to put his name to the

title-page of the first edition of my "Discourse of the Transient and Permanent in Christianity,"—the Swedenborgian printers generously volunteered their name! The commonest courtesies of life were carefully withheld. I was treated like a leprous Jew. Studios attempts at deliberate insult were frequently made by Unitarian clergymen. I soon found, that, if theological odium had been legally deprived of the arrows in its ancient quiver, it had yet lost none of the old venom from its heart. The Unitarians denied the great principle they had so manfully contended for,—free spiritual individuality in religion. I must say I think they made a mistake. As a measure, their conduct was inexpedient; as a principle, it was false and wrong; as priestcraft, it was impolitic; as ethics, it was wicked: they hurt their own hand in breaking the Golden Rule over my head. But there were some very honourable exceptions in the denomination; men who lost sectarian favour by adhering to a universal principle of morals; and let me say, that I think no sect in Christendom would, in such a case, have treated a "heretic" in their own bosom with so little harshness as the Unitarians have shown to me. They have at least the tradition of liberality, which no other sect possesses. In England they have met my opinions with philosophical fairness, if not with partiality, and treated me with more consideration and esteem than I ever ventured to claim for myself.

All over the land I have found kindly and warm-hearted men and women, who have shed their dew-drop of sympathy upon me, just when my flower hung its head and collapsed, and seemed ready to perish. There is one clergyman to whom I owe an especial obligation. He has often stood in this place, and, for conscience' sake, has made greater and more difficult sacrifices than I. He began as an evangelist to the poor in Boston; carrying them the body's bread in his left hand, and Heaven's own manna in his right; and he now sheds broader charity from the same noble and generous heart. "A friend in need is a friend indeed;" and, if his face were not before me at this moment, I should say what his modesty would be pained to hear; but it is what none of you need to be told.*

* If this sermon should fall into the hands of a stranger, he may be glad to know that I refer to the Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT.

It is eight years since first we came together; and that is a long time in American history. America has gained four new States in that time; a territory bigger than the old thirteen; and got all this new country by wickedness. We have spread slavery anew over a country larger than the empire of France; have fought the Mexican war, so notorious for its iniquity. We have seen both political parties become the tools of slavery; the Democratic perhaps a little worse than the Whig. We have seen the Fugitive Slave Bill welcomed in Boston, a salute of one hundred guns fired to honour its passage; and a man kidnapped out of the birth-place of Samuel Adams, to the delight of the controlling men thereof! You and I have repeatedly transgressed the laws of the land, in order to hinder "Unitarian Christians" of Boston, supported by their clergy, from sending our fellowshippers into the most hideous slavery in the world!

Great men have died,—Jackson, Adams, Taylor, Calhoun, Clay, Webster. What changes have taken place in Europe in this brief eight years! The old Pope has died. The new Pope promised to be a philanthropist, and turned out what we now see. All of royalty, all of the king, "was carried out from Paris in a single street cab;" and a few days later "Napoleon the Little" came in, furnished with nothing but "a tame eagle and a pocketful of debts." We have seen France rise up to the highest point of sublimity, and declare government to be founded on the unchanging law of God; and the same France, with scarcely the firing of a musket, drop down to the bottom of the ridiculous, and become the slave of the stupidest and vulgarest even of vulgar kings. We have seen all Western Europe convulsed with revolutions; the hope of political freedom brightening in men's hearts; and now see a heavier despotism as the present result of the defeated effort. Kossuth is an exile; and a ruined debauchee is the "imperial representative of morality" on the throne of Saint Louis.

I have been your minister almost eight years. Some of our members have withdrawn, and walk no more with us. I trust they were true to their conscience, and went where wiser and abler and better men can feed their souls as I cannot. I have never thought it a religious duty for any man to listen to my poor words; how poor nobody knows so well as I.

In myself there are many things which I lament. It has been a great grief to me, as I have looked upon your faces, that I was no worthier to speak to you : that I had not a larger intellectual power, by birth and culture, to honour the ideas withal ; and, still more, that, in conscience and heart and soul, I was so poor.

One thing in my ministry has troubled me a good deal. Coming from a little country parish, with the habits of a country minister ; knowing every man, woman, and child therein ; knowing the thoughts of all that had any thoughts, and the doubts of such as had strength to raise a doubt,—I have found it painful to preach to men whom I did not know in the intimacy of private life. For the future, I hope it will be possible for me to know you better, and more intimately in your homes.

I must have committed many errors. When an old man I trust I shall see them, and some time point them out, that others may be warned by my follies. You must know my character better than I know it. My private actions I know best ; but you see me in joy and sorrow, in indignation and penitence, in sermon and in prayer, when there is no concealment in a man's face. Hold a medal, worn smooth, before the fire, and the old stamp comes out as before. Concealment lifts her veil before any strong emotion which renews the face. You must know me better than I know myself. I also know you. I have tasted your kindness in public and private ; not only from women,—who have always shown the readiest sympathy for a new religious development, from the time when Pharaoh's daughter drew a slave's child out of the Nile, to that day when a woman poured the box of ointment over the head of Jesus,—but also from men ; not only from young men, but from those whose heads have blossomed anew with the venerable flowers of age.

You, my friends, have been patient with my weaknesses, kind and affectionate. I think no man ever had truer, warmer, or more loving friends. As I have looked round on your faces, before the commencement of service ; as I have sat and seen the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the joyous and the sad, come together ; as I have gathered up the outward elements of my morning prayer from the various faces and dissimilar histories, which, at a single

glance, stood before me,—my friends, I have thanked my God it was my lot to stand here; and yet have reproached myself again and again, that I was no worthier of the trust, and have asked before God, “Who is sufficient for these things?”

I know how often I must have wounded your feelings, in speaking of the political conduct of America; for I have endeavoured to honour what was right, and expose to censure what was wrong, in both parties, and in the third party during its existence. I have not passed over the sins of trade. I have preached on all the exciting and agitating topics of the day. I wonder not that some friends were offended. I only wonder that such a multitude has still continued to listen. Verily, there is little to attract you in these surroundings: public opinion pronounced it infamous to be here. It was the ideas of absolute religion that drew you here through ill report. The highest and the best things I have had to offer have always found the warmest welcome in your heart.

We must bid farewell to these old walls. They have not been very comfortable. All the elements have been hostile. The winter's cold has chilled us; the summer's heat has burned us; the air has often been poisoned with contaminations, a whole week long in collecting; and the element of earth, the dirt, that was everywhere. As I have stood here, I have often seen the spangles of opera-dancers, who beguiled the previous night, lying on the floor beside me; and have picked them up in imagination, and woven them into my sermon and psalm and prayer. The associations commonly connected with this hall have not been of the most agreeable character. Dancing monkeys and “Ethiopian serenaders,” making vulgar merriment out of the ignorance and the wretchedness of the American slave, have occupied this spot during the week, and left their marks, their instruments, and their breath, behind them on Sunday. Could we complain of such things? I have thought we were very well provided for, and have given God thanks for these old, but spacious walls. The early Christians worshipped in caverns of the ground. In the tombs of dead men did the only live religion find its dwelling-place at Rome. The star of Christianity “first stood still over a stable!” These old walls will always be dear

and sacred to me. Even the weather-stains thereon are to me more sacred than the pictures which the genius of Angelo painted in the Sistine Chapel, or those with which Raphael adorned the Vatican. To me they are associated with some of the holiest aspirations and devoutest hours of my mortal life, and with the faces which welcomed every noble word I ever learned to speak.

Well, we must bid them farewell. Yonder clock will no more remind me how long I have trespassed on your patience, when your faces tell no such tale. We will bid these old walls, these dusty lights, farewell. Our old companion, the organ, has gone before us; and again shall we hear its voice.

But what have I been to you in all this time? You have lent me your ears: I have taken your hearts too, I believe. But let me ask this of you: have I done you good, or harm? Have I taught you, and helped you, to reverence God the more; to have a firmer and heartier faith in Him; to love Him the deeper, and keep His laws the better; to love man the more? If so, then indeed has my work been blessed, and I have been a minister to you. But if it has not been so; if your reverence and faith in God grow cold under my preaching, and your zeal for man dwindles and passes away,—then turn off from me, and leave me to the cold gilding and empty magnificence of our new place of worship; and go you and seek some other, who, with a loftier aspiring mind, shall point upwards towards God, and, with a holier heart, shall bid you love Him. But, above all things, let me entreat you that no reverence for me shall ever blind your eyes to any fault of mine, to any error of doctrine. If there are sins in my life, copy them not. Remember them at first, drop the tear of charity on them, and blot them out.

SERMON II.

OF THE POSITION AND DUTY OF A MINISTER.

"I know whom I have believed."—2 TIMOTHY i. 12.

IN the development of mankind, all the great desires get some instrument to help achieve their end—a machine for the private hand, an institution for the mind and conscience, the heart and soul, of millions of men. Thus all the great desires, great duties, great rights, become organized in human history; provided with some instrument to reach out and achieve their end. This is true of the finite desires; true also of the infinite.

Man would be fed and clothed: behold the tools of agriculture and the arts,—the plough and the factory. He would be housed and comforted: behold the hamlet and the town. Man and maid would love one another: see the home and the family,—the instrument of their love. Thousands want mutual succour: there is society, with its neighbourly charities, and duties every day. Millions of men ask defence, guidance, unity of action: behold the State, with its constitutions and its laws, its officers, and all its array of political means. These are finite; a lengthening of the arm, a widening of the understanding; tools for the conscience and the heart. Thereby I lay hold of matter and lay hold of man, and get the uses of the material world and of my brother men.

These are finite, for to-day. But the same rule applies to the infinite desires. Man would orient himself before his God; and hence, along-side of the field and the factory, in the midst of the hamlet and the town, beside the State-house and the Market-house, there rises up the Church, its finger pointing to the sky. This is to represent to man the infinite desire, infinite duty, infinite right. Thereby mankind would avail itself of the forces of God, and be at home in His

world. Man is so much body, that the mouth goes always : he never forgets to build and plant. But the body is so full of soul, that no generation ever loses sight of God. In this ship of the body, cruising oft in many an unholy enterprise, standing off and standing on, tacking and veering with the shifting wind of circumstance and time, there is yet a little needle that points up, which has its dip and variations ;

" But, though it trembles as it lowly lies,
Points to the light that changes not in heaven."

Man must have his institution for the divine side of him, and hence comes the church. Man has a priest before he has a king ; and the progress in his idea of priest marks the continual advance of the human race.

The minister is to serve the infinite duties of man, minister to his infinite rights ; and is to betake himself to the work of religion, as the farmer to agriculture, the housewright to building. But his function will depend on his idea of religion, of what religion is ; that on his idea of God, of what God is.

Now, in all the great historical forms of religion, both before and after Christ, priest and people have regarded God as imperfect in power, in wisdom, in justice, in love, or in holiness ; as a finite God, and often with a dark background of evil to Him. Therefore, while they have worshipped before the Father, they have trembled before the devil, and deemed the devil mightier than God. Hence religion has been thought the service of an imperfect God, and of course a service with only a part of the faculties of man ; those faculties not in their perfect action, but in their partial development and play.

Thus the function of the minister has been a very different thing in different ages of mankind. Let me sum up all these in three great forms.

I. First, the priest was to appease the wrath of God. He was to stand between offended Deity and offending man, to propitiate God and appease Him, to make Him humane. The priest was a special mediator between God on the one side, and man on the other ; and it was taught that God would not listen to Silas and Daniel : He would hear the word of Abner. So Abner must propitiate the Deity for Silas and Daniel.

The priest attempts this, first, by sacrifice, which the offending offers to the offended; and the sacrifice is an atonement, a peace-offering, a bribe to God to buy off his anger. Next, he attempts it by prayers, which, it is thought, alter the mind of God and his purpose; for the priest is supposed to be more humane than the God who made humanity. But God, it is thought, will not hear the prayer of the profane people, nor accept their sacrifice; only that of the sacred priest.

This, then, was the function of the heathen and Hebrew priest for a long time. Without sacrifice by the priest's hand, there was no salvation. That was the rule. "Come not empty-handed before the Lord," says the priest, "else He will turn you off." Then, the offering of a sacrifice was thought to be religion, and the priest's function was to offer it. That is the rudest form.

II. Next, the function of the priest is to reconcile the offended God to offending men by ritual action, and then to communicate salvation to men by outward means,—baptism, penitence, communion, absolution, extreme unction, and the like. Here the priest is no longer merely a sacrificer: he is a communicator of salvation already achieved; he does not make a new deposit of salvation, but only draws on the established fund. That is the chief function of the Catholic priest at this day. But still, like the Hebrew and heathen priests, he makes "intercession with God" for the living and the dead. "Out of the range of the sacraments of the Church," says he, "there is no salvation: the wrath of God will eat you up." The Catholic priest does not make a new and original sacrifice; for the one great sacrifice has been made once for all, and God has been appeased towards mankind in general. But the priest is to take that great sacrifice, and therewith redeem this and the other particular man; communicating to individuals the general salvation which Christ has wrought. With the Catholic, therefore, to take the sacraments is thought to be religion, and the great thing of religion.

III. Then, as a third thing, the priest aims to communicate and explain a miraculous revelation of the will of God; and the worshippers are to believe that miraculous revelation of the will of God, and have faith in it. That is the only means of salvation with them. So, in this third form,

to take the Scriptures and believe them is thought to be religion. This is the chief official function of the Protestant priest,—to communicate and explain the Scriptures; and all the theological seminaries in the Protestant world for the education of clergymen are established chiefly for that function,—to teach the young man to communicate and explain the Scriptures to mankind; for belief in them is thought to be religion. Chillingworth, two hundred years ago, said, "The Bible is the religion of Protestants;" and meant, To believe the Bible is the religion of Protestants! And that is what is meant by salvation by faith.

The line of historical continuity is never broke. The Catholic priest, like the Hebrew and the heathen, still claims to alter the mind of God by "intercession." The Protestant priest, like the Catholic, yet pretends to communicate salvation by the "sacraments," in the waters of baptism, or the bread and wine of communion; and to change the purposes of God, by prayer for rain in time of drought, for health in time of pestilence. However, the chief function of the Protestant priest is to communicate and explain the Scriptures; for he says, "Out of the range of belief in Scripture there is no salvation."

The heathen and Hebrew priests say, "Offer the sacrifice, and be saved." Says the Catholic priest, "Accept the sacrament, and be saved." Says the Protestant priest, "Believe the Scriptures, and be saved." That has been, or still is, the official function of these three classes of ministers in sacred things. They represent the three successive ideas of religion which have appeared in the heathen and Hebrew Church, in the Catholic Church, and lastly in the Protestant Church.

But at this day, in all the forms of religion which belong to the two leading races of mankind, the Caucasian and the Mongolian,—comprising the Hebrew, Zoroastrian, Buddhist, Christian, and Mahometan,—the priest has got an exceptional function. That has come upon him by accident, as it were, in the progress of man,—a human accident, for there are no divine ones; God lets nothing slip unawares from his pen: there are no accidents in his world. And that function is, to promote religion; to promote plain piety and plain morality—the love of God and the love of man.

This, I say, is exceptional. It is only a subsidiary part of the function, even of the Protestant minister. True, throughout all Christendom the priest demands righteousness. But mark this: he demands it as a measure convenient for present expediency, not as a principle necessary to eternal salvation. This exceptional function is more important with the Catholic than it was with the heathen or Hebrew; more important with the Protestant than it is with the Catholic. Still it is subsidiary; and it is thought that the sin of a whole life, however wicked, may be wiped out all at once, if, on his death-bed, a man repeats a few passages of Scripture, and declares his faith in the redemption of Christ, and a belief in the words of the Bible. A man so base as Aaron Burr—the most dreadful specimen of human depravity that America has yet produced, so far as I know—might have left an unblemished reputation for Christianity, if, a few weeks before he died, he had confessed his belief in every word between the lids of this Bible; had declared that he had no confidence in human virtue, hoped for salvation only through Christ; and if he had taken the communion at a priest's hand. That would have given him a better reputation in the churches than the noble career of Washington, and the long, philanthropic, and almost unspotted life of Franklin.

I say this is subsidiary. The Protestant priest does not rely on it as his main work; and, in proof of success, I have seldom known a minister point to the morality of his parish,—not a drunkard in it, not a licentious man, not a dishonest man, in it. I have seldom known him refer even to the comfort of his parish,—pauperism gone, all active, doing well, and well to do. He tells you of the number that he has admitted to the "Christian communion," of those that he has "sprinkled" with the waters of baptism; not the souls he has baptized with the Holy Ghost and its beauteous fire! Men wish to prove that the Americans are a "Christian people," a "religious people:" they tell the number of Bibles there are in the land; the number of churches that point their finger with such beauty to the sky; they never tell of the good deeds of the nation; of its institutions, of its ideas, its sentiments. And when an outcry is made against the advance of "in-

fidelity," nobody quotes the three million slaves, the political corruption of the rulers, the venality of the courts, the disposition to plunder other nations; nobody speaks of intemperance and licentiousness, and dishonesty in trade: they only say that some man "denies total depravity, or the fall," or "the miracles," or "the existence of a devil," and thinks he is "wiser than the Bible." Anywhere in Christendom it would be deemed a heresy against all Christendom to say that human nature was sufficient for human history, and had turned out on trial just as God meant it should turn out on trial; and that a man's salvation was his character, his heart, and his life.

If we start with the idea that God is infinitely perfect in power, in wisdom, in justice, and in love and holiness,—then the function of the minister is not to appease the wrath of God by sacrifice and intercession; not to communicate miraculous salvation; not even to communicate and explain a miraculous revelation: it will be to promote absolute religion amongst mankind.

He will start with three facts: first, with the infinite perfection of the dear God; next, with human nature, which God made as a perfect means to his perfect end,—human nature developed thus far in its history; and, as a third thing, with the material universe,—the ground under our feet and the heavens over our head; and he will take the universe, the world of matter and the world of man, as the revelation of the infinite God.

Then, I say, the function of the minister will be to teach and promote the religion of human nature in all its parts. He will aim to teach, first, natural piety, the subjective service of God, the internal worship. I mean the love of God with mind and conscience and heart and soul; in the intellectual form, the love of every truth and every beauty; in the moral form, the love of justice; in the affectional form, the love of God as love; and the love of God also as holiness: to say it in a word, love of the God of infinite wisdom, justice, love, and holiness,—the perfect God, the infinite Object, adequate to satisfy every spiritual desire of man.

Then he must aim to teach natural morality, the objective worship of God, which is the outward service. That is, the keeping of all the laws of the body and spirit

of man; service by every limb of the body, every faculty of the spirit, and every power which we possess over matter or over men.

The minister is to show what this piety and morality demand,—in the form, first, of individual life; then in the form of domestic life; then of social, political, ecclesiastical, and general human life. He is to show how this religion will look in the person of a man, in a family, community, church, nation, and world. That is his function.

He is not to humanize God, but to humanize men; not to appease the wrath of God,—there is no such thing; not to communicate a mysterious salvation from an imaginary devil in another world; but, in this life, to help men get a real salvation from want, from ignorance, folly, impiety, immorality, oppression, and every form of evil. He is to teach man to save himself by his character and his life; not to lean on another arm. His function is not to communicate and explain a miraculous revelation. He knows revelation only by constant modes of operation; revelation by law, not against law; revelation in this universe of matter and in this greater universe of man, not revelation by miracle. What is the exceptional function of the heathen, the Hebrew, the Catholic, and the Protestant priest, is the instancial and only function of the minister of the infinite God, who would teach the absolute religion.

Well, this minister must have regard to man in his nature as body and as spirit. Natural religion,—why, it is for this life, as well as the life to come. It is but part of the function of religion to save me for the next world: I must be saved for this. He is to teach men to subordinate the body to the spirit, but to give the body its due; to subordinate the lower desires to the higher; all finite desires, duties, and rights, to the infinite desire, duty, and right; but to do this so that no one faculty shall tyrannize over any other, but that a man shall be the harmony which God meant him to be. He is to see to it that every one is faithful to his own individual character, and takes no man for master; everybody for teacher who can serve and teach; nobody for master barely to command. And while he insists on individuality of life, he must also remember that the individual is for the family, that for the community, the community for the nation, and the nation for

mankind; and that all of these must be harmoniously developed together. Thus the partiality of friendship, of conubial or parental love, the narrowness of the clan, neighbourhood, or country, he is to correct by that universal philanthropy which takes in neighbourhood, nation, and all mankind.

He is to remember, also, the immortal life of man, and to shed the light of eternity into man's consciousness, in the hour of passion, and in the more dangerous, long, cold, clear day of ambition. In the hour of distress and dreadful peril, he is to help men to that faith in God which gives stillness in every storm. He is to help them overcome this puerile fear of death, and to translate their fear of God into love for Him,—into perfect, blameless, absolute trust in the Father; and he is to bring the light of all this beneficence upon men in the season of peril, and in the dreadful hour of mortal bereavement, when father and mother and child and wife gather blackness in their countenance, and pass away. Over the gate of death he is to arch the rainbow of everlasting life, and bid men walk through unabashed, and not ashamed. He is to promote the sentiment of religion, as a feeling of dependence on God, obligation to God, trust in God, and love for God; of ultimate dependence on His providence, unalienable obligation to keep His law, absolute trust in His protection, and a perfect and complete faith in His infinite perfection.

Then he is to promote the practice of this religion, so that what at first is an instinctive feeling shall be next a conscious idea of this ultimate dependence, unalienable obligation, absolute trust, and perfect and complete love; he is to promote the application of this consciousness of religion to all the departments of human life,—individual, domestic, social, national, and universal. Of all doctrines he is to ask, Are they true? of all statutes, Are they just? of all conduct, Is it manly, loving, and kind? of all things, —institutions, thoughts, and persons, Are they conformable to the nature of mankind, and so to the will of God? So his aim must be to make all men perfect men; to do this first to his own little congregation, and next to all mankind.

Now this cannot be done abstractly. Man is a body

as well as a spirit. In a material world, by means of material things, must he work out his spiritual problems. The soul is a soul in the flesh, and the eternal duties of life bear hard on the transient interests of to-day.

Man's character is always the result of two forces,—the immortal spirit within him, and the transient circumstances about him. The minister is to know, that nine persons out of ten have their character much influenced by the circumstances about them; and he is to see to it that those circumstances are good. Thus, the abstract work of promoting religion, and helping to form the character of the people, brings the minister into contact with the material forces of the world.

It is idle to say the minister must not meddle with practical things. If the sun is to shine in heaven, it must look into the street, and the shop, and the cellar; it must burnish with lovely light a filing of gold in the jeweller's shop, and it must illuminate the straggling straw in a farmer's yard. And just so religion, which communes with God with one hand, must lay the other on every human duty. So you see the relation which the minister must sustain to the great works of man, to political and commercial activity, to literature, and to society in general.

The State is a machine to work for the advantage of a special nation, for its material welfare alone, by means of certain restricted sentiments and ideas limited to that work, written in a Constitution, which is the norm of the statutes; by means of statute laws, which are the norm of domestic and social conduct. So the Legislature makes statutes for the material welfare of the majority of that nation; the Judiciary decides that the statutes conform to the Constitution; the Executive enforces the statutes, and the people obey. When the State has done this, it has done everything which its idea demands of it at the present day.

Now, the minister is to represent, not America, not England, not France alone, but the human nature of all mankind; and see that his nation harms no other nation; that the majority hinders no minority, however small; that it brings the weight of its foot upon no single man, never so little. He must see that the material comfort of

to-day is not got at the cost of man's spiritual welfare for to-day, to-morrow, and eternity. So he is to try every statute of men by the law of God; the Constitution of America by the Constitution of the Universe. National measures he must try by universal principles; and if a measure does not square with the abstract true and the abstract right, does not conform to the will and the law of God,—then he must cry out, “Away with it!” Statesmen look at political economy; and they ask of each measure, “Will it pay, here and now?” The minister must look for political morality, and ask, “Is it right in the eyes of God?” So you see that at once the pulpit becomes a very near neighbour to the State-house; and the minister must have an eye to correct and guide the politicians. He must warn men to keep laws that are just, warn them to break laws that are wicked; and, as they reverence the dear God, never to bow before an idol of statesmen or the State.

Then he must have an eye to the business of the nation; and while the trader asks only, “What merchandise can we make?” the minister must also ask, “What men shall we become?” Both the politicians and the merchant are wont to use men as mere tools, for the purposes of politics and trade, heedless of what comes, by such conduct, to their human instruments. The minister is to see to it, that man is never subordinated to money, morality never put beneath expediency, nor eternity sacrificed to to-day. The slave-trade was once exceedingly profitable to New-port and Liverpool, and was most eminently “respectable.” But the minister is to ask for its effects on men; the men that traffic, and the trafficked men. Once it was as disreputable in a certain church in this city to preach against slave-buying in Guinea and slave-selling in Cuba, as it is now to preach against slave-taking in Boston or New Orleans. The spirit of modern commerce is sometimes as hostile to the higher welfare of the people as the spirit of ancient war: both Old and New England have abundantly proved this in the present century.

The minister is to look also at the character of literature; to warn men of the bad, and guide them to the good. At this day the power of the press is exceedingly great for good or for evil. In America, thank God, it is a

free press; and no wicked censor lays his hand on any writer's page. See what a great expansion the press has got: what was a private thought one night in a senator's heart, is the next day a printed page, spread before the eyes of a million men. The press is an irresponsible power, and needs all the more to be looked after; and who is there to look after it, if not the minister that reverences the great God?

Then the minister is to study nicely the general conduct of society, and seek to guide men from mere desire to the solemn counsels of duty; to check the redundancy of appetite in the period of passion, and the redundancy of ambition in the more dangerous period of calculation; to guard men against sudden gusts of popular frenzy.

The great concerns of education come also beneath the minister's eye; and while the press, business, and politics keep the lower understanding intensely active and excessively developed, he is to guide men to the culture of reason, imagination, conscience, the affections, and the soul; is to show them a truth far above the forum and the market's din; is to lead them to justice and to love, and to enchant their eyes with the beauty of the infinite God. The minister of absolute religion must be the schoolmaster for the loftier intellect and the conscience; the teacher of a philanthropy that knows no distinction of colour or of race; the teacher of a faith in God which never shrinks from obedience to His law.

In society, as yet, there is still a large mass of "heathenism;"—I mean of scorn for that which is spiritual in the body, and immortal in the soul; a contempt for the feeble, hatred against the unpopular transgressor, a contempt for justice, a truckling to expediency, and a cringing to men of large understanding and colossal wickedness. Hence, in the nation there is a perishing class three and thirty hundred thousand strong, held as slaves. In all our great cities there is another perishing class, goaded by poverty, oppressed by crime. The minister is to be an especial guardian and benefactor of the neglected, the oppressed, the poor; eyes to the ignorant, and conscience and self-respect to the criminal. He is not to represent merely the gallows and the jail: he is to represent the

spirit of the man who "came to save that which was lost," and the infinite goodness of God, who sends this sunlight on you and me, as well as on better men.

Then, in all our great cities, there is one deep, and dark, and ghastly pit of corruption, whereinto, from all New-England's hills, there flows down what was once as fair and as pure and as virgin-fresh as the breath of maiden morn. It is the standing monument which shows the actual position of woman in modern society; that men regard her as the vehicle of their comfort and the instrument of their lust,—not a person, only a thing! The minister, remembering who it was that drew Moses out of the river Nile, and who washed the feet of one greater than Moses with her own tears, and wiped them with her hair, must not forget this crime, its consequences, which contaminate society, and its cause afar off,—contempt and scorn for woman: that is its cause.

In all this you see how different is the position and function of the minister of absolute religion from that of the mere priest. In Russia the few hold down the many, and the priest says nothing against it. He is there only to appease God, to administer salvation, to communicate Scripture; not to teach morality and piety. In America the many hold down the few,—the twenty millions chain the three; and the priest says nothing against it. What does he care? He goes on appeasing the wrath of God, administering salvation, explaining and communicating Scripture, and turns round and says: "This is all just as it should be, a part of the revelation, salvation, and sacraments too; come unto me, and believe, and be baptized with water." But the minister of absolute religion is to hold a different speech. He is to say: "My brethren, hold there! Stop your appeasing of God!—wait till God is angry. Stop your imputing of righteousness! There is no salvation in that. Stop your outcry of 'Believe, believe, believe?' Turn round and put an end to this hateful oppression, and tread it under your feet; and then come before your God with clean hands, and offer your gift. That is your sacrifice."

Warlike David plunders Uriah of the one lamb that lay all night in his bosom; then slays the injured man with the sword of the children of Ammon. The priest knows

it all, and says against it not a single word; but he slays his bullocks, and offers his goats and his turtledoves, and makes his sacrifices, and spreads out his hands and says, "Save us, good Lord! David is a man after the Lord's own heart. No word touches the conscience of the king under his royal robe. But there comes forth a plain man, not a priest, nay, a prophet: he points the finger, with his "Thou art the man!" and the penitent king lies prostrate and weeping in the dust.

A man of great intellect leads off the people: city by city they go over. All the priests of commerce cry out, "Let us do as we list." "There is no higher law!" "I will send back my own brother." Then it is for the minister to speak,—words tender if he can, but at all events, words that are true, words that are just.

Just now the American Esau is hungry again. The Cuban pottage is savoury. "Feed me," cries he; "for I am faint." "Eat, O Esau!" says the tempter, "rough and hairy, and tired with hunting gold in California, and negroes in New-England. Eat of this, O American Esau! and be glad. There is no God!" But the minister is to say: "American Esau, wilt thou sell thy birthright of unalienable justice? Thou sell that! Dost not thou remember the eye which never slumbers nor sleeps?"

This, my friends, is the function of the minister. Well, has he means adequate to his work? They are only his gifts by nature, and his subsequent attainments; his power of wisdom and justice, his power of love, and his power of religion; that is all: nothing more than that, with his power of speech to bring it to the heart of men. But he has for all the human nature which is in all men, which loves the true and the just, loves man and loves God. He has all the forces of the universe to help him just so far as he is on the side of truth and right; for all history is only a large showing, that "the way of the transgressor is hard;" and "the path of the righteous shineth more and more unto the perfect day." There are the august faces of noble men, who made the world loftier by their holiness, their philanthropy, and their faith in God. There are the prophets and apostles,—that Moses whom a woman drew out from the waters; this greater than Moses, whose feet a penitent sinner washed with

her tears. There are the blessed words in this book, fragrant all over with beauty and with trust in God. There are the words in every wise book. And, if the minister is strong enough, the ground under his feet is his ally; and the heavens over his head,—they also are his help; they both shall mingle in his sermon as these various flowers at my side mingle their beauty in this cup.

There are living men and women about him already to help. Some of them will teach him new piety and new morality. There are great teachers thereof abroad in the world at this day; there are others equally far-sighted in the stillness of many a home. Helpers for a religious work—they are everywhere. Soon as the trumpet gives a not uncertain sound, they set themselves in order, and are ready for the battle. The noblest men of the times come round to the side of truth and right; and, when the hands of Moses hang heavy, men and women hold them up, till the sun goes down, and the sky flames with victory.

The minister has a most excellent position. It is so partly by old custom. Rest on Sunday, and the institution of preaching, are two habits exceedingly needful at this day, and of great advantage, if wisely used. But his position is great also by its nature; for the minister is to preach on themes most concerning to all,—on the conduct of life, its final destination; is to appeal to what is deepest, dearest, truest, and what is divinest too, in mortal or immortal man.

The most cultivated class care little for piety; but, with the mass of men, religion has always been a matter the most concerning of all their concerns. So no earnest man ever spoke in vain. John the Baptist, Jesus of Nazareth, peasant Luther, hardy Latimer, courtly Fénelon, and accomplished Bossuet, when they speak, draw crowds from earth, and the humblest sinner looks up and aspires towards God. Men in our day forget the power of the pulpit, they see so few examples thereof. They know that bodily force is power; that money, office, a place in the senate, is power; they forget that the pulpit is power; that truth, justice, and love are power; that knowledge of God and faith in Him are the most powerful of all powers.

The churches decline. All over New-England they decline. They cannot draw the rich, nor drive the poor, as once they did of old. Why is it so? They have an idea which is behind the age; a theology that did very well for the seventeenth century, but is feeble in the nineteenth. Their science is not good science; you must take it on faith, not knowledge: it does not represent a fact. Their history is not good history: it does not represent man, but old dreams of miracles. They have an idea of God which is not adequate to the purposes of science or philanthropy, and yet more valueless for the purposes of piety. Hence men of science turn off with contempt from the God of the popular theology; the philanthropists can only loathe a Deity who dooms mankind to torture. And will you ask deeply pious men to love the popular idea of God? Here are in Boston a hundred ministers: you would hardly know it except by the calendar. Many of them are good, kind, well-conducted, well-mannered men, with rather less than the average of selfishness, and rather more than the average of charity. But how little do they bring to pass? Drunkenness reels through all the streets, and shakes their pulpit; the Bible rocks; but they have nothing to say, though it rock over. The kidnapper seizes his prey, and they have excuses for the stealer of men, but cannot put up a prayer for his victim; nay, would drive the fugitive from their own door. What is the reason? Blame them not. They are "ordained to appease the wrath of God," to "administer salvation" in wine or water, to "communicate and explain a miraculous revelation." They do not think that religion is piety and morality: it is belief in the Scriptures; compliance with the ritual. This is the cause which paralyzes the churches of New-England and all the North. The clergy are better than their creed. But who can work well with a poor tool?

Well, my friends, it is to this pulpit that I have come. This is my function, such are my means. There was never such a time for preaching as this nineteenth century,—so full of vigour, enterprise, activity; so full of hardy-headed men. There was never such a time to speak in, such a people to speak to. In no country could I have so fair "a chance to be heard" as you have given me.

There is nothing between me and my God; only my folly, my prejudice, my pride, my passion, and my sin. I may get all of truth, of justice, of love, of faith in God, which the dear Father has treasured up for eternity, age after age. "Fear not, my son," says the Father: "thou shalt have whatsoever thou canst take." And there is nothing betwixt me and the 23,000,000 of America, or the 260,000,000 of Christendom; nothing but my cowardice, my folly, my selfishness, and my sin; my poverty of spirit, and my poverty of speech. I am free to speak, you are free to hear; to gather the good into vessels, and cast the bad away. If old churches do not suit us, there is all the continent to build new ones on, all the firmament to build into. A good word flies swift and far. There is attraction for it in human hearts. Truth, justice, religion, and humanity,—how we all love them! Every day gives witness how dear they are to the hungry heart of man. Able men make a wicked statute, wicked judges violate the Constitution, and defile the great charter of human liberty with ungodly hoofs; but very seldom can they get the statute executed. "Keep it," says the priest: "there is no higher law!" The preaching comes to nothing; but a modest woman writes a little book—a great book; pardon me for calling it a little book—showing the wickedness of the law which men aim to enforce, and in thrice three months there are 400,000 copies of it in the bosom of the American and the British England; and it has become a flame in the heart of Christendom, which will not pass away.

Tell me of the "foolishness of preaching!" I have no confidence in "foolish preaching;" but I have an unbounded confidence in wise preaching,—in preaching truth, justice, holiness, and love; in preaching natural piety and natural morality. Only let the minister have a true idea of God such as men need, and of religion such as we want, and there was never such a time for preaching, for religious power. Let me pray the people's prayer of righteousness, of faith in man, in God; and I have no fear that the devil shall execute his "lower law."

There was never such a nation to preach to. Look at the vigour of America; only in her third century yet, and there are three and twenty millions of us in the family,

and such a homestead as never lay out of doors before. Look at her riches,—her corn, cattle, houses, shops, factories, ships, towns; her freedom here at the North,—at the South it is not America: it is Turkey in Asia moved over. Look at the schools, colleges, libraries, lyceums. The world never saw such a population; so rich, vigorous, well-educated, so fearless, so free, and yet so young. I know America very well. I know her faults; I have never spared them, nor never will. I have great faith in America; in the American idea; in the ideal of our government,—a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people; a government to serve the unalienable rights of man; government according to the law of God, and His constitution of the universe. To the power of numbers, of money, of industry, and invention, I will ask the nation to add the power of justice, of love, of faith in God and in the natural law of God. Then we might surpass the other nations, not only in vulgar numbers and vulgar gold, but in righteousness, which the good God asks of us.

I have confidence in America. I do not believe that American Democracy is always to be Satanic, and never celestial. I do not believe in the Democracy that swears and swaggers, that invades Mexico and Cuba, and mocks at every "higher law" which is above the passions of the mob. I know America better. The Democracy of the New Testament, of the Lord's Prayer, "Forgive as we forgive;" the Democracy of the beatitudes,—that shall one day be a "Kingdom come." I have confidence in America, because I have confidence in man and confidence in God; for He knew what He did when He made the world, and made human nature sufficient for human history and its own salvation.

I say I have great faith in preaching; faith that a religious sentiment, a religious idea will revolutionize the world to beauty, holiness, peace, and love. Pardon me, my friends, if I say I have faith in my own preaching; faith that even I shall not speak in vain. You have taught me that. You have taught me to have a good deal of faith in my own preaching; for it is your love of the idea which I have set before you, that has brought you together week after week, and now it has come to be year after year, in

the midst of evil report—it was never good report. It was not your love for me: I am glad it was not. It was your love for my idea of man, of God, and of religion. I have faith in preaching, and you have given me reason to have that faith.

I well know the difficulty in the way of the religious development of America, of New-England, of Boston. Look round, and see what blocks the wheels forward; how strong unrighteousness appears; how old it is, how ancient and honourable. But I am too old to be scared. I have seen too much ever to despair. The history of the world,—why, it is the story of the perpetual triumph of truth over error, of justice over wrong, of love against hate, of faith in God victorious over everything which resists His law. Is there no lesson in the life of that dear and crucified one? Eighteen hundred years ago his voice began to cry to us; and now it has got the ear of the world. Each Christian sect has some truth the others have not: all have earnest and holy-hearted men, sectarian in their creed, but catholic in character, waiting for the consolation, and seeking to be men.

I may have an easy life,—I should like it very well; a good reputation,—it would be quite delightful; I love the praise of men,—perhaps no man better. But I may have a hard life, a bad name in society, in the State, and a hateful name in all the churches of Christendom. My brothers and sisters, that is a very small thing to me, compared with the glorious gladness of telling men the whole truth, and the whole justice, and the whole love of religion. Before me pass the whirlwind of society, the earthquake of the State, and the fire of the Church; but through the storm, and the earthquake's crash, and the hiss of the fire, there comes the still small voice of reason, of conscience, of love, and of piety; and that is the voice of God. Those things shall perish, but this shall endure when the heavens have faded, as these poor flowers shall vanish away.

I am astonished, my friends, that men come to hear me speak; not at all amazed at the evil name which attends me everywhere. I am much more astonished that you came, and still come, and will not believe such evil things. In the dark hall we left but a week ago, which has now.

become a brilliant spot in my memory, all the elements were against us : here they are in our favour. Here is clear air in our mouths ; here is beauty about us on every side. The sacrament is administered to our eyes : O God, that I could administer such a sacrament of beauty also to your ear, and through it to your heart !

Bear with me and pardon me when I say that I fear that, of the many persons whom curiosity has brought hither to-day to behold the beauty of these walls, I cannot expect to gather more than a handful in my arms. Standing in this large expanse, with this crowd on every side, around and above me, and behind, I feel my weakness more than I have felt it ever before. If my word can reach a few earnest and holy hearts, and appear in their lives, then I thank my God that the word has come to me, and will try not to be faithless, but true.

I know my imperfections, my follies, my faults, my sins ; how slenderly I am furnished for the functions I assume. You do not ask that I should preach to you of that ; rather that I should preach thereof to myself, when there is no presence but the unslumbering Eye, which searches the heart of man.

If you lend me your ears, I shall doubtless take your hearts too. That I may not lead you into any wrong, let me warn you of this. Never violate the sacredness of your individual self-respect. Be true to your own mind and conscience, your heart and your soul. So only can you be true to God.

You and I may perish. Temptation, which has been too strong for thousands of stronger men, may be too great for me ; I may prove false to my own idea of religion and of duty ; the gold of commerce may buy me, as it has bought richer men ; the love of the praise of men may seduce me ; or the fear of men may deter my coward voice, and I may be swept off in the earthquake, in the storm, or in the fire, and prove false to that still small voice. If it shall ever be so, still the great ideas which I have set forth, of man, of God, of religion,—they will endure, and one day will be “a flame in the heart of all mankind.” To-day ! why, my friends, eternity is all around to-day, and we can step but towards that. A truth of the mind, of the conscience, of the heart, or the soul,—it is

the will of God ; and the omnipotence of God is pledged for the achievement of that will. Eternity is the lifetime of truth. As the forces of matter, from necessity, obey the laws of gravitation ; so the forces of man must, consciously and by our volition, obey the infinite will of God. Out of this absolute religion, which I so dimly see,—and it is only the dimness of the beginning of twilight which I behold, and whence I dimly preach,—there shall rise up one day men with the intellect of an Aristotle and the heart of a Jesus, and with the beauty of life which belongs to human nature ; there shall rise up full-grown and manly men, womanly women, attaining the loveliness of their estate ; there shall be families, communities, and nations ; ay, and a great world also, wherein the will of God is the law, and the children of God have come of age and taken possession. God's thought must be a human thing, and the religion of human nature get incarnated in men, families, communities, nations, and the world.

Can you and I do anything for that ? Each of us can take this great idea, and change it into daily life. That is the religion which God asks, the sacrament in which He communes, the sacrifice which He accepts.

A FRIENDLY LETTER

TO THE

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN
UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

TOUCHING

THEIR NEW UNITARIAN CREED OR GENERAL PROCLAMATION
OF UNITARIAN VIEWS.

TO MESSRS REV. SAMUEL K. LOTHROP, D.D., REV. CALVIN LINCOLN,
ISAIAH BANGS, ESQ., HON. ALBERT FEARING, REV. HENRY A.
MILES, D.D., REV. GEORGE W. BRIGGS, AND REV. WILLIAM A.
ALGER, LATE "EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN
UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION."

GENTLEMEN :—

At the recent meeting of the American Unitarian Association, on the 24th of last May, you submitted to that body a "Report," containing certain matters which lead me to address you this friendly letter. As a life-member of long standing in the Association, I feel called on to do this. For while in virtue of my membership, I enjoy the privilege of receiving the "tracts," published from time to time, I am aware that I also owe certain duties consequent on my membership, and on the enjoyment of that privilege. And though the membership was conferred on me without any action of my own, still I must look upon it in the nature of a trust, as well as a benefit, and must discharge the duties it involves. It is, therefore, in my capacity as a life-member of the American Unitarian Association, that I write you this letter, though I confess I feel that I owe likewise a duty to some Unitarian ministers younger than myself, and to the public at large, which I think I cannot accomplish without writing you this letter.

In "The Twenty-eighth Report of the American Unitarian Association," you say the tracts of the Association "are carried to the remotest and least inhabited portions of our broad land, and are read with avidity by the pioneer in our country's civilization;" and add, that "in many portions of our country, the inquiry, 'What is truth?' has lost none of its significance, and cannot be slighted, if we would be faithful to the cause of our Master." Still further you ask, "Is not one of the pressing wants in all new societies, that of well-considered and clearly-defined opinions, as to what the New Testament teaches, and what it requires?"

From these and other statements I infer that you desire to make known, widely and rapidly, the peculiar doctrines of religion which you hold dear. You say,—

"During the year we have been encouraged in our work by witnessing in different sections of our body a deep-felt desire for a closer alliance among those holding our common faith, a more intimate union of our churches, a convention of their moral forces in accomplishing appropriate Christian objects." (*Report*, p. 12.)

I rejoice with you in this encouraging aspect of things, and share that desire.

You add, moreover, that a clergyman from one of the Western States assured you

"That there were large numbers earnestly desiring a church organization which would secure mental independence, and waiting to hear the Gospel interpreted more in harmony with the instructions of enlightened reason, and the clearest dictates of our moral nature." (p. 13.)

You express a desire, "not only to enter upon, but largely to occupy this field of labour,"—that is, if I understand your language correctly, you wish to establish church organizations, which will "secure mental independence," and furnish a form of religion that is perfectly in harmony with the instructions of enlightened reason, and the clearest dictates of man's moral nature. You declare that

"Long-established formulas have, to no small extent, ceased to express the results of individual experience, and have lost much of their power over the common mind." (p. 13.)

After stating that the receipts of money for the purposes of the denomination "fail to indicate the required fidelity to our trust, as stewards of divine mercies in Jesus Christ," you "ask attention to the present attitude of our body, the difficulties with which it struggles, and the special duties incumbent upon it." You say,—

"We find that there were in the so-called Unitarian Controversy three primary drifts of meaning and purpose. First, it was a maintenance of the fullest right of individual freedom of judgment in all matters of opinion, a protest of discriminating consciences against the tyranny of church parties, tests, and creeds. Secondly, it was an assertion of the right province of reason in the interpretation of Scripture, and in the decision of religious and theological questions—a protest of enlightened understandings against the unnatural and repulsive points of the prevailing theology. Thirdly, it was a claim for a more genial and winning expression of the Christian character, a more hopeful and elevating view of man and nature in their actual relations to God—a protest of generous hearts against the stiff and stern formalities of the Puritanical piety." (p. 15.)

You state the occasion of that controversy :

"Among the people here, the congregational system of church government, established from the first, had fostered in a high degree the spirit of liberty, personal freedom of thought and speech. Their marked intellectual characteristics, and admirable educational system, had developed, to an uncommon extent, the spirit of intelligence and inquiry. Their ancestral experience, with its transmitted effects, had eminently nourished the spirit of loyalty to individual convictions of truth. And the strong humane tendencies of the age had kindled the spirit of philanthropy. Under these circumstances—eagerly interested, and deeply versed, as both clergy and laity then generally were in researches and discussions on all the mooted subjects of theology—a decided and somewhat extensive advance of rational and liberal views could scarcely fail to result."

"Accordingly, the offensive forms in which the darker dogmas of the common theology were at that time held, were emphatically assailed by many, and really rejected by more. This led to discussions, dissensions, bitter charges, and recriminations. The *exclusives* demanded the expulsion of their liberal brethren from fellowship. The *liberals* declared that the only just condition of a right to the Christian name and fellowship, was acknowledgment of the revelation by Christ, and manifestation of a Christian character and life. Their opponents insisted on the acceptance of the prevalent creeds in detail. By votes of majorities, they made such a test and com-

pelled its observance. Precisely this assumption of human authority was the actual cause of the final outbreak and division. The minority, refusing to yield, were driven from the common fellowship of the churches, and forced into a virtually distinct denominational existence and attitude." (pp. 15, 16.)

You declare that the formation of the liberal, that is, the Unitarian party, was "a necessary act of self-defence, to preserve intact from the tyranny of majorities the right which they had always exercised here of perfect individual freedom in matters of opinion." "The only striking particular on which they all held the same distinct view was in rejecting the Trinity, and proclaiming the unity of God."

But this belief of the unity of God, you are perhaps aware, was not peculiar to the new sect; for almost all the Trinitarians affirm the unity of God, a denial of which, or an affirmation of the multiplicity of gods, would be deemed a heresy, I take it, among either Catholic or Protestant Trinitarians. If this be so, then the new party were distinguished from others by their disbelief in the Trinity. Their only distinctive agreement, therefore, was in a negation. Still further you add:

"The new party in reality chiefly sought to *effect* the protection of their personal religious freedom from ecclesiastical encroachments, and chiefly desired to *assert* that Christianity is a practical religion rather than a theoretical theology, and that what makes a man acceptable or otherwise to God is not metaphysical truths or errors, but pure faith and love, piety and good works, or their opposites." (p. 17.)

It seems to me that you do not overrate the actual services of the Unitarian party, or the influence it has had in the spiritual development of America. You say,—

"In the first place, in co-operation with other causes, it has led to this: that while forty years ago there were only about twenty churches on the continent standing upon the Unitarian platform, there are now more than three thousand agreeing with us in nearly all essential doctrines, and entirely agreeing with us in the catholic spirit in which we would have religion established and administered. In the second place, it has been principally instrumental in securing an immense modification of all the most inconsistent and revolting features of the established theology and preaching, so that they are no longer to be compared with what they were." (p. 18.)

Yet you think that the Unitarian body does "not possess the organized and operative power which we ought to be wielding;" and that "our views have not acquired a tithe of the prevalence which they ought to have reached ere now." (p. 18.)

You then "glance briefly at the causes of this undue limitation of our progress." I will copy some of the things you say respecting five of these causes, of which you speak in detail.

I. "The liberal movement was in its origin a negative act of self-defence. It was in regard to all detail vague and indeterminate." But, you add, "it need no longer be so." "Now, we are ~~ready~~ to define our position, and concentrate and direct our energies, and invite the attention of the world to our aims and our methods. Our movement is no longer a contingent, local affair, but a broad and determined effort to purify our religion from the metaphysical abstractions and historic corruptions connected with it, and to diffuse a pure and rational Christianity among men." (p. 18, 19.)

II. "Our cause has been greatly hindered by the almost exclusively intellectual character it took at the commencement." "It practically elevated pure morals and kindly charities among men far above all passionate fervours of piety towards God. Its intellectual isolation and quietude could not stir and win the great masses of the people. But in this particular we are now, and have been for several years, more and more improving. Our preachers and our laity now recognize the necessity of piety as well as of morality." (pp. 19, 20.)

III. "A very great obstacle to the general adoption of our interpretations of Scripture, and conclusions in theology, is the tremendous power of prejudices instilled by education, and nourished by custom." (p. 20.)

IV. Another enemy "is the subtle power of social *prestige*. Except in some parts of New-England, and in a few other places, the so-called best society, the wealth, fashion, power of the Christian world, move in circles alien from our peculiar views, and regarding them with undissembled horror. The immense and dishonourable power thus silently, but most effectually wielded, is beginning to be felt even here, by means of the universal intercommunication of the world. Elsewhere, in scores of places, this influence is known by us to press with most unfair and disastrous weight against the advance of our cause. One of the saddest features of our times is this worldly and selfish infidelity to the light of knowledge, reason, and natural sentiment. Our views will never spread according to their intrinsic merits, until, by unflinching utterance of cogent argument, rebuke,

and appeal, we have forced upon the consciences of men a recognition of the sacred duty of public loyalty to private convictions of truth under all circumstances." (p. 21.)

V. "One of the chief clogs impeding our numerical advance, one of the principal sources of the odium with which we are regarded, and consequently of the common neglect or uncandid treatment of our arguments, has been what is considered the excessive radicalism and irreverence of some who have nominally stood within our own circle, and who have been considered by the public as representing our household of faith. They have seemed to treat the holy oracles, and the endeared forms of our common religion, with contempt. They have offensively assailed and denied all traces of the supernatural in the history of Christianity, and in the life of its august founder. In this way, shocking many pious hearts, and alarming many sensitive minds, they have brought an unwarranted and injurious suspicion and prejudice against the men and views that stood in apparent support of them and theirs, and have caused an influential reaction of fear against liberal opinions in theology. It seems to us that the time has arrived, when, by a proclamation of our general thought on this matter, we should relieve ourselves from the embarrassments with which we as a body are thus unjustly entangled by the peculiarities of a few, and those few not belonging to us alone." (pp. 21, 22.)

Now, gentlemen, you will pardon me, if I ask you a few questions, which I trust your desire to remove "one of the principal sources of the odium with which we are regarded," to stave off "unwarranted and injurious suspicion and prejudice," and to relieve yourselves from "the embarrassment with which, as a body, we are thus unjustly entangled,"—will induce you to answer. I shall mainly follow the order of the subjects in your Report.

1. Who are the persons that "have nominally stood within our own circle," and who "have offensively assailed and denied all traces of the supernatural in the history of Christianity, and in the life of its august founder?" It seems important that the names of all such should be given to the public in your answer. For, as you wish to relieve yourselves from the embarrassment with which you are entangled by their standing nominally within your circle, it is necessary that both those persons and the public should know who they are that have brought an "unwarranted and injurious suspicion and prejudice against the men and views that stood in apparent support

of them and theirs; and have caused an influential reaction of fear against liberal opinions in theology."

2. What are the peculiar doctrines of these men that wrought this mischief, and in what consists their "excessive radicalism and irreverence" which you complain of?

3. Are the doctrines of these men (whereof you complain as radical and irreverent) in your opinion true, and still offensive; or is their falseness their sole offence?

4. What is the ultimate standard by which you determine what is true and what is false, what right and what wrong, what religious and what not religious?

5. What do you propose to do with those persons who have wrought this mischief to your success; if they chance to be members of your churches, or "association,"—do you, as you say the "*exclusives*" did with the "*liberals*," demand their "expulsion" "from fellowship;" and "their acceptance of the prevalent creeds in detail;" and "by votes of majorities" to make "a test," and compel "its observance;" to deny that they are "Christians," "Unitarians," or "*liberals*;" to give them a bad name, and let them go?

You go on to say:

"The real facts in the case, as well as a due regard for the interests of truth, require us, in the most emphatic manner, to disavow any indorsement of that view which utterly denies the supernatural in Christianity. We desire, in a denominational capacity, to assert our profound belief in the Divine origin, the Divine authority, the Divine sanctions, of the religion of Jesus Christ. This is the basis of our associated action." (p. 22.)

Here I must continue my questions:

6. What do you mean by the phrase "supernatural in Christianity;" and how do you distinguish it from the "natural" in Christianity; what by the "Divine origin," the "Divine authority," the "Divine sanctions," of the religion of Jesus Christ?

You are aware that these words, "supernatural" and "divine," are used in several different senses. Thus, a very strong man is sometimes said to have "supernatural" strength; and "divine" often means only excellent; and in the sense of being derived from God. I take it, the law of gravitation has "Divine origin, Divine authority, and

Divine sanctions." Indeed, you say in your Report, that you believe "the divinely-ordained laws of the natural world." I wish to know if you, individually as men, and professionally as the "executive committee," believe that the religion of Jesus Christ had a miraculous "origin;" that it has "authority" separate from its truth and fitness for its function; that it has "sanctions" not dependent on its character, and different in kind from those which naturally attach to all true religion?

Still further you say,—

"We desire openly to declare and record our belief, as a denomination, so far as it can be officially represented by the American Unitarian Association, that God, moved by His own love, did raise up Jesus to aid in our redemption from sin, did by him pour a fresh flood of purifying life through the withered veins of humanity, and along the corrupted channels of the world, and is, by his religion, for ever sweeping the nations with regenerating gales from heaven, and visiting the hearts of men with celestial solicitations. We receive the teachings of Christ, separated from all foreign admixtures and later accretions, as infallible truth from God. (pp. 21—23.)

Here, also, I must ask for further information :

7. Do you believe that God "did raise up Jesus" miraculously, in a manner different from that by which he raises up other great and good men?

8. What is the meaning of "redemption from sin?" In your use of this language, I do not know whether you mean to say you believe that Christ aided in our "redemption from sin" by the religion which he taught, and the life which he lived, or by "his sacrifice and intercession." The Unitarians have sometimes been accused of using this and other damaged phraseology, in such a manner, that it was not easy to understand what was meant. I know you will rejoice to escape from this ambiguity, for you say,—

"What we intend is a general proclamation of our Unitarian views, as a guide to the inquirer who wishes to know reliably what our chief opinions really are."

9. When you say that God, by Jesus, poured "a fresh flood of purifying life," and is for ever "purifying the nations with renovating gales from heaven, and visiting the hearts of men with celestial solicitations," do you mean that God

does this *only* through Jesus, and that God's action through him is different in kind from His action through other men,—or is the difference only in degree?

10. What is meant by "the withered veins of humanity?" I understand this language in the mouths of such as believe "the total depravity and helplessness of human nature, and the dogma of the dislocation and degradation of the material world, and the causal introduction of physical death into it, by the sin of the first man;" but in those who "as a body disbelieve" that dogma, and who declare their belief in "the originally given and never wholly forfeited ability of man to secure his salvation by a right improvement of his faculties and opportunities, whether in Christian or in Pagan lands," it seems to me to require a little explanation.

11. When you say, "we receive the teachings of Christ as infallible truth from God," do you mean, in general, that you believe that all the "teachings" ascribed to Christ in the four Gospels, are the infallible truth of God," or do you pick over those Gospels, and from the various "teachings" therein ascribed to Christ, cull out "the infallible truth of God?"

Since the Gospels are in some respects contradictory to each other, and the fourth differs deeply and widely in several weighty particulars from its three predecessors, how do you determine what are "the teachings of Christ,"—and what are "foreign admixtures and later accretions;" and do you believe these teachings merely because they seem to you true, or because they are "the teachings of Christ,"—that is, are you led to believe thus by your own "human reason," or by his "divine authority?"

12. By what means do you know that all the teachings of Christ are the infallible truth of God;—and if you know a thing to be the "infallible truth of God," does it acquire any additional value by being also a teaching of Christ;—and if so, whence, and how, does it acquire this additional value;—and are not all true "teachings" equally "the infallible truth of God?"

In conclusion, I ask attention to a "subject of the greatest practical importance." To the charge, "Nobody can tell what Unitarianism is," you say, "We can give, and ought to give, a candid answer to the question, *What is*

Unitarianism? which greets you on all sides?" So you offer such a statement as seems to be demanded at your hands, adding, "If it be accepted by the body whose servants we are, it will be a record for authoritative reference;" though you say we do not propose "anything like a creed to be signed, or to have authority over individual minds." I do not know exactly what is meant by a document "for authoritative reference," which is yet not designed to "have authority over individual minds;" but I will not delay upon such minor matters.

You then proceed to make a "general proclamation of our Unitarian views, as a guide to the inquirer who wishes to know reliably what our chief opinions really are;" and with that design you give a list of dogmas which we, "as a body, disbelieve." If I understand you, these are the articles of disbelief, which I will number for convenience.

I. "The triune nature of God."

II. "All those commonly defended views of the principles and results of the Divine Government, which appear to us to involve a vindictive character."

III. "The current dogmas of the total depravity and helplessness of human nature, and the dogma of the dislocation and degradation of the material world, and the causal introduction of physical death into it by the sin of the first man."

IV. "The Deity of Christ."

V. "An infinite sacrifice vicariously expiating for, and purchasing the pardon of, the sins of mankind."

VI. "The arbitrary election of some to eternal bliss, and condemnation of others to eternal torture."

VII. "The resurrection of the fleshly body at any future day of judgment."

VIII. "That Christianity is any after-expedient devised for the magical salvation of man."

IX. "That the Scriptures are plenary inspired, that is, are the literal composition of God." (pp. 24, 25.)

Here to understand *what Unitarianism is*, I must ask a single question:

13. Do you deny that there is any vindictive element in God; that is, any element which would lead Him to cause an absolute evil to any creature;—and do you not find vindictive actions and qualities ascribed to God in the Bible?

Then you next state the things which "we as a body do believe," which I will restate, numbering the items as before.

I. "In the unity and in the paternal character and merciful government of God."

II. "In man's natural capacity of virtue and liability to sin, and in the historic and actual mingled sinfulness and goodness of all human character."

III. "In the divinely-ordained laws and orderly development of the natural world, admitting the facts of imperfection and the ravages of sin as incident to the scheme."

IV. "In the supernatural appointment of Christ as a messenger from God."

V. "In the originally given and never wholly forfeited ability of man to secure his salvation by a right improvement of his faculties and opportunities, whether in Christian or in Pagan lands."

VI. "In the immediate and unreturning passage of the soul, on release from the body, to its account and reward."

VII. "In the remedial, as well as retributive, office of the Divine punishments."

VIII. "We regard Christianity, not as in contradiction to, but as in harmony with, the teachings and laws of nature,—not as a gracious annulment of natural religion, or a devised revision of it, or antidote to it, but as a Divine announcement of its real doctrines with fulfilling completeness and crowning authority, its uncertainties being removed, and its dim points illuminated, and its operative force made historic, through the teachings, life, character, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ, of which we reverently receive the Scriptures as furnishing an authentic and reliable record, to be studied and discriminated under the guidance of reason, in the light of learning, and by the laws of universal criticism."

IX. "We believe in the absolute perfection of the one living, the only wise and true God. We believe in the omniscient scrutiny of His providence, the unspeakable nearness of His spirit, accessible to every obedient soul as the medium of regeneration and element of eternal life."

X. "We believe in the supernatural authority of Christ as a Teacher, in his divine mission as a Redeemer, in his moral perfection as an example."

XI. "We believe in the Scriptures as containing the recorded history of the promulgation of a revelation."

XII. "We believe in the existence and influence of hereditary evil, but hold that man is morally free and responsible, living under a dispensation of justice and mercy, wherein he is capable, by piety,

purity, love, and good works, of securing the approval of God, and fitting himself for heaven."

XIII. "In the all-transcending importance of a thoroughly earnest religious faith and experience."

XIV. "We believe that in the immortal life, beyond the grave, just compensations of glory and woe await us for what is left incomplete in the rewards and punishments of the present state."

XV. "We conceive the essence of Christianity, as adequately as it can be described in a few words, to be the historic and livingly-continued exertion of a moral power from God, through Christ, to emancipate the human race from the bondage of evil: it is the sum of intelligible and experimental truth and life incarnated in and clothed upon the historic person of Christ, sealed by the authority of his divine commission, recommended by the beauty of his divine character, stealing into prepared hearts, and winning the allegiance of the world.

Such are the great essentials by which we stand." (pp. 25—27.)

Here, also, I must ask you a few questions, that by your answers you may show the public how much you differ from those who, as you say, "have nominally stood within our own circle, and who have been considered by the public as representing our household of faith," but who "have offensively assailed and denied all traces of the supernatural in the history of Christianity and the life of its Divine Founder."

14. Do you believe, as it seems to me to be implied, if not distinctly stated in Nos. II. and V., that man has a "natural capacity" and ability to find out and perform his moral and religious duties, without a miraculous revelation, or other miraculous help from God?

15. Do you believe the "laws of the natural world" are "divinely ordained" in the same sense, and ethically binding on man, in the same way, and to the same degree, as the "doctrines of Christianity;" and if not, which is the superior, the divinely-ordained laws of Nature, or the supernaturally authorized teachings of Christ?

16. In what sense is Christianity a "divine announcement" of the real doctrines of natural religion; that is, what constitutes the *divineness* of the announcement in Christianity; are the same doctrines any more divinely announced, when taught by Jesus, than when taught by another person of the same purity of character; and if so, what

is the test by which you distinguish a "divine" from a human announcement; and does that "divine announcement" make a truth any more true, and a religious obligation any more obligatory, than a mere human announcement of the same truth and duty?

17. You say Christianity is an announcement of the doctrines "with fulfilling completeness and crowning authority." Do you believe that Christianity, as it was taught by Jesus of Nazareth, or his followers in any age of the Church, is so complete as to be exhaustive of natural religion, and to embrace the truths thereof, so that it will never be possible for mankind, or for any man, to have a religious truth which is not contained in that Christianity?

18. Do you believe this "divine announcement" of the real doctrines of natural religion gives them any "crowning authority" which they had not before, or do not have when announced by one not a Christian; and if so, does that new authority come from God, the Author of the divinely-ordained laws of the natural world, or from Jesus, who announces them?

19. What "uncertainties" of natural religion have been "removed," "through the teaching, life, character, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ," and by what means have they made sure what was before uncertain?

21. As you charge those who "have nominally stood in our ranks," and have wrought such damage to the Unitarian reputation, with having "seemed to treat the holy oracles and the endeared forms of our common religion with contempt," and as "the public have considered them as representing our household of faith," it becomes important that you should clearly avow your doctrines concerning the Scriptures, in order to relieve yourselves "from the embarrassments," with which, you say, "we, as a body, are thus unjustly entangled."

That you may extricate yourselves from this special difficulty I will ask you several questions.

In No. VIII. you say you receive the Scriptures as furnishing an authentic and reliable record of "the teachings, life, character, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ;" and again, in No. XI., "as containing the recorded history of the promulgation of a revelation;" and yet, once more

you do, "in the most emphatic manner, disown any indorsement of that view which utterly denies the supernatural in Christianity."

(1.) Do you believe that the "revelation" of whose "promulgation" you say the Scriptures contain "the recorded history," was a miraculous communication from God to man, or that it was a communication by means of the ordinary human faculties; and did it communicate what man did not know; what man could not know without this "revelation"?

(2.) Are all parts of the Scriptures "the recorded history of the promulgation of a revelation"?

(3.) Do you believe that all, or any of the writers of Scripture, had any inspiration which was supernatural and miraculous, either qualitatively in kind, or quantitatively in degree, which distinguishes them from all other writers? If some, but not all, which had it? Did their inspiration secure them from historical or dogmatic and other mistakes incident to men writing with no such miraculous inspiration?

(4.) Do you believe all the accounts of miraculous phenomena contained in the Scriptures of the Old Testament and the New Testament?

(5.) And to be more specific, and to limit the question to the matters of which you seem to say the Scriptures furnish "an authentic and reliable record," do you believe that Jesus of Nazareth was born with no human father, as it is distinctly related in the first and third Gospels, and that he wrought all the miracles ascribed to him in any or all of the Gospels? Do you believe the resurrection of Christ;—that is, do you believe that Jesus of Nazareth was entirely dead, and returned to entire life, and appeared to the natural, bodily senses of some of his disciples, and "did eat before them"?

You then define your position in relation to other parties:—

"We are distinguished, on the one extreme, from the sacerdotal and the Calvinistic churches, by our disbelief in the magically saving efficacy of sacramental forms or metaphysical dogmas. In the mean, we are distinguished from the liberal and growing body of our Universalist brethren, on this wise. It is our firm conviction that the final restoration of all is not revealed in the Scriptures, but that the

ultimate fate of the impenitent wicked is left shrouded in impenetrable obscurity, so far as the total declarations of the sacred writers are concerned; and while we do generally hold to the doctrine of salvation as a consistent speculation of the reason, and a strong belief of the heart, yet we deem it to be, in each case, a matter of contingency always depending on conditions freely to be accepted or rejected. Those of us who believe (as the large majority of us do) in the final recovery of all souls, therefore, cannot emphasize it in the foreground of their preaching as a sure part of Christianity, but only elevate it in the background of their system as a glorious hope, which seems to them a warranted inference from the cardinal principles of Christianity, as well as from the great verities of moral science. On the other extreme, we are distinguished from the ultra rationalists, by devoutly acknowledging the supernatural origin and contents of our faith, and taking a posture of lowly discipleship at the feet of Christ our Master, owning him for the immaculate Son of God."

22. Do you believe it consistent with the "absolute perfection," the "paternal character" of God, and "the omniscient scrutiny of his providence," to create, directly or indirectly, any human being who shall receive eternal torment in the next life? If you do not, and if the final recovery of all souls be "a consistent speculation of the reason, and a strong belief of the heart," and also "a warranted inference from the cardinal principles of Christianity, as well as from the great verities of moral science," why can you not "emphasize it" "in the foreground" of your "preaching as a sure part of Christianity"?

23. You speak of Christ as "our Master," "owning him for the immaculate Son of God." In what sense is Christ "our Master;" that is, do you take him as your "Master" absolutely, so that you accept his word as perfect truth, his actions as perfectly right, and do you subordinate your spirit absolutely to him, or only use his special superiority as your help to religious and other excellence? In what sense is he "immaculate;" does this word refer to his "immaculate conception and birth," or to some moral characteristic; do you believe that he was morally immaculate—that is, that in all his life, from birth till death, he never committed a sin, made no error, or mistake? If so, on what ground do you entertain this opinion? What is the nature of Christ—human or not human?

You say :—

"We are not infidels, spurning God's word, deifying human reason, and proudly relying on our own merits for admission to heaven, but, with deepest sense of human frailty and sin, we bow before every manifest token of God's will, and humbly trust in his pardoning goodness, so eminently certified to us through Christ, for salvation at last." (p. 26.)

24. What are "infidels," which you say "we are not"?

25. If you have the ability to secure your salvation by the right improvement of your faculties and opportunities, and yet do not rely "proudly" on your "own merits for admission to heaven," or on the "magically saving efficacy of sacramental forms, or metaphysical dogmas," what do you rely on for admission thither? Do you not believe that a man's happiness in the next world will depend on the faithfulness with which he uses his powers and opportunities here on earth; and if not, then on what other condition does it depend?

26. When, in describing your difference from the "infidels," you say, "We bow before every manifest token of God's will," do you mean any such token that is "manifest" to *you*, or which is "manifest" to some other person; and if the former, do you not believe that the "infidels," also, "bow before every token of God's will" which is "manifest" to *them*?

27. Do you maintain that a faithful belief in the creed you have published renders a man any more religious and acceptable to God, than a faithful belief in the truths of mere natural religion; or, in other words, do you maintain that a belief in the miracles related in the Bible, or in the statement that they contain "the recorded history of the promulgation of a revelation;" in "Christ as our Master," and the "immaculate Son of God," and in the "supernatural in Christianity," is essential to a religious character and life on earth, to acceptableness with God, and admission into heaven; or do you still, with the "liberal Christians," whom you succeed, "assert that Christianity is a practical religion rather than a theoretical theology, and that which makes a man acceptable or otherwise to God, is not metaphysical truths or errors, but

pure faith and love, piety and good works, or their opposites"?

28. Do you believe that your creed is entirely free from error, and contains all religious truth, so that, on the one hand, it is needless to try and remove mistakes therefrom, and on the other, to look for further truth?

You have seen fit, gentlemen, to bring very serious charges against some persons. It has been repeatedly intimated that I am one of them, and, therefore, you will see at once that I have a claim on you for a distinct reply to the above questions, which your publication has called out. In your Report you have said,—

"Not what they were brought up under, or what they love, or what they would like, or what they think would work well, but that which, after honest and adequate inquiry, they are convinced is true, must men accept and follow."

I know you have deeply at heart the welfare of the denomination you represent; and sympathizing with your desire to diffuse a pure and rational Christianity among men, I shall watch with interest for your joint and official reply to my letter, and remain

Your obedient servant,

THEODORE PARKER.

Boston, October 3rd, 1853.

THEODORE PARKER'S
EXPERIENCE AS A MINISTER,

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS EARLY LIFE, AND EDUCATION
FOR THE MINISTRY.

PREFACE.

THE following letter from Mr Parker to his congregation has been received within a few days. It sufficiently explains itself, and needs no introduction. For the information, however, of those who may not be familiar with the circumstances which gave rise to the other letters which are here printed, it may be well to make the following statements:—

Mr Parker's health, which had been gradually failing for a year or two previous, during the year 1858 became so much impaired as to excite the serious apprehensions of his friends. He continued, however, though suffering from much illness, to preach regularly at the Music Hall—with two intermissions, of several weeks each, when positively unable to officiate—up to the 2nd of January last, when he delivered a discourse entitled "What Religion may do for a Man: a Sermon for the New Year," which has since been given to the public.

On the following Sunday the congregation assembled as usual, expecting to listen to their minister. He did not appear, but sent the following note, which was read to the audience:—

Sunday Morning, Jan. 9, 1859.

TO THE CONGREGATION AT THE MUSIC HALL.

WELL-BELOVED AND LONG-TRIED FRIENDS,—I shall not speak to you to-day; for this morning, a little after four o'clock, I had a slight attack of bleeding in the lungs or

throat. I intended to preach on "The Religion of Jesus and the Christianity of the Church, or the Superiority of Good Will to Man over Theological Fancies."

I hope you will not forget the contribution for the poor, whom we have with us always. I don't know when I shall again look upon your welcome faces, which have so often cheered my spirits when my flesh was weak.

May we do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God, and His blessing will be upon us here and hereafter, for His infinite love is with us for ever and ever.

Faithfully your Friend,
THEODORE PARKER.

The sensation of grief excited by the reading of this note was general and profound. Very many eyes were dimmed with tears, for although the withdrawal of Mr Parker from his public ministrations had not been altogether unanticipated by those who had been aware of his feeble state of health for some time previous, yet it had been hoped that no trouble so serious as that announced in the note would arise.

After the reading of the note, a meeting of the parish was held, at which, after remarks by several gentlemen, it was voted to continue the salary of Mr Parker for one year, at least, with the understanding that he would take a respite from all public duties for that period, or longer. A vote expressive of the deep and heartfelt sympathy of the society with their minister was also unanimously passed.

Mr Parker was advised by his physicians to leave as soon as possible for the West Indies; and accordingly, after arranging his affairs as if he were not to return again, he left Boston for Santa Cruz on the 3rd of February. Previous to his departure he wrote a brief farewell letter to his congregation, on the 27th of January, which was published at the end of the New Year's Sermon, and is now reprinted here.

Meanwhile the letter from the congregation to their minister, bearing the date of January 11th, was prepared, and read at a meeting of the standing committee of the society and many others of Mr Parker's friends, held on that day; and at that time, and within a few days subse-

quent, was signed by about 300 members of the society. This number of signatures might easily have been increased tenfold had it been generally known that such a letter had been written; but owing to the critical condition of Mr Parker's health, it was deemed advisable to use special precaution to keep it from his knowledge, and therefore no public notice of the letter was given, and the signatures attached to it were privately obtained from such persons as were most easily accessible. For the same reason it was not considered prudent to apprise Mr Parker of the letter previous to his leaving Boston, and it was not until the 6th of March that he received it at Santa Cruz.

The whole correspondence is now published for the members of the society, and all others whom it may interest.

Boston, June 10, 1859.

FAREWELL LETTER.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY IN BOSTON.

MUCH VALUED FRIENDS,—When I first found myself unable to speak to you again, and medical men bade me be silent, and flee off for my life to a more genial clime, I determined, before I went, to make ready and publish my New Year's Sermon, the last I ever preached; and the one which was to follow it, the last I ever wrote, lying there yet unspoken; and also to prepare a letter to you, reviewing our past intercourse of now nearly fifteen years.

The phonographer's swift pen made the first work easy, and the last sermon lies printed before you; the next I soon laid aside, reserving my forces for the last! But, alas! the thought, and still more the emotion, requisite for such a letter, under such circumstances, are quite too much for me now. So, with much regret, I find myself compelled by necessity to forego the attempt: nay, rather, I trust, only to *postpone* it for a few weeks.

Now, I can but write this note in parting, to thank you for the patience with which you have heard me so long; for the open-handed generosity which has provided for my unexpected needs; for the continued affection which so many of you have always shown me, and now more tenderly than ever; and yet, above all, for the joy it has given me to see the great ideas and emotions of true religion spring up in your fields with such signs of promise. If my labours were to end to-day, I should still say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," for I think few men have seen larger results follow such labours, and so brief. But I shall not think our connection is ended, or likely soon to be: I hope yet to look in your eyes again, and speak to your hearts. So far as my recovery depends on me, be assured, dear friends, I shall leave nothing undone to effect it; and, so far as it is beyond human control, certainly you and I can trust the Infinite Parent of us all, without whose beneficent providence not even a sparrow falls to the ground; living here or in heaven, we are all equally the children of that unbounded Love.

It has given me great pain that I could not be with such of you as have lately suffered bereavements and other affliction, and at least speak words of endearment and sympathy when words of consolation would not suffice.

I know not how long we shall be separated, but, while thankful for our past relations, I shall still fervently pray for your welfare and progress in true religion, both as a society, and as individual men and women. I know you will still think only too kindly of

Your Minister and Friend,

THEODORE PARKER.

Exeter Place, Jan. 27, 1859.

LETTER TO MR PARKER.

THE MEMBERS OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL
SOCIETY OF BOSTON TO THEIR BELOVED MINISTER.

DEAR SIR,—It is now many years since you came, at the request of some of us, to preach in this city. A few

men and women, acting under the impulse of a deep religious need, which the churches of Boston at that time failed to satisfy, sought to establish a pulpit which should teach a higher idea of religion than yet prevailed, and wherein the largest freedom of thought and speech should be allowed and respected. They asked you to come and stand in such a pulpit, thinking that you would meet their demand, and resolving that you should "have a chance to be heard in Boston"—a chance which other men were not willing to allow. At their earnest solicitation you came, and the result has shown that they were not mistaken in their choice.

On the formal organization of the society, when you were installed as its minister, on the 4th of January, 1846, you preached a sermon of "The True Idea of a Christian Church." How well and faithfully you have laboured from that time till now to make that idea a fact, and to build up such a church, we all know. From Sunday to Sunday, year after year—with rare exceptions, when other duties or necessities compelled your absence—you have been at your post, and have always discharged the great functions of your office in a manner which has left nothing to be desired on your part—avoiding no responsibility, neglecting no trust, leaving no duty undone, but working with an ability, energy, perseverance, and self-sacrifice, of which it is not, perhaps, becoming in us to speak at length in this place, but which we cannot the less admire and approve. Outside of the pulpit, we have always found you equally faithful to your responsibilities and duties in all the various relations of life.

Nor have your labours and your example been in vain. You have taught us to discern between the traditions of men and the living realities of religion; you have brought home to our consciousness great truths of the intellect, the conscience, the heart, and the soul; you have shown us the infinite perfection of God, and the greatness of human nature, inspired us with a higher reverence for Him, a deeper trust in His universal providence, with a larger faith also in man and his capabilities. You have encouraged us to oppose all manner of wickedness and oppression, to welcome every virtue and humanity, to engage in all good works and noble reforms. From the

experience of mankind, of nations, and of individuals, you have drawn great lessons of truth and wisdom for our warning or guidance. Above all, your own noble and manly and Christian life has been to us a perpetual sermon, fuller of wisdom and beauty, more eloquent and instructive, even, than the lessons which have fallen from your lips.

In all our intercourse with you, you have ever been to us as a teacher, a friend, and brother, and have never assumed to be our master. You have respected and encouraged in us that free individuality of thought in matters of religion, and all other matters, which you have claimed for yourself; you have never imposed on us your opinions, asking us to accept them because they were yours, but you have always warned us to use a wise discretion, and decide according to our own judgment and conscience, not according to yours. You have not sought to build up a sect, but a free Christian community.

You have indeed been a minister to us, and we feel that your ministry has been for our good; that through it we are better prepared to successfully resist those temptations and to overcome those evils by which we are surrounded in life, to discharge those obligations which devolve upon us as men aiming to be Christians, and to acquit ourselves as we ought.

As we have gathered together from Sunday to Sunday, as we have looked into your face, and your words have touched our sympathies, and stirred within us our deepest and best emotions, as we have come to know you better year by year, and to appreciate more fully the service which you have been doing for us and for other men, and the faithfulness with which you have laboured in it, we have felt that ours was indeed a blessed privilege; and we have indulged a hope that our lives might testify to the good influence of your teachings—a hope which we humbly trust has to some extent, at least, been realized. If we have failed to approximate that high ideal of excellence which you have always set before us, the blame is our own, and not yours.

The world has called us hard names, but it is on you that have fallen the hatred, the intolerance, the insults, and calumnies of men calling themselves Christian. Alas! that they should be so wanting in the first principles of that religion which Christ taught and lived, and which they pretend to honour and uphold. Of those who have

opposed us, many have done so through ignorance, misled by the false representations of others; some from conscientious motives; others from selfishness in many forms. Time has already done much to correct this evil with many; it will do more to correct it with others. While the little we may have sacrificed on our part has been as nothing in comparison with all we have gained, from our connection with you, as members of this society, on yours the sacrifice has been great indeed—not, however, without its recompense to you also, we hope and trust.

For all that you have been to us, for all that you have done, and borne, and forborne, in our behalf, we thank you kindly, cordially, and affectionately. We feel that we owe you such gratitude as no words of ours can express. If we have not shown it in the past by conforming our lives to that high standard of morality and piety, which you have exemplified in your own, let us at least try to do so in the future.

We cannot but feel a just pride in the success of this church; that in spite of all obstacles, it has strengthened and increased from year to year, and that the circle of its influence has continually widened. Thousands of earnest men and women in this and other lands, who do not gather with us from week to week, look to this church as their "city of refuge;" their sympathies, their convictions, and their hopes coincide with our own; they are of us, though not with us. Most of them have never listened to your voice, nor looked upon your face, but the noble words which you have uttered are dear to their hearts, and they also bless God for the service which you have done for them.

In all your labours for us and for others, we have only one thing to regret, and that is, that you have not spared yourself, but have sacrificed your health and strength to an extent which, of late, has excited our deepest solicitude and apprehension. We thank God that he furnished you with a vigorous constitution, which has stood the test of so many years of incessant and unwearied toil, in so many departments of usefulness, and which has enabled you to accomplish so much as you have already done; but there is a limit to the endurance of even the strongest man, and the frequent warnings which you have received within the past year or two would seem to indicate that nature will not suffer even the best of her children to transgress the great

laws which she has established for their observance, without inflicting the penalty of disobedience, even though they are engaged in the highest and holiest service which man can render unto man. We would not presume to instruct you in this matter; we only repeat what you have yourself often taught us.

A warning now comes of so imperative a nature that it cannot be disregarded.

We need not assure you that the note from you which was read at the Music Hall on Sunday morning last, was listened to by us with the most sincere and heartfelt sorrow—sorrow, however, not unmingled with hope. While we feel the deepest and warmest sympathy for you under the new and serious development of the disease from which you are suffering, we yet trust that it is not too late to arrest its progress, and that, in some more genial clime than ours, relieved from the cares and responsibilities which have borne heavily upon you for so many years, you may regain that soundness of health which shall enable you to resume, at some future day, the great work to which you have devoted your life.

We know with how much reluctance it is that you feel compelled to suspend your labour among us at this time; but there is the less cause for regret on your part, inasmuch as you have, by the services you have already rendered to mankind, far more than earned the right to do so, even if the necessity did not exist.

Whether it is for a longer or a shorter period that you will be separated from us, of course none of us can tell. In any event, God's will be done! and at all times, wherever you may be, you will have our deepest veneration and regard.

Waiting for that happier day when we shall again take you by the hand, and again listen to your welcome voice, we remain,

Your faithful and loving Friends

(In behalf of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society),

SAMUEL MAY,
MARY MAY,
THOMAS GODDARD,
FRANCIS JACKSON,
Boston, Jan. 11, 1859.

JOHN FLINT,
WILLIAM DALL,
JOHN R. MANLEY.
And three hundred others.

REPLY OF MR PARKER.

Fredericksted, Santa Cruz, May 9, 1859.

To Samuel May, Mary May, Thomas Goddard, Francis Jackson, John Flint, William Dall, John R. Manley, and the other signers of a letter to me, dated Boston, Jan. 11, 1859.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Your genial and most welcome letter was handed to me at this place the 6th of March; I had not strength before to bear the excitement it must occasion. It was Sunday morning; and while you were at the Music Hall, I read it in this little far-off island, with emotions you may imagine easier than I can relate. It brought back the times of trial we have had together, and your many kindnesses to me. I can easily bear to be opposed, and that with the greatest amount of abuse; for habit makes all things familiar. I fear it flatters my pride a little, to be greatly underrated; but to be appreciated so tenderly by your affection, and rated so much above my own deservings, it makes me ashamed that I am no more worthy of your esteem and praise:

“I’ve heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning!”

Herewith I send you, and all the members of the society, a long letter, reviewing my life, and especially my connection with you. I began to compose it before I knew of your letter to me, before I left Boston—indeed, in sleepless nights; but wrote nothing till I was fixed in this place, and then only little by little, as I had strength for the work. I finished it April 19th, and so date it that day. The fair copy sent you is made by my wife and Miss Stevenson, and of course was finished much later. I have had no safe opportunity of sending it direct to you till now, when Miss Thacher, one of our townswomen, returning hence to Boston, kindly offers to take charge of it. If this copy does not reach you, I shall forward another from Europe.

The letter would have been quite different, no doubt, in plan and execution—better, I hope, in thought and language, had I been sound and well; for all a sick man's work seems likely to be infected with his illness. I beg you to forgive its imperfections, and be as gentle in your judgment as fairness will allow.

Though I have been reasonably industrious all my life, when I come to look over what I have actually done, it seems very little in comparison with the opportunities I have had; only the beginning of what I intended to accomplish. But it is idle to make excuses now, and not profitable to complain.

As that letter is intended for all the members of the twenty-eighth Congregational Society, I beg you to transmit it to the Standing Committee—I know not their names—who will lay it before them in some suitable manner.

With thanks for the past, and hearty good wishes for your future welfare, believe me

Faithfully your Minister and Friend,

THEODORE PARKER.

Fredericksted, Santa Cruz, May 9, 1859.

TO THE STANDING COMMITTEE OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY IN BOSTON.

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES,—Here is a letter addressed to the members of your society. I beg you to lay it before them in such a manner as you may see most fit. Believe me

Faithfully your Minister and Friend,

THEODORE PARKER.

THEODORE PARKER'S EXPERIENCE.

LETTER.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL
SOCIETY OF BOSTON.

MY DEAR AND VALUED FRIENDS,—After it became needful that I should be silent, and flee off from my home, I determined, at least, before I went, to write you a letter, touching our long connection, and my efforts in your service, and so bid you farewell. But the experienced doctors and other wise friends forbade the undertaking, and directed me to wait for a more favourable time, when the work might be more leisurely and better done, with less risk also to my life; promising indeed a time when it would not diminish the chances of recovery. In the twenty-four days which came between the sudden, decisive attack, and my departure from Boston, there was little time for even a sound, well man to settle and arrange his worldly affairs, to straighten out complicated matters, and return thanks to the many that have befriended him in the difficult emergencies of life—for surely I left home as one not to set eyes on New-England again. Since then there has been no time till now when I have had strength to endure the intellectual labour, and still more the emotional agitation, which must attend such a review of my past life. Consumption, having long since slain almost all my near kinsfolk, horsed on the north-wind, rode at me also, seeking my life. Swiftly I fled hither, hoping in this little quiet and far-skied Island of the Holy Cross to hide me from his monstrous sight, to pull his arrows from my flesh, and heal my wounded side. It is yet too soon to conjecture how or when my exile shall end; but at home, wise, friendly, and hopeful doctors told me I had “but one chance in ten” for complete recovery,

though more for a partial restoration to some small show of health, I suppose, and power of moderate work. But if the danger be as they say, I do not despair nor lose heart at such odds, having often in my life contended against much greater, and come off triumphant, though the chances against me were a hundred or a thousand to one. Besides, this is now the third time that I remember friends and doctors despairing of my life. Still, I know that I am no longer young, and that I stand up to my shoulders in my grave, whose uncertain sides at any moment may cave in and bury me with their resistless weight. Yet I hope to climb out this side, and live and work again amid laborious New-England men; for, though the flesh be weak and the spirit resigned to either fate, yet still the will to live, though reverent and submissive, is exceeding strong, more vehement than ever before, as I have still much to do—some things to begin upon, and many more lying now half done, that I alone can finish—and I should not like to suffer the little I have done to perish now for lack of a few years' work.

I know well both the despondency of sick men that makes the night seem darker than it is, and also the pleasing illusion which flits before consumptive patients, and while this Will-o'-the-wisp comes flickering from their kindred's grave, they think it is the breaking of a new and more auspicious day. So indeed it is, the Day-spring from on high, revealing the white, tall porches of Eternity. Let you and me be neither cheated by delusive hopes, nor weakened by unmanly fears, but, looking the facts fairly in the face, let us meet the inevitable with calmness and pious joy, singing the wealthy psalm of life:—

“Give to the winds thy fears;
 Hope and be undismayed!
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head!
 Though comprehended not,
 Yet Earth and Heaven tell,
 He sits a Father on the throne:
 God guideth all things well!”

But while my strength is but weakness, and my time for this letter so uncertain, I will waste neither in a lengthened introduction, knowing “it were a foolish thing to make a long prologue, and be short in the story itself.”

In this letter I must needs speak much of myself, and tell some things which seem to belong only to my private history; for without a knowledge of them, my public conduct might appear other than it really is. Yet I would gladly defer them to a more fitting place, in some brief autobiography to be published after my death; but I am not certain of time to prepare that, so shall here, in small compass, briefly sketch out some small personal particulars which might elsewhere be presented in their full proportions, and with appropriate light and shade. As this letter is confidential and addressed to you, I could wish it might be read only to the members of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, or printed solely for their affection, not also published for the eye of the world; but that were impossible, for what is offered to the hearts of so many, thereby becomes accessible to the eyes and ears of all who wish to see and hear; so what I write private to you, becomes public also for mankind, whether I will or not.

In my early boyhood I *felt* I was to be a minister, and looked forward with eager longings for the work to which I still think my nature itself an "effectual call," certainly a deep one, and a continuous. Few men have ever been more fortunate than I in having pains judiciously taken with their intellectual culture.

My early education was not costly, as men count expense by dollars; it was exceeding precious, as they might reckon outlay by the fitness of the process to secure a development of natural powers. By father and mother, yes, even by brothers and sisters, great and unceasing care was taken to secure power of observation, that the senses might grasp their natural objects; of voluntary attention, fixed, continuous, and exact, which, despite of appearances, sees the fact just as it is, no more, no less; of memory, that holds all things firm as gravitation, and yet, like that, keeps them unmixed, not confusing the most delicate outline, and reproduces them at will, complete in the whole, and perfect in each part; much stress was also laid on judgment and inventive imagination. It was a great game they set me to play; it was also an advantage that the counters cost little money, but were common things, picked up daily on a farm, in a kitchen, or a mechanic's thoughtful shop. But still more pains were taken with

my moral and religious culture. In my earliest boyhood I was taught to respect the instinctive promptings of conscience, regarding it as the "voice of God in the soul of man," which must always be obeyed; to speak the truth without evasion or concealment; to love justice and conform to it; to reverence merit in all men, and that regardless of their rank or reputation; and, above all things, I was taught to love and trust the dear God. He was not presented to me as a great King, with force for his chief quality, but rather as a Father, eminent for perfect justice, and complete and perfect love, alike the parent of Jew and Gentile, Christian and non-Christian, dealing with all, not according to the accident of their name and situation, but to the real use each should make of his talents and opportunities, however little or great. I was taught self-reliance, intellectual, moral, and of many another form; to investigate all things with my own eyes; carefully to form opinions for myself, and while I believed them reasonable and just, to hold and defend them with modest firmness. Inquiry was encouraged in all directions.

Of course I took in many of the absurd theological opinions of the time; but I think few New-Englanders born of religious families in the first ten years of this century, were formally taught so little superstition. I have met none with whom more judicious attempts were made to produce a natural unfolding of the religious and moral faculties; I do not speak of results, only of aim and process. I have often been praised for virtues which really belonged to my father and mother, and if they were also mine, they must have come so easy under such training, that I should feel entitled to but small merit for possessing them. They made a careful distinction between a man's character and his creed, and in my hearing never spoke a bigoted or irreverent word.

As my relatives and neighbours were all hard-working people, living in one of the most laborious communities in the world, I did not fail to learn the great lesson of personal industry, and to acquire power of work—to begin early, to continue long, with strong and rapid stroke. The discipline and habit of bodily toil were quite easily transferred to thought, and I learned early to apply my mind with exact, active, and long-continued attention, which

outward things did not disturb; so, while working skillfully with my hands, I could yet think on what I would.

Good books by great masters fell into even my boyish hands; the best English authors of prose and verse, the Bible, the Greek and Roman classics—which I at first read mainly in translations, but soon became familiar with in their original beauty—these were my literary helps. What was read at all, was also studied, and not laid aside till well understood. If my books in boyhood were not many, they were much, and also great.

I had an original fondness for scientific and metaphysical thought, which found happy encouragement in my early days: my father's strong, discriminating, and comprehensive mind also inclining that way, offered me an excellent help. Nature was all about me; my attention was wisely directed to both use and beauty, and I early became familiar with the flora of New-England, and attentive also to the habits of beast and bird, insect, reptile, fish. A few scientific works on natural history gave me their stimulus and their help.

After my general preliminary education was pretty well advanced, the hour came when I must decide on my profession for life. All about me there were ministers who had sufficient talents; now and then one admirably endowed with learning; devout and humane men, also, with no stain on their personal character. But I did not see much in their clerical profession to attract me thither; the notorious dulness of the Sunday services, their mechanical character, the poverty and insignificance of the sermons, the unnaturalness and uncertainty of the doctrines preached on the authority of a "divine and infallible revelation," the lifelessness of the public prayers, and the consequent heedlessness of the congregation, all tended to turn a young man off from becoming a minister. Besides, it did not appear that the New-England clergy were leaders in the intellectual, moral, or religious progress of the people; if they tried to seem so, it was only the appearance which was kept up. "Do you think our minister would dare tell his audience of their actual faults?"—so a rough blacksmith once asked me in my youth. "Certainly I do!" was the boyish answer. "Humph!" rejoined the smith, "I should like to have him begin, then!" The genius of Emerson

soon moved from the clerical constellation, and stood forth alone, a fixed and solitary star. Dr Channing was the only man in the New-England pulpit who to me seemed great. All my friends advised me against the ministry—it was “a narrow place, affording no opportunity to do much!” I thought it a wide place.

The legal profession seemed to have many attractions. There were eminent men in its ranks, rising to public honours, judicial or political; they seemed to have more freedom and individuality than the ministers. For some time I hesitated, inclined that way, and made preliminary studies in the law. But at length the perils of that profession seemed greater than I cared to rush upon. Mistaking sound for sense, I thought the lawyer's moral tone was lower than the minister's, and dared not put myself under that temptation I prayed God not to lead me into. I could not make up my mind to defend a cause I knew to be wrong, using all my efforts to lead judge or jury to a decision I thought unjust. A powerful and successful practitioner told me “none could be a lawyer without doing so,” and quoted the well-known words of Lord Brougham. I saw men of large talents yielding to this temptation, and counting as great success what to me even then seemed only great ruin. I could not decide to set up a law-mill beside the public road, to put my hand on the winch, and by turning one way, rob innocent men of their property, liberty, life; or, by reversing the motion, withdraw the guilty from just punishment, pecuniary or corporeal. Though I hesitated some time, soon as I got clearness of sight, I returned to my first love, for that seemed free from guile. I then asked myself these three questions:—

1. “Can you seek for what is eternally true, and not be blinded by the opinions of any sect, or of the Christian Church; and can you tell that truth you learn, even when it is unpopular and hated?” I answered, “I CAN!” Rash youth is ever confident.

2. “Can you seek the eternal right, and not be blinded by the statutes and customs of men, ecclesiastical, political, and social; and can you declare that eternal right you discover, applying it to the actual life of man, individual and associated, though it bring you into painful relations of men?” Again I swiftly answered, “I CAN.”

3. "Can you represent in your life that truth of the intellect and that right of the conscience, and so not disgrace with your character what you preach with your lips?" I doubted of this more than the others; the temptation to personal wickedness seemed stronger than that to professional deceit—at least it was then better known; but I answered, "I CAN TRY, AND WILL!"

Alas! I little knew all that was involved in these three questions, and their prompt, youthful answers. I understand it better now.

So I determined to become a minister, hoping to help mankind in the most important of all human concerns, the development of man's highest powers.

Zealously I entered on my theological education, with many ill-defined doubts, and some distinct denials, of the chief doctrines of the ecclesiastical theology of Christendom.

1. In my early childhood, after a severe and silent struggle, I made way with the ghastly doctrine of Eternal Damnation and a wrathful God; this is the Goliath of that theology. From my seventh year I have had no *fear* of God, only an ever-greatening love and trust.

2. The doctrine of the Trinity, the "great mystery of Revelation," had long since gone the same road. For a year, though born and bred among Unitarians, I had attended the preachings of Dr Lyman Beecher, the most powerful orthodox minister in New-England, then in the full blaze of his talents and reputation, and stirred also with polemic zeal against "Unitarians, Universalists, Papists, and Infidels." I went through one of his "protracted meetings," listening to the fiery words of excited men, and hearing the most frightful doctrines set forth in sermon, song, and prayer. I greatly respected the talents, the zeal, and the enterprise of that able man, who certainly taught me much, but I came away with no confidence in his theology; the better I understood it, the more self-contradictory, unnatural, and hateful did it seem. A year of his preaching about finished all my respect for the Calvinistic scheme of theology.

3. I had found no evidence which to me could authorize a belief in the supernatural birth of Jesus of Nazareth. The two-fold Biblical testimony was all; that was con-

tradictory and good for nothing ; we had not the affidavit of the mother, the only competent human witness, nor even the declaration of the son ; there was no circumstantial evidence to confirm the statement in the Gospels of a most improbable event.

4. Many miracles related in the Old and New Testament seemed incredible to me ; some were clearly impossible, others ridiculous, and a few were wicked ; such, of course, I rejected at once, while I still arbitrarily admitted others. The general question of miracles was one which gave me much uneasiness, for I had not learned carefully to examine evidence for alleged historical events, and had, besides, no clear conception of what is involved in the notion that God ever violates the else constant mode of operation of the universe. Of course I had not then that philosophical idea of God which makes a theological miracle as impossible as a round triangle, or any other self-evident contradiction.

5. I had no belief in the plenary, infallible, verbal inspiration of the whole Bible, and strong doubts as to the miraculous inspiration of any part of it. Some things were the opposite of divine ; I could not put my finger on any great moral or religious truth taught by revelation in the New Testament, which had not previously been set forth by men for whom no miraculous help was ever claimed. But, on the whole matter of Inspiration, I lacked clear and definite ideas, and found neither friend nor book to help me.

In due time I entered the Theological School at Cambridge, then under the charge of the Unitarians, or "Liberal Christians." I found excellent opportunities for study : there were able and earnest professors, who laid no yoke on any neck, but left each man free to think for himself, and come to such conclusions as he must. Telling what they thought they knew, they never pretended they had learned all that may be known, or winnowed out all error from their creed. They were honest guides, with no more sophistry than is perhaps almost universal in that calling, and did not pretend to be masters. There, too, was a large library containing much valuable ancient lore, though, alas ! almost none of the new theologic thought of the German masters. Besides, there was leisure, and un-

bounded freedom of research; and I could work as many hours in the study as a mechanic in his shop, or a farmer in his field. The pulpits of Boston were within an easy walk, and Dr Channing drew near the zenith of his power.

Here, under these influences, I pursued the usual routine of theological reading, but yet, of course, had my own private studies, suited to my special wants. It is now easy to tell what I then attempted without always being conscious of my aim, and what results I gradually reached before I settled in the ministry.

I. I studied the Bible with much care. First, I wished to learn, What is the Bible—what books and words compose it? this is the question of criticism; next, What does the Bible mean—what sentiments and ideas do its words contain? this is the question of interpretation. I read the Bible critically, in its original tongues, the most important parts of it also in the early versions, and sought for the meaning early attributed to its words, and so studied the works of Jewish Rabbis on the Old Testament, and of the early Christian Fathers on both New and Old; besides, I studied carefully the latest critics and interpreters, especially the German.

I soon found that the Bible is a collection of quite heterogeneous books, most of them anonymous, or bearing names of doubtful authors, collected none knows how, or when, or by whom; united more by caprice than any philosophic or historic method, so that it is not easy to see why one ancient book is kept in the Canon and another kept out. I found no unity of doctrine in the several parts; the Old Testament "reveals" one form of religion, and the New Testament one directly its opposite; and in the New Testament itself, I found each writer had his own individuality, which appears not only in the style, the form of thought, but quite as much in the doctrines, the substance of thought, where no two are well agreed.

Connected with this Biblical study, came the question of inspiration and of miracles. I still inconsistently believed, or half believed, in the direct miraculous interposition of God, from time to time, to set things right which else went wrong, though I found no historic or philosophic reason for limiting it to the affairs of Jews and Christians, or the early ages of the Church. The whole matter of miracles

was still a puzzle to me, and for a long time a source of anxiety; for I had not studied the principles of historic evidence, nor learned to identify and scrutinize the witnesses. But the problem of inspiration got sooner solved. I believed in the immanence of God in man, as well as matter, his activity in both; hence, that all men are inspired in proportion to their actual powers, and their normal use thereof; that truth is the test of intellectual inspiration, justice of moral, and so on. I did not find the Bible inspired, except in this general way, and in proportion to the truth and justice therein. It seemed to me that no part of the Old Testament or New could be called the "Word of God," save in the sense that all truth is God's word.

II. I studied the historical development of religion and theology amongst Jews and Christians, and saw the gradual formation of the great ecclesiastical doctrines which so domineered over the world. As I found the Bible was the work of men, so I also found that the Christian Church was no more divine than the British State, a Dutchman's shop, or an Austrian's farm. The miraculous, infallible Bible, and the miraculous, infallible Church, disappeared when they were closely looked at; and I found the fact of history quite different from the pretension of theology.

III. I studied the historical development of religion and theology amongst the nations not Jewish or Christian, and attended as well as I then could to the four other great religious sects—the Brahminic, the Buddhistic, the Classic, and the Mohammedan. As far as possible at that time, I studied the sacred books of mankind in their original tongues, and with the help of the most faithful interpreters. Here the Greek and Roman poets and philosophers came in for their place, there being no sacred books of the classic nations. I attended pretty carefully to the religion of savages and barbarians, and was thereby helped to the solution of many a difficult problem. I found no tribe of men destitute of religion who had attained power of articulate speech.

IV. I studied assiduously the metaphysics and psychology of religion. Religious consciousness was universal in human history. Was it then natural to man, inseparable from his essence, and so from his development? In my

own consciousness I found it automatic and indispensable; was it really so likewise in the human race? The authority of Bibles and Churches was no answer to that question. I tried to make an analysis of humanity, and see if by psychologic science I could detect the special element which produced religious consciousness in me, and religious phenomena in mankind—seeking a cause adequate to the facts of experience and observation. The common books of philosophy seemed quite insufficient; the sensational system so ably presented by Locke in his masterly Essay, developed into various forms by Hobbes, Berkeley, Hume, Paley, and the French Materialists, and modified, but not much mended, by Reid and Stewart, gave little help; it could not legitimate my own religious instincts, nor explain the religious history of mankind, or even of the British people, to whom that philosophy is still so manifold a hindrance. Ecclesiastical writers, though able as Clarke and Butler, and learned also as Cudworth and Barrow, could not solve the difficulty; for the principle of authority, though more or less concealed, yet lay there, and, like buried iron, disturbed the free action of their magnetic genius, affecting its dip and inclination. The brilliant mosaic, which Cousin set before the world, was of great service, but not satisfactory. I found most help in the works of Immanuel Kant, one of the profoundest thinkers in the world, though one of the worst writers, even of Germany; if he did not always furnish conclusions I could rest in, he yet gave me the true method, and put me on the right road.

I found certain great primal intuitions of human nature, which depend on no logical process of demonstration, but are rather facts of consciousness given by the instinctive action of human nature itself. I will mention only the three most important which pertain to religion.

1. The instinctive intuition of the divine, the consciousness that there is a God.
2. The instinctive intuition of the just and right, a consciousness that there is a moral law, independent of our will, which we ought to keep.
3. The instinctive intuition of the immortal, a consciousness that the essential element of man, the principle of individuality, never dies.

Here, then, was the foundation of religion, laid in human

nature itself, which neither the atheist nor the more pernicious bigot, with their sophisms of denial or affirmation, could move, or even shake. I had gone through the great spiritual trial of my life, telling no one of its hopes or fears; and I thought it a triumph that I had psychologically established these three things to my own satisfaction, and devised a scheme which to the scholar's mind, I thought, could legitimate what was spontaneously given to all, by the great primal instincts of mankind.

Then I proceeded to develop the contents of these instinctive intuitions of the divine, the just, and the immortal, and see what God actually is, what morality is, and what eternal life has to offer. In each case I pursued two methods—the inductive and deductive.

First, from the history of mankind—savage, barbarous, civilized, enlightened—I gathered the most significant facts I could find relating to men's opinions about God, Morality, Heaven, and Hell, and thence made such generalizations as the facts would warrant, which, however, were seldom satisfactory; for they did not represent facts of the universe, the actual God, justice, and eternal life, but only what men had thought or felt thereof; yet this comparative and inductive theology was of great value to me.

Next, from the primitive facts of consciousness, given by the power of instinctive intuition, I endeavoured to deduce the true notion of God, of justice, and futurity. Here I could draw from human nature, and not be hindered by the limitations of human history; but I know now better than it was possible then, how difficult is this work, and how often the inquirer mistakes his own subjective imagination for a fact of the universe. It is for others to decide whether I have sometimes mistaken a little grain of brilliant dust in my telescope for a fixed star in heaven.

To learn what I could about the spiritual faculties of man, I not only studied the sacred books of various nations, the poets and the philosophers who professedly treat thereof, but also such as deal with sleep-walking, dreams, visions, prophecies, second-sight, oracles, ecstasies, witchcraft, magic wonders, the appearance of devils, ghosts, and the like. Besides, I studied other works which lie out from the regular highway of theology, the spurious books.

attributed to famous Jews or Christians, Pseudepigraphy of the Old Testament, and the Apocrypha of the New, with the strange fantasies of the Neoplatonists and Gnostics. I did not neglect the writings of the Mystics, though at that time I could only make a beginning with the more famous or most tenderly religious; I was much attracted to this class of men, who developed the element of piety, regardless of the theologic ritualism of the church, the philosophic discipline of the schools, or the practical morality of common life. By this process, I not only learned much of the abnormal action of the human spirit, and saw how often a mere fancy passes for fact, and a dreamer's subjectiv  whim bestrides some great harbour of the world for a thousand years, obstructing all tall ships, until an earthquake throws it down; but I also gleaned up many a precious flower which bloomed unseen in those waste places of literature, and was unknown to the authorized florae of the school or church.

I left the Theological School with reluctance, conscious of knowing so little of what I must presently teach, and wishing more years for research and thought. Of course my first sermons were only imitations; and even if the thought might, perhaps, be original, the form was old, the stereotype of the pulpit. I preached with fear and trembling, and wondered that old and mature persons, rich in the experience of life, should listen to a young man, who might, indeed, have read and thought, but yet had had no time to live much and know things by heart. I took all possible pains with the matter of the discourse, and always appealed to the religious instinct in mankind. At the beginning I resolved to preach the natural laws of man as they are writ in his constitution, no less and no more. After preaching a few months in various places, and feeling my way into the consciousness of men, I determined to preach nothing as religion which I had not experienced inwardly, and made my own, knowing it by heart. Thus, not only the intellectual, but also the religious part of my sermons would rest on facts that I was sure of, and not on the words of another. I was indebted to another young candidate for the hint. I hope I have not been faithless to the early vow. A study of the English State Trials, and a careful analysis of the arguments of the great speeches

therein, helped me to clearness of arrangement, and distinctness in the use of terms. Here and in the Greek and Latin orations I got the best part of my rhetorical culture.

On the longest day of 1837, I was ordained Minister of the Unitarian Church and Congregation at West Roxbury, a little village near Boston, one of the smallest societies in New-England, where I found men and women whose friendship is still dear and instructive. I had thought freely, and freely preached what I thought; none had ever questioned my right. At the Theological School, the professors were then teachers to instruct, not also inquisitors to torture and to damn; satisfied of the religious character of the pupils, they left each to develope his own free spiritual individuality, responsible only to his own conscience and his God. It was then the boast of the little Unitarian party that it respected individuality, freedom of thought, and freedom of speech, and had neither Inquisitors nor Pope. Great diversity of opinion prevailed amongst Unitarians, ministers and laymen, but the unity of religion was more thought of than the variety of theology. At ordinations, for some years, their councils had ceased to inquire into the special opinions of the candidate, leaving him and the society electing to settle the matter. The first principle of congregationalism certainly requires this course. As a sect, the Unitarians had but one distinctive doctrine—the unity of God without the Trinity of Persons. Christendom said, “Jesus of Nazareth is Jehovah of Hosts!” The Unitarians answered, “He is not!” At my ordination, none of the council offered to catechise me, or wished to interfere with what belonged to me and the congregation, and they probably thought of my piety and morality more than of the special theology which even then rode therewith in the same panniers. The able and earnest ministers who preached the sermon, delivered the charge, and gave me the right-hand of fellowship, all recommended study, investigation, originality, freedom of thought and openness of speech, as well as humanity, and a life of personal religiousness. One, in his ordaining prayer, his hand on my head, put up the petition, “that no fondness for literature or science, and no favourite studies, may ever lead this young man from learning the true religion, and

preaching it for the salvation of mankind!" Most heartily did I say "Amen!" to this supplication.

For the first year or two the congregation did not exceed seventy persons, including the children. I soon became well acquainted with all in the little parish, where I found some men of rare enlightenment, some truly generous and noble souls. I knew the characters of all, and the thoughts of such as had them. I took great pains with the composition of my sermons; they were never out of my mind. I had an intense delight in writing and preaching; but I was a learner quite as much as a teacher, and was feeling my way forward and upward with one hand, while I tried to lead men with the other. I preached natural laws, nothing on the authority of any church, any tradition, any sect, though I sought illustration and confirmation from all these sources. For historical things, I told the historical evidence; for spiritual things, I found ready proof in the primal instincts of the soul, and confirmation in the life of religious men. The simple life of the farmers, mechanics, and milk-men, about me, of its own accord, turned into a sort of poetry, and re-appeared in the sermons, as the green woods, not far off, looked in at the windows of the meeting-house. I think I preached only what I had experienced in my own inward consciousness, which widened and grew richer as I came into practical contact with living men, turned time into life, and mere thought became character.

But I had much leisure for my private humanitarian and philosophic studies. One of the professors in the Theological School had advised against my settling "in so small a place," and warned me against "the seductions of an easy-chair," telling me I must become a "minister at large for all mankind," and do with the pen what I could not with the voice. I devoted my spare time to hard study. To work ten or fifteen hours a day in my literary labours, was not only a habit, but a pleasure; with zeal and delight I applied myself anew to the great theological problems of the age.

Many circumstances favoured both studious pursuits and the formation of an independent character. The years of my preliminary theological study, and of my early ministry, fell in the most interesting period of New-Eng-

land's spiritual history, when a great revolution went on—so silent that few men knew it was taking place, and none then understood its whither or its whence.

The Unitarians, after a long and bitter controversy, in which they were often shamelessly ill-treated by the "orthodox," had conquered, and secured their ecclesiastical right to deny the Trinity, "the Achilles of dogmas;" they had won the respect of the New-England public; had absorbed most of the religious talent of Massachusetts, founded many churches, and possessed and liberally administered the oldest and richest college in America. Not yet petrified into a sect, they rejoiced in the large liberty of "the children of God," and, owning neither racks nor dungeons, "did not covet any of those things that were their neighbours'." With less education and literary skill, the Universalists had fought manfully against eternal damnation—the foulest doctrine which defiles the pages of man's theologic history—secured their ecclesiastical position, wiping malignant statutes from the law books, and, though in a poor and vulgar way, were popularizing the great truth that God's chief attribute is LOVE, which is extended to all men. Alone of all Christian sects, they professedly taught the immortality of man in such a form that it is no curse to the race to find it true! But, though departing from those doctrines which are essential to the Christian ecclesiastic scheme, neither Universalist nor Unitarian had broken with the authority of Revelation, the word of the Bible, but still professed a willingness to believe both Trinity and Damnation, could they be found in the miraculous and infallible Scripture.

Mr Garrison, with his friends, inheriting what was best in the Puritan founders of New-England, fired with the zeal of the Hebrew prophets and Christian martyrs, while they were animated with a spirit of humanity rarely found in any of the three, was beginning his noble work, but in a style so humble that, after much search, the police of Boston discovered there was nothing dangerous in it, for "his only visible auxiliary was a negro boy." Dr Channing was in the full maturity of his powers, and after long preaching the dignity of man as an abstraction, and piety as a purely inward life, with rare and winsome eloquence, and ever progressive humanity, began to apply his sublime

doctrines to actual life in the individual, the state, and the church. In the name of Christianity, the great American Unitarian called for the reform of the drunkard, the elevation of the poor, the instruction of the ignorant, and, above all, for the liberation of the American slave. A remarkable man, his instinct of progress grew stronger the more he travelled and the further he went, for he surrounded himself with young life. Horace Mann, with his coadjutors, began a great movement, to improve the public education of the people. Pierpont, single-handed, was fighting a grand and two-fold battle—against drunkenness in the street, and for righteousness in the pulpit—against fearful ecclesiastic odds, maintaining a minister's right and duty to oppose actual wickedness, however popular and destructive. The brilliant genius of Emerson rose in the winter nights, and hung over Boston, drawing the eyes of ingenuous young people to look up to that great, new star, a beauty and a mystery, which charmed for the moment, while it gave also perennial inspiration, as it led them forward along new paths, and toward new hopes. America had seen no such sight before; it is not less a blessed wonder now.

Besides, the Phrenologists, so ably represented by Spurzheim and Combe, were weakening the power of the old supernaturalism, leading men to study the constitution of man more wisely than before, and laying the foundation on which many a beneficent structure was soon to rise. The writings of Wordsworth were becoming familiar to the thoughtful lovers of nature and of man, and drawing men to natural piety. Carlyle's works got reprinted at Boston, diffusing a strong, and then, also, a healthy influence on old and young. The writings of Coleridge were reprinted in America, all of them "aids to reflection," and brilliant with the scattered sparks of genius; they incited many to think, more especially young Trinitarian ministers; and, spite of the lack of both historic and philosophic accuracy, and the utter absence of all proportion in his writings; spite of his haste, his vanity, prejudice, sophistry, confusion, and opium—he yet did great service in New-England, helping to emancipate enthralled minds. The works of Cousin, more systematic, and more profound as a whole, and far more catholic and comprehensive, con-

tinental, not insular, in his range, also became familiar to the Americans—reviews and translations going where the eloquent original was not heard—and helped to free the young mind from the gross sensationalism of the academic philosophy on one side, and the grosser supernaturalism of the ecclesiastic theology on the other.

The German language, hitherto the priceless treasure of a few, was becoming well known, and many were thereby made acquainted with the most original, deep, bold, comprehensive, and wealthy literature in the world, full of theologic and philosophic thought. Thus, a great storehouse was opened to such as were earnestly in quest of truth. Young Mr Strauss, in whom genius for criticism was united with extraordinary learning and rare facility of philosophic speech, wrote his "Life of Jesus," where he rigidly scrutinized the genuineness of the Gospels and the authenticity of their contents, and, with scientific calmness, brought every statement to his steady scales, weighing it, not always justly, as I think, but impartially always, with philosophic coolness and deliberation. The most formidable assailant of the ecclesiastical theology of Christendom, he roused a host of foes, whose writings—mainly ill-tempered, insolent, and sophistical—it was very profitable for a young man to read.

The value of Christian miracles, not the question of fact, was discussed at Boston, as never before in America. Prophecy had been thought the Jachin, and miracles the Boaz, whereon alone Christianity could rest; but, said some, if both be shaken down, the Lord's house will not fall. The claims of ecclesiastical tradition came up to be settled anew; and young men, walking solitary through the moonlight, asked, "Which is to be permanent master—a single accident in human history, nay, perchance only the whim of some anonymous dreamer, or the substance of human nature, greatening with continual development, and

"Not without access of unexpected strength?"

The question was also its answer.

The rights of labour were discussed with deep philanthropic feeling, and sometimes with profound thought, metaphysic and economic both. The works of Charles Fourier—a strange, fantastic, visionary man, no doubt,

but gifted also with amazing insight of the truths of social science—shed some light in these dark places of speculation. Mr Ripley, a born Democrat, in the high sense of that abused word, and one of the best cultured and most enlightened men in America, made an attempt at Brook-farm in West Roxbury, so to organize society that the results of labour should remain in the workman's hand, and not slip thence to the trader's till; that there should be "no exploitation of man by man," but toil and thought, hard work and high culture, should be united in the same person.

The natural rights of women began to be inquired into, and publicly discussed; while in private, great pains were taken in the chief towns of New-England, to furnish a thorough and comprehensive education to such young maidens as were born with two talents, mind and money.

Of course, a strong reaction followed. At the Cambridge Divinity school, Professor Henry Ware, jun., told the young men, if there appeared to them any contradiction between the reason of man and the letter of the Bible, they "must follow the written word," "for you can never be so certain of the correctness of what takes place in your own mind, as of what is written in the Bible." In an ordination sermon, he told the young minister not to preach himself, but Christ; and not to appeal to human nature for proof of doctrines, but to the authority of revelation. Other Unitarian ministers declared, "There are limits to free inquiry:" and preached, "Reason must be put down, or she will soon ask terrible questions;" protested against the union of philosophy and religion, and assumed to "prohibit the banns" of marriage between the two. Mr Norton—then a great name at Cambridge, a scholar of rare but contracted merit, a careful and exact writer, born for controversy, really learned and able in his special department, the interpretations of the New Testament—opened his mouth and spoke: the mass of men must accept the doctrines of religion solely on the authority of the learned, as they do the doctrines of mathematical astronomy; the miracles of Jesus—he made merry at those of the Old Testament—are the only evidence of the truth of Christianity; in the popular religion of the Greeks and Romans, there was no conception of God; the new philosophic attempts to ex-

plain the facts of religious consciousness were "the latest form of infidelity;" the great philosophical and theological thinkers of Germany were "all atheists;" "Schleiermacher was an atheist," as was also Spinoza, his master, before him; and Cousin, who was only "that Frenchman," was no better; the study of philosophy, and the neglect of "Biblical criticism," were leading mankind to ruin—everywhere was instability and insecurity!

Of course, this reaction was supported by the ministers in the great churches of commerce, and by the old literary periodicals, which never knew a star was risen till men wondered at it in the zenith; the Unitarian journals gradually went over to the opponents of freedom and progress, with lofty scorn rejecting their former principles, and repeating the conduct they had once complained of; Cambridge and Princeton seemed to be interchanging cards. From such hands Cousin and Emerson could not receive needed criticism, but only vulgar abuse. Dr Channing could "not draw a long breath in Boston," where he found the successors of Paul trembling before the successors of Felix. Even Trinitarian Moses Stuart seemed scarcely safe in his hard-bottomed Hopkinsian chair, at Andover. The Trinitarian ministers and city schoolmasters galled Horace Mann with continual assaults on his measures for educating the people. Unitarian ministers struck hands with wealthy liquor dealers to drive Mr Pierpoint from his pulpit, where he valiantly preached "temperance, righteousness, and judgment to come," appealing to "a day after to-day." Prominent anti-slavery men were dropped out of all wealthy society in Boston, their former friends not knowing them in the streets; Mr Garrison was mobbed by men in handsome coats, and found defence from their fury only in a jail; an assembly of women, consulting for the liberation of their darker sisters, was driven with hootings into the street. The Attorney-General of Massachusetts brought an indictment for blasphemy against a country minister, one of the most learned Biblical scholars in America, for publicly proving that none of the "Messianic prophecies" of the Old Testament was ever fulfilled by Jesus of Nazareth, who accordingly was not the expected Christ of the Jews. Abner Kneeland, editor of a newspaper, in which he boasted of the name "Infidel," was

clapped in jail for writing against the ecclesiastical notion of God, the last man ever punished for blasphemy in the State. At the beck of a Virginian slave-holder, the Governor of Massachusetts suggested to the legislature the expediency of abridging the old New-England liberty of speech.

The movement party established a new quarterly, the *Dial*, wherein their wisdom and their folly rode together on the same saddle, to the amazement of lookers-on. The short-lived journal had a narrow circulation, but its most significant papers were scattered wide by newspapers which copied them. A *Quarterly Review* was also established by Mr Brownson, then a Unitarian minister and "sceptical democrat" of the most extravagant class, but now a Catholic, a powerful advocate of material and spiritual despotism, and perhaps the ablest writer in America against the rights of man and the welfare of his race. In this he diffused important philosophic ideas, displayed and disciplined his own extraordinary talents for philosophic thought and popular writings, and directed them towards Democracy, Transcendentalism, "New Views," and the "Progress of the Species."

I count it a piece of good fortune that I was a young man when these things were taking place, when great questions were discussed, and the public had not yet taken sides.

After I became a minister I laid out an extensive plan of study, a continuation of previous work. I intended to write a "History of the Progressive Development of Religion among the leading Races of Mankind," and attended at once to certain preliminaries. I studied the Bible more carefully and comprehensively than before, both the criticism and interpretation; and, in six or seven years, prepared an "Introduction to the Canonical Scriptures of the Old Testament," translated from the German of Dr De Wette, the ablest writer in the world on that theme; the book as published was partly his and partly mine. This work led me to a careful study of the Christian Fathers of the first five centuries, and of most of the great works written about the Bible and Christianity. I intended to prepare a similar work on the New Testament, and the Apocrypha of both Old and New. I studied the philoso-

phers, theologians, and Biblical critics of Germany, the only land where theology was then studied as a science, and developed with scientific freedom. I was much helped by the large learning and nice analysis of these great thinkers, who have done as much for the history of the Christian movement as Niebuhr for that of the Roman State. But as I studied the profound works of Catholic and Protestant, the regressive and the progressive men, and got instruction from all, I did not feel inclined to accept any one as my master, thinking it lawful to ride on their horses without being myself either saddled or bridled.

The critical study of the Bible only enhanced my reverence for the great and good things I found in the Old Testament and New. They were not the less valuable because they were not the work of "miraculous and infallible inspiration," and because I found them mixed with some of the worst doctrines ever taught by men; it was no strange thing to find pearls surrounded by sand, and roses beset with thorns. I liked the Bible better when I could consciously take its contradictory books each for what it is, and felt nothing commanding me to accept it for what it is not; and could freely use it as a help, not slavishly serve it as a master, or worship it as an idol. I took no doctrine for true, simply because it was in the Bible; what therein seemed false or wrong, I rejected as freely as if I had found it in the sacred books of the Buddhists or Mormons.

I had not preached long before I found, as never before, that practically, the ecclesiastical worship of the Bible hindered the religious welfare and progress of the Christians more than any other cause.

With doctors, the traditionary drug was once a fetish, which they revered and administered without much inquiring whether it would kill or cure. But now, fortunately, they are divided into so many sects, each terribly criticising the other, the spirit of philosophic scepticism and inquiry by experiment has so entered the profession, that many have broken with that authority, and ask freely, "How can the sick man recover?" The worship of the traditionary drug is getting ended.

With lawyers, the law of the land, custom, or promulgated statute, is also a fetish. They do not ask, "Is the

statute right?—will its application promote justice?" which is the common interest of all men; but only, "Is it law?" To this the judge and advocate must prostitute their conscience; hence the personal ruin which so often is mistaken for personal success.

With Protestant ministers, the Bible is a fetish; it is so with Catholic priests likewise, only to them the Roman Church is the master-fetish, the "big thunder," while the Bible is but an inferior and subservient idol. For ultimate authority, the minister does not appeal to God, manifesting himself in the world of matter and the world of man, but only to the Bible; to that he prostitutes his mind and conscience, heart and soul; on the authority of an anonymous Hebrew book, he will justify the slaughter of innocent men, women, and children, by the thousand; and, on that of an anonymous Greek book, he will believe, or at least command others to believe, that man is born totally depraved, and God will perpetually slaughter men in hell by the million though they had committed no fault, except that of not believing an absurd doctrine they had never heard of. Ministers take the Bible in the lump as divine; all between the lids of the book is equally the "Word of God," infallible and miraculous: he that believeth it shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned; no amount of piety and morality can make up for not believing this. No doctor is ever so subordinate to his drug, no lawyer lies so prone before statute and custom, as the mass of ministers before the Bible, the great fetish of Protestant Christendom. The Ephesians did not so worship their great goddess Diana and the meteoric stone which fell down from Jupiter. "We can believe anything," say they, "which has a 'Thus saith the Lord' before or after it." The Bible is not only master of the soul, it is also a talisman to keep men from harm; bodily contact with it, through hand or eye, is a part of religion; so it lies in railroad stations, in the parlours and sleeping chambers of taverns, and the cabins of ships, only to be seen and touched, not read. The pious mother puts it in the trunk of her prodigal son, about to travel, and while she knows he is wasting her substance upon harlots and in riotous living, she contents herself with the thought that "he has got his Bible with him, and promised to read a

chapter every day!" So the Catholic mother uses an image of the "Virgin Mother of God," and the Rocky Mountain savage a bundle of grass: it is a fetish.

But with this general worship of the Bible there is yet a cunning use of it; as the lawyers twist a statute to wring out a meaning they know it does not contain, but themselves put in, or warp a decision till it fits their purpose, so, with equal sophistry, and perhaps self-deceit, do the ministers twist the Bible to support their special doctrine: no book has been explained with such sophistry. Thus, some make the Apostle Paul a Unitarian, and find neither Divinity nor the pre-existence ascribed to Jesus in the fourth Gospel; while others discover the full-blown Trinity in the first verse of the first chapter of the first book in the Bible; nay, yet others can find no devil, no wrathful God, and no eternal damnation, even in the New Testament. But all these ministers agree that the Bible is the "Word of God," "His only Word," miraculous and infallible, and that belief in it is indispensable to Christianity, and continually preach this to the people.

I had not been long a minister, before I found this worship of the Bible as a fetish hindering me at each progressive step. If I wished to teach the nobleness of man, the Old Testament and New were there with dreadful condemnations of human nature; did I speak of God's love for all men, the Bible was full of ghastly things—chosen people, hell, devil, damnation—to prove that He loved only a few, and them not overmuch; did I encourage free individuality of soul, such as the great Bible-men themselves had, asking all to be Christians as Jesus was a Christ, there were texts of bondage, commanding a belief in this or that absurdity. There was no virtue, but the Scriptures could furnish an argument against it. I could not deny the existence of ghosts and witches, devils and demons, haunting the earth, but revelation could be quoted against me. Nay, if I declared the constancy of nature's laws, and sought therein great argument for the constancy of God, all the miracles came and held their mythologic finger up. Even slavery was "of God," for the "divine statutes" in the Old Testament admitted the principle that man might own a man as well as a garden or an ox, and provided for the measure. Moses and the prophets were on its side, and neither Paul

of Tarsus nor Jesus of Nazareth uttered a direct word against it. The best thing in the Bible is the free genius for religion, which is itself inspiration, and not only learns particular truths through its direct normal intercourse with God, but creates new men in its own likeness, to lead every Israel out of his Egypt, and conduct all men to the Land of Promise: whoso worships the Bible loses this.

I set myself seriously to consider how I could best oppose this monstrous evil: it required great caution. I feared lest I should weaken men's natural trust in God, and their respect for true religion, by rudely showing them that they worshipped an idol, and were misled into gross superstition. This fear did not come from my nature, but from ecclesiastical tradition, and the vice of a New-England theologic culture. It has been the maxim of almost every sect in Christendom that the mass of men, in religious matters, must be ruled with authority, that is, by outward force; this principle belongs to the idea of a supernatural revelation; the people cannot determine for themselves what is true, moral, religious; their opinions must be made for them by supernatural authority, not by them through the normal use of their higher faculties! Hence the Catholic priest appeals to the supernatural Church to prove the infallibility of the Pope, the actual presence of the body and blood of Jesus in the sacramental bread and wine; hence the Protestant appeals to the supernatural Bible, to prove that Jesus was born with no human father, the total depravity of all men, the wrath of God, the existence of a devil, and the eternal torments of hell. Besides, the man of superior education is commonly separated from sympathizing with the people, and that by the very culture they have paid for with their toil, and which ought to unite the two; he has little confidence in their instinct or reflection.

I had some of these unnatural doubts and fears; but my chief anxiety came less from distrust of mankind, than from diffidence in my own power to tell the truth so clear and well that I should do no harm. However, when I saw the evil which came from this superstition, I could not be silent. In conversation and preaching, I explained little details—this was poetry in the Bible, and not matter of fact: that was only the dress of the doctrine, not truth

itself; the authors of Scripture were mistaken here and there; they believed in a devil, which was a popular fancy of their times; a particular prophecy has never been fulfilled.

But the whole matter must be treated more philosophically, and set on its true foundation. So, designing to save men's reverence for the grand truths of the Bible, while I should wean them away from worshipping it, I soon laboriously wrote two sermons on the contradictions in the Scripture—treating of historic contradictions, where one part is at variance with another, or with actual facts, authenticated by other witnesses; of scientific contradictions, passages at open variance with the facts of the material universe; and of moral and religious contradictions, passages which were hostile to the highest intuitions and reflections of human nature. I made the discourses as perfect as I then could at that early stage of my life; very imperfect and incomplete I should, doubtless, find them now. I then inquired about the expediency of preaching them immediately. I had not yet enough practical experiences of men to authorize me to depart from the ecclesiastical distrust of the people; I consulted older and enlightened ministers. They all said, "No! preach no such thing! You will only do harm." One of the most learned and liberal ministers of New-England advised me never to oppose the popular religion! "But, if it be wrong to hinder the religious welfare of the people—what then?" Why, let it alone; all the old philosophers did so; Socrates sacrificed a cock to Æsculapius! He that spits in the wind spits in his own face; you will ruin yourself, and do nobody any good!

Silenced, but not convinced, I kept my unpreached sermons, read books on kindred matters, and sought to make my work more complete as a whole, and more perfect in all its parts. At length I consulted a very wise and thoughtful layman, old, with large social experience, and much esteemed for sound sense, one who knew the difficulties of the case, and would not let his young children read the Old Testament, lest it should injure their religious character. I told him my conviction and my doubts, asking his advice. He also thought silence wiser than speech, yet said there were many thoughtful men who felt troubled by the offensive things in the Bible, and would be grateful to any one who could show that religion was

independent thereof. "But," he added, "if you try it, you will be misunderstood. Take the society at —, perhaps one of the most intelligent in the city; you will preach your sermons, a few will understand and thank you. But the great vulgar, who hear imperfectly and remember imperfectly, and at the best understand but little, they will say, 'He finds faults in the Bible! What does it all mean; what have we got left?' And the little vulgar, who hear and remember still more imperfectly, and understand even less, they will exclaim, 'Why, the man is an infidel! He tells us there are faults in the Bible. He is pulling down religion!' Then it will get into the newspapers, and all the ministers in the land will be down upon you! No good will be done, but much harm. You had better let it all alone!"

I kept my sermons more than a year, doubting whether the little congregation would be able to choose between truth and error when both were set before them, and fearing lest I should weaken their faith in pure religion, when I showed it was not responsible for the contradictions in the Hebrew and Greek Scripture! But at length I could wait no longer; and to ease my own conscience, I preached the two sermons, yet not venturing to look the audience in the face and see the immediate result. In the course of the week, men and women of the commonest education, but of earnest character and profound religious feeling, took pains to tell me of the great comfort I had given them by showing, what they had long felt, that the Bible is one thing and religion another; that the two had no necessary connection: that the faults of the Old Testament or the New need not hinder any man from religious development; and that he never need try to believe a statement in the Bible which was at variance with his reason and his conscience. They thanked me for the attempt to apply common sense to religion and the Bible. The most thoughtful and religious seemed the most instructed. I could not learn that any one felt less reverence for God, or less love for piety and morality. It was plain I had removed a stone of stumbling from the public path. The scales of ecclesiastical tradition fell from my eyes; by this crucial experiment, this guide-board instance, I learned that the mass of men need not be led blind-fold by clerical authority, but had competent power of self-direct-

tion, and while they needed the scholar as their help, had no need of a self-appointed master. It was clear that a teacher of religion and theology should tell the world all he knew thereunto appertaining, as all teachers of mathematics or of chemistry are expected to do in their profession.

I had once felt very happy, when I could legitimate these three great primal instinctive intuitions, of the divine, the just, and the immortal; I now felt equally joyous at finding I might safely appeal to the same instincts in the mass of New-England men, and build religion on that imperishable foundation.

I continued my humble studies, philosophical and theological; and as fast as I found a new truth, I preached it to gladden other hearts in my own parish, and elsewhere, when I spoke in the pulpits of my friends. The neighbouring ministers became familiar with my opinions and my practice, but seldom uttered a reproach. At length, on the 19th of May, 1841, at the ordination of Mr Shackford, a thoughtful and promising young man, at South Boston, I preached a "Discourse of the Transient and Permanent in Christianity." The Trinitarian ministers who were present joined in a public protest; a great outcry was raised against the sermon and its author. Theological and commercial newspapers rang with animadversions against its wickedness. "Unbeliever," "Infidel," "Atheist," were the titles bestowed on me by my brothers in the Christian ministry; a venerable minister, who heard the report in an adjoining county, printed his letter in one of the most widely circulated journals of New-England, calling on the Attorney-General to prosecute, the grand jury to indict, and the judge to sentence me to three years' confinement in the State prison for blasphemy!

I printed the sermon, but no bookseller in Boston would put his name to the title-page—Unitarian ministers had been busy with their advice. The Swedenborgian printers volunteered the protection of their name; the little pamphlet was thus published, sold, and vehemently denounced. Most of my clerical friends fell off; some would not speak to me in the street, and refused to take me by the hand; in their public meetings they left the sofas or benches when I sat down, and withdrew from me as Jews from contact with a leper. In a few months most of my former

ministerial coadjutors forsook me, and there were only six who would allow me to enter their pulpits. But yet one Unitarian minister, Rev. John L. Russell, though a stranger till then, presently after came and offered me his help in my time of need! The controlling men of the denomination determined, "This young man must be silenced!" The Unitarian periodicals were shut against me and my friends—the public must not read what I wrote. Attempts were secretly made to alienate my little congregation, and expel me from my obscure station at West Roxbury. But I had not gone to war without counting the cost. I well knew beforehand what awaited me, and had determined to fight the battle through, and never thought of yielding or being silenced. I told my opponents the only man who could "put me down" was myself, and I trusted I should do nothing to bring about that result. If thrust out of my own pulpit, I made up my mind to lecture from city to city, from town to town, from village to village, nay, if need were, from house to house, well assured that I should not thus go over the hamlets of New-England till something was come. But the little society came generously to my support and defence, giving me the heartiest sympathy, and offered me all the indulgence in their power. Some ministers and generous-minded laymen stood up on my side, and preached or wrote in defence of free thought and free speech, even in the pulpit. Friendly persons, both men and women, wrote me letters to cheer and encourage, also to warn—this against fear, that against excess and violence; some of them never gave me their names, and I have only this late opportunity to thank them for their anonymous kindness. Of course scurrilous and abusive letters did not fail to appear.

Five or six men in Boston thought this treatment was not quite fair; they wished to judge neither a man nor his doctrines unheard, but to know at length what I had to say; so they asked me to deliver a course of five lectures in your city, on religious matters. I consented, and in the autumn of 1841 delivered five lectures on "Matters pertaining to Religion;" they were reported in some of the newspapers, most ably and fully in the *New York Tribune*, not then the famous and powerful sheet it has since become. I delivered the lectures several times that winter in New-

England towns, and published them in a volume the next spring. I thought no bookseller would put his name to the title-page; but when the work was ready for the public eye, my friend, the late Mr James Brown, perhaps the most eminent man in the American book trade, volunteered to take charge of it, and the book appeared with the advantage of issuing from one of the most respectable publishing-houses in the United States. Years afterwards he told me that two "rich and highly-respectable gentlemen of Boston" begged him to have nothing to do with it; "we wish," said they, "to render it impossible for him to publish his work!" But the bookseller wanted fair play.

The next autumn I delivered in Boston six "Sermons for the Times," treating of theology, of religion, and of its application to life. These also were repeated in several other places. But, weary with anxiety and excess of work, both public and private, my health began to be seriously impaired; and in September, 1843, I fled off to Europe, to spend a year in recovery, observation, and thought. I had there an opportunity to study nations I had previously known only by their literature, and by other men's words; to see the effect which despotic, monarchic, and aristocratic institutions have on multitudes of men, who, from generation to generation, had lived under them; to study the effect of those forms of religion which are enforced by the inquisitor or the constable; and, in many forms, to see the difference between freedom and bondage. In their architecture, painting, and sculpture, the European cities afforded me a new world of art, while the heterogeneous crowds which throng the streets of those vast ancient capitals, so rich in their historic monuments, presented human life in forms I had not known before. It is only in the low parts of London, Paris, and Naples, that an American learns what the ancients meant by the "people," the "populace," and sees what barbarism may exist in the midst of wealth, culture, refinement, and manly virtue. There I could learn what warning and what guidance the Old World had to offer to the New. Visiting some of the seats of learning, which, in Europe, are also sometimes the citadel of new thought and homes of genius, I had an opportunity of conversing with eminent men, and comparing their schemes for improving mankind with my

own. Still more, I had an entire year, free from all practical duties, for revising my own philosophy and theology, and laying out plans for future work. My involuntary year of rest and inaction turned out, perhaps, the most profitable in my life, up to that time, in the acquisition of knowledge, and in preparing for much that was to follow.

Coming home the next September, with more physical strength than ever before, I found a hearty welcome from the many friends who crowded the little meeting-house to welcome my return—as before to bid me God-speed—and resumed my usual labours, public and private. In my absence my theological foes had contented themselves with declaring that my doctrines had taken no root in America, and my personal friends were turning off from the error of their ways; but the sound of my voice roused my opponents to new activity, and ere long the pulpits and newspapers rang with the accustomed warfare. But even in Boston there were earnest ministers who lifted up their voices in behalf of freedom of thought in the study, and free speech in the pulpit. I shall never cease to be grateful to Mr Pierpont, Mr Sargent, and James Freeman Clarke, “friends in need, and friends in deed.” They defended the principle of religious freedom, though they did not share the opinions it led me to, nor always approve of the manner in which I set them forth. It was zeal for the true and the right, not special personal friendship for me, which moved them to this manly course. In the most important orthodox Quarterly in America, a young Trinitarian minister, Rev. Mr Porter, reviewed my “Discourse of Religion,” not doing injustice to author or work, while he stoutly opposed both. A few other friendly words were also spoken; but what were these among so many!

Under these circumstances you formed your society. A few earnest men thought the great principle of religious freedom was in danger; for, indeed, it was ecclesiastically repudiated, and that too with scorn and hissing by the Unitarians—the “liberal Christians!” the “party of progress”—not less than by the orthodox. Some of you came together, privately at first, and then in public, to look matters in the face, and consider what ought to be done. A young man proposed this resolution: “*Resolved, That*

the Rev. Theodore Parker shall have a chance to be heard in Boston." That motion prevailed, and measures were soon taken to make the resolution an event. But, so low was our reputation, that, though payment was offered in advance, of all the unoccupied halls in Boston, only one could be hired for our purpose; but that was the largest and most central. So, one rainy Sunday, the streets full of snow, on the 16th of February, 1845, for the first time, I stood before you to preach and pray: we were strangers then! I spoke of the "Indispensableness of True Religion for Man's Welfare in his Individual and his Social Life." I came to build up piety and morality; to pull down only what cumbered the ground. I was then in my thirty-fifth year, and had some knowledge of the historical development of religion in the Christian world. I knew that I came to a "thirty years' war," and I had enlisted for the whole, should life hold out so long. I knew well what we had to expect at first; for we were committing the sin which all the great world-sects have held unpardonable—attempting to correct the errors of theory and the vices of practice in the Church. No offence could ecclesiastically be greater; the Inquisition was built to punish such; to that end blazed the faggots at Smithfield, and the cross was set up on Calvary. Truth has her cradle near Golgotha. You knew my spirit and tendency better than my special opinions, which you then gave a "chance to be heard in Boston." But I knew that I had thoroughly broken with the ecclesiastical authority of Christendom; its God was not my God, nor its Scriptures my Word of God, nor its Christ my Saviour; for I preferred the Jesus of historic fact to the Christ of theologic fancy. Its narrow, partial, and unnatural heaven I did not wish to enter on the terms proposed, nor did I fear, since earliest youth, its mythic, roomy hell, wherein the triune God, with His pack of devils to aid, tore the human race in pieces for ever and ever. I came to preach "another Gospel," sentiments, ideas, actions, quite unlike what belonged to the theology of the Christian church. Though, severely in earnest, I came to educate men into true religion as well as I could; I knew I should be accounted the worst of men, ranked among triflers, mockers, infidels, and atheists. But I did not know all the public had to offer me of good or ill; nay,

I did not know what was latent in myself, nor foresee all the doctrines which then were hid in my own first principles, what embryo fruits and flowers lay sheathed in the obvious bud. But at the beginning I warned you that if you came, Sunday after Sunday, you would soon think very much as I did on the great matters you asked me to teach—because I had drawn my doctrine from the same human nature which was in you, and that would recognize and own its child.

Let me arrange, under three heads, some of the most important doctrines I have aimed to set forth.

I. THE INFINITE PERFECTION OF GOD.—This doctrine is the corner-stone of all my theological and religious teaching—the foundation, perhaps, of all that is peculiar in my system. It is not known to the Old Testament or the New; it has never been accepted by any sect in the Christian world; for, though it be equally claimed by all, from the Catholic to the Mormon, none has ever consistently developed it, even in theory, but all continually limit God in power, in wisdom, and still more eminently in justice and in love. The idea of God's imperfection has been carried out with dreadful logic in the "Christian Scheme." Thus it is commonly taught, in all the great theologies, that, at the crucifixion of Jesus, "the Creator of the universe was put to death, and his own creatures were his executioners." Besides, in the ecclesiastic conception of Deity, there is a fourth person to the Godhead—namely, the devil, an outlying member, unacknowledged, indeed, the complex of all evil, but as much a part of Deity as either Son or Holy Ghost, and far more powerful than all the rest, who seem but jackals to provide for this "roaring lion," which devours what the others but create, die for, inspire, and fill. I know this statement is ghastly—the theologic notion it sets forth to me seems far more so. While the Christians accept the Bible as the "Word of God," direct, miraculous, infallible, containing a complete and perfect "revelation" of His nature, His character, and conduct, it is quite impossible for them to accept, or even tolerate, the infinite perfection of God. The imperfect and cruel character attributed to God rejoicing in His hell and its legions of devils, is the fundamental vice of the ecclesiastical theology, which so many accept as their

"religion," and name the hideous thing "Christianity!" They cannot escape the consequence of their first principle; their gate must turn on its own hinge.

I have taught that God contains all possible and conceivable perfection:—the perfection of being, self-subsistence, conditioned only by itself; the perfection of power, all-mightiness; of mind, all-knowingness; of conscience, all-righteousness; of affection, all-lovingness; and the perfection of that innermost element, which in finite man is personality, all-holiness, faithfulness to Himself.

The infinitely perfect God is immanent in the world of matter, and in the world of spirit, the two hemispheres which to us make up the universe; each particle thereof is inseparable from Him, while He yet transcends both, is limited by neither, but in Himself is complete and perfect.

I have not taught that the special qualities I find in the Deity are all that are actually there; higher and more must doubtless appear to beings of larger powers than man's. My definition distinguishes God from all other beings; it does not limit Him to the details of my conception. I only tell what I know, not what others may know, which lies beyond my present consciousness.

He is a perfect Creator, making all from a perfect motive, for a perfect purpose, of perfect substance, and as a perfect means; none other are conceivable with a perfect God. The motive must be love, the purpose welfare, the means the constitution of the universe itself, as a whole and in parts—for each great or little thing coming from Him must be perfectly adapted to secure the purpose it was intended for, and achieve the end it was meant to serve, and represent the causal motive which brought it forth. So there must be a complete solidarity between God and the two-fold universe which He creates. The perfect Creator is thus also a perfect providence; indeed, creation and providence are not objective accidents of Deity, nor subjective caprices, but the development of the perfect motive to its perfect purpose, love becoming a universe of perfect welfare.

I have called God Father, but also Mother, not by this figure implying that the Divine Being has the limitations of the female figure—as some ministers deceitfully allege

of late, who might have been supposed to know better than thus to pervert plain speech—but to express more sensibly the quality of tender and unselfish love, which mankind associates more with Mother than aught else beside.

II. THE ADEQUACY OF MAN FOR ALL HIS FUNCTIONS.—From the infinite perfection of God there follows unavoidably the relative perfection of all that He creates. So, the nature of man, tending to a progressive development of all his manifold powers, must be the best possible nature, most fit for the perfect accomplishment of the perfect purpose, and the attainment of the perfect end, which God designs for the race and the individual. It is not difficult in this general way to show the relative perfection of human nature, deducing this from the infinite perfection of God; but I think it impossible to prove it by the inductive process of reasoning from concrete facts of external observation, of which we know not yet the entire sum, nor any one, perhaps, completely. Yet I have travelled also this inductive road, as far as it reaches, and tried to show the constitution of man's body, with its adaptation to the surrounding world of matter, and the constitution of his spirit, with its intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious powers, and its harmonious relation with the world of matter, which affords them a playground, a school, and a workshop. So I have continually taught that man has in himself all the faculties he needs to accomplish his high destination, and in the world of matter finds, one by one, all the material helps he requires.

We all see the unity of life in the individual; his gradual growth from merely sentient and passive babyhood, up to thoughtful, self-directing manhood. I have tried to show there was a similar unity of life in the human race, pointing out the analogous progressive development of mankind, from the state of ignorance, poverty, and utter nakedness of soul and sense, the necessary primitive conditions of the race, up to the present civilization of the leading nations. The primitive is a wild man, who gradually grows up to civilization. To me, the notorious facts of human history, the condition of language, art, industry, and the foot-prints of man left all over the torrid and temperate lands, admit of no other interpretation. Of course

it must have required many a thousand years for Divine Providence to bring this child from his mute, naked, ignorant poverty, up to the many-voiced, many-coloured civilization of these times ; and, as in the strata of mountain and plain, on the shores of the sea, and under "the bottom of the monstrous world," the geologist finds proof of time immense, wherein this material Cosmos assumed its present form, so in ruins of cities, in the weapons of iron, bronze, or stone, found in Scandinavian swamps, on the sub-aquatic enclosures of the Swiss lakes, in the remains of Egyptian industry, which the holy Nile, "mother of blessings"—now spiritual to us, as once material to those whose flesh she fed—has covered with many folds of earth and kept for us ; and still more in the history of art, science, war, industry, and the structure of language itself, a slow-growing plant, do I find proof of time immense, wherein man, this spiritual Cosmos, has been assuming his present condition, individual, domestic, social, and national, and accumulating that wealth of things and thoughts which is the mark of civilization. I have tried to show by history the progressive development of industry and wealth, of mind and knowledge, of conscience and justice, of the affections and philanthropy, of the soul and true religion ; the many forms of the family, the community, state, and church, I look on as so many "experiments in living," all useful, each, perhaps, in its time and place, as indispensable as the various geological changes. But this progressive development does not end with us ; we have seen only the beginning ; the future triumphs of the race must be vastly greater than all accomplished yet. In the primal instincts and automatic desires of man, I have found a prophecy that what he wants is possible, and shall one day be actual. It is a glorious future on earth which I have set before your eyes and hopes, thereby stimulating both your patience to bear now what is inevitable, and your thought and toil to secure a future triumph to be had on no other terms. What good is not with us is before, to be attained by toil and thought, and religious life.

III. ABSOLUTE OR NATURAL RELIGION.—In its complete and perfect form, this is the normal development, use, discipline, and enjoyment of every part of the body, and

every faculty of the spirit; the direction of all natural powers to their natural purposes. I have taught that there were three parts which make up the sum of true religion; the emotional part, of right feelings, where religion at first begins in the automatic, primal instinct; the intellectual part, of true ideas, which either directly represent the primitive, instinctive feelings of whoso holds them, or else produce a kindred, secondary, and derivative feeling in whoso receives them; and the practical part, of just actions, which correspond to the feelings and the ideas, and make the mere thought or emotion into a concrete deed. So, the true religion which comes from the nature of man, consists of normal feelings towards God and man, of correct thoughts about God, man, and the relation between them, and of actions corresponding to the natural conscience when developed in harmony with the entire constitution of man.

But this religion which begins in the instinctive feelings, and thence advances to reflective ideas, assumes its ultimate form in the character of men, and so appears in their actions, individual, domestic, social, national, ecclesiastical, and general—human; it builds manifold institutions like itself, wherein it rears up men in its own image. All the six great historic forms of religion—the Brahmanic, Hebrew, Classic, Buddhistic, Christian, Mohammedan—profess to have come miraculously from God, not normally from man; and, spite of the excellence which they contain, and the vast service the humblest of them has done, yet each must ere long prove a hindrance to human welfare, for it claims to be a finality, and makes the whole of human nature wait upon an accident of human history—and that accident the whim of some single man. The absolute religion which belongs to man's nature, and is gradually unfolded thence, like the high achievements of art, science, literature, and politics, is only distinctly conceived of in an advanced stage of man's growth; to make its idea a fact, is the highest triumph of the human race. This is the idea of humanity, dimly seen but clearly felt, which has flitted before the pious eyes of men in all lands and many an age, and been prayed for as the "Kingdom of Heaven." The religious history of the race is the record of man's continual but unconscious efforts to attain this "desire of all nations;"

poetic stories of the "golden age," or of man in the garden of Eden, are but this natural wish looking back and fondly dreaming that "the former days were better than these." But while all the other forms of religion must ultimately fail before this, fading as it flowers, each one of them has yet been a help towards it, probably indispensable to the development of mankind. For each has grown out of the condition of some people, as naturally as the wild primitive flora of Santa Cruz has come from the state of this island—its geologic structure and chemical composition, its tropic heat, and its special situation amid the great currents of water and of air; as naturally as the dependent fauna of the place comes from its flora. Thus in the religions of mankind, as in the various governments, nay, as in the different geologic periods, there is diversity of form, but unity of aim; destruction is only to create; earthquakes, which submerged the sunken continents whose former mountains are but islands now, and revolutions, in which the Hebrew and Classic religions went under, their poetic summits only visible, have analogous functions to perform—handmaids of creation both.

For these three great doctrines—of God, of Man, of Religion—I have depended on no church and no scripture; yet have I found things to serve me in all scriptures and every church. I have sought my authority in the nature of man—in facts of consciousness within me, and facts of observation in the human world without. To me the material world and the outward history of man do not supply a sufficient revelation of God, nor warrant me to speak of infinite perfection. It is only from the nature of man, from facts of intuition, that I can gather this greatest of all truths, as I find it in my consciousness reflected back from Deity itself.

I know well what may be said of the "feebleness of all the human faculties," their "unfaithfulness and unfitness for their work;" that the mind is not adequate for man's intellectual function, nor the conscience for the moral, nor the affections for the philanthropic, nor the soul for the religious, nor even the body for the corporeal, but that each requires miraculous help from a God who is only outside of humanity! There is a denial which boldly rejects the immortality of man and the existence of Deity, with many

another doctrine, dear and precious to mankind; but the most dangerous scepticism is that, which, professing allegiance to all these, and crossing itself at the name of Jesus, is yet so false to the great primeval instincts of man, that it declares he cannot be certain of anything he learns by the normal exercise of any faculty! I have carefully studied this school of doubt, modern, not less than old, as it appears in history. In it there are honest inquirers after truth, but misled by some accident, and also sophists, who live by their sleight of mind, as jugglers by their dexterity of hand. But the chief members of this body are the mockers, who, in a world they make empty, find the most fitting echo to their hideous laugh; and churchmen of all denominations, who are so anxious to support their ecclesiastic theology, that they think it is not safe on its throne till they have annihilated the claim of reason, conscience, the affections, and the soul to any voice in determining the greatest concerns of man—thinking there is no place for the Christian Church or the Bible till they have nullified the faculties which created both, and rendered Bible-makers and Church-founders impossible. But it is rather a poor compliment these ecclesiastic sceptics pay their Deity, to say He so makes and manages the world that we cannot trust the sights we see, the sounds we hear, the thoughts we think, or the moral, affectional, religious emotions we feel; that we are certain neither of the intuitions of instinct, nor the demonstrations of reason, but yet by some anonymous testimony, can be made sure that Balaam's she-ass spoke certain Hebrew words, and one undivided third part of God, was "born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, descended into Hell, and the third day rose again," to take away the wrath which the other two undivided third parts of God felt against all mankind.

It is not for me to say there is no limit to the possible attainments of man's religious or other faculties. I will not dogmatize where I do not know. But history shows that the Hercules' Pillars of one age are sailed through in the next, and a wide ocean entered on, which in due time is found rich with islands of its own, and washing a vast continent not dreamed of by such as slept within their temples of old, while it sent to their very coasts its curious joints of unwonted cane, its seeds of many an unknown

tree, and even elaborate boats, wherein lay the starved bodies of strange-featured men, with golden jewels in their ears. No doubt there are limits to human industry, for finite man is bounded on every side; but, I take it, the Hottentot, the Gaboon Negro, and the wild man of New Guinea, antecedently, would think it impossible that mankind should build the Pyramids of Egypt for royal ostentation, for defence throw up the fortresses of Europe and the wall of China, or for economic use lay down the roads of earth, of water, iron, wood, or stone, which now so swiftly help to develop the material resources and educate the spiritual powers of Europe and America. Still less would they conceive it possible for men to make all the farms, the mills, the shops, the houses, and the ships of civilized mankind. But the philosopher sees it is possible for toil and thought soon to double, and then multiply manifold the industrial attainments of Britain or New-England.

No doubt there may be a limit to mathematic thought, though to me that would seem boundless, and every scientific step therein to be certain; but the barefooted negro, who goads his oxen under my window, and can only count his two thumbs, is no limit to Archimedes, Descartes, Newton, and La Place, no more are these men of vast genius a limit to the mathematic possibility of humankind. They who invented letters, arithmetic symbols, gunpowder, the compass, the printing press, the telescope, the steam-engine, and the telegraph, only ploughed in corners of the field of human possibility, and showed its bounds were not where they had been supposed. A thousand years ago the world had not a man, I think, who could even dream of such a welfare as New-England now enjoys! Who shall tell industrious, mathematic, progressive mankind, "Stop there; you have reached the utmost bound of human possibility; beyond it, economy is waste, and science folly, and progress downfall!" No more is the atheistic mocker or the ecclesiastic bigot commissioned to stop the human race with his cry, "Cease there, mankind, thy religious search! for thousand million-headed as thou art, thou canst know nought directly of thy God, thy duty, or thyself! Pause, and accept my authenticated word; stop, and despair!"

I know too well the atheistic philosopher's bitter mock,

and the haughty scorn of theologic despisers of mankind, who, diverse in all besides, yet agree in their contempt for human nature, glory in the errors of genius, or the grosser follies of mankind, and seek out of the ruins of humanity to build up, the one his palace, and the other his church. But I also know that mankind heeds neither the atheistic philosopher nor the theologic despiser of his kind; but, faithful to the great primeval instincts of the soul, believing, creating, and rejoicing, goes on its upward way, nor doubts of man or God, of sense or intellect.

These three great doctrines I have preached positively, as abstract truth, representing facts of the universe; that might be peaceful work. But they must take a concrete form, and be applied to the actual life of the individual family, community, state, and church; this would have a less peaceful look; for I must examine actual institutions, and criticise their aim, their mode of operation, and their result. The great obvious social forces in America may be thus summed up:—

1. There is the organized trading power—having its home in the great towns, which seeks gain with small regard to that large justice which represents alike the mutual interests and duties of all men, and to that humanity which interposes the affectional instinct when conscience is asleep. This power seems to control all things, amenable only to the all-mighty dollar.

2. The organized political power, the parties in office, or seeking to become so. This makes the statutes, but is commonly controlled by the trading power, and has all of its faults often intensified; yet it seems amenable to the instincts of the people, who, on great occasions, sometimes interfere and change the traders' rule.

3. The organized ecclesiastical power, the various sects which, though quite unlike, yet all mainly agree in their fundamental principle of vicariousness—an alleged revelation, instead of actual human faculties, salvation from God's wrath and eternal ruin, by the atoning blood of crucified God. This is more able than either of the others; and though often despised, in a few years can control them both. In this generation no American politician dares affront it.

4. The organized literary power, the endowed colleges,

the periodical press, with its triple multitude of journals—commercial, political, theological—and sectarian tracts. This has no original ideas, but diffuses the opinion of the other powers whom it represents, whose will it serves, and whose kaleidoscope it is.

I must examine these four great social forces, and show what was good in them, and what was ill; ascertain what natural religion demanded of each, and what was the true function of trade, government, a church, and a literature. When I came to a distinct consciousness of my own first principle, and my consequent relation to what was about me, spite of the good they contained, I found myself greatly at variance with all the four. They had one principle, and I another; of course, our aim and direction were commonly different and often opposite. Soon I found that I was not welcome to the American market, state, church, nor press. It could not be otherwise; yet I confess I had not anticipated so thorough a separation betwixt me and these forces which control society, but had laid out work I could not execute alone, nor perhaps without the aid of all the four.

It is not now, my friends, worth while for me to enter on the details of these plans which have come to nothing, and which I shall probably never work out; but I ought at least to name some of the most important things I hoped to do. When I first came to Boston I intended to do something for the perishing and dangerous classes in our great towns. The amount of poverty and consequent immorality in Boston is terrible to think of, while you remember the warning of other nations, and look to the day after to-day! Yet it seemed to me the money given by public and private charity—two fountains that never fail in Puritanic Boston—was more than sufficient to relieve it all, and gradually remove the deep-seated and unseen cause which, in the hurry of business and of money, is not attended to. There is a hole in the dim-lit public bridge, where many fall through and perish! Our mercy pulls a few out of the water; it does not stop the hole, nor light the bridge, nor warn men of the peril. We need the great charity that palliates effects of wrong, and the greater justice which removes the cause.

Then there was drunkenness, which is the greatest con-

crete curse of the labouring Protestant population of the North, working most hideous and wide-extended desolation. It is as fatal as starvation to the Irish Catholic. None of the four great social forces is its foe. There, too, was prostitution; men and women mutually polluted and polluting, blackening the face of society with dreadful woe. Besides, in our great towns, I found thousands, especially the poorer Irish, oppression driving them to us, who, save the discipline of occasional work, got no education here, except what the streets taught them in childhood, or the Popish priest and the American demagogue—their two worst foes—noisily offered in their adult years; it seemed to me not difficult for the vast charity of Boston to furnish instruction and guidance to this class of the American people, both in their childhood and their later youth. That admirable institution, the Warren Street Chapel—well-nigh the most Christian public thing in Boston—and the Children's Aid Society at New York, with its kindred, abundantly show how much can be done, and at how little cost.

Still more, I learned early in life that the criminal is often the victim of society, rather than its foe, and that our penal law belongs to the dark ages of brute force, and aims only to protect society by vengeance on the felon, not also to elevate mankind by refining him. In my boyhood I knew a man, the last result of generations of ancestral crime, who spent more than twenty years in our State Prison, and died there, under sentence for life, whose entire illegal thefts did not amount to twenty dollars! and another, not better born, who lawfully stole houses and farms, lived a "gentleman," and at death left a considerable estate, and the name of Land-shark. While a theological student, I taught a class in the Sunday School of the State Prison, often saw my fellow-townsmen, became well acquainted with several convicts, learned the mode of treatment, and heard the sermons and ghastly prayers which were let fly at the heads of the poor, unprotected wretches; I saw the "orthodox preachers and other helps," who gave them "spiritual instruction," and learned the utter insufficiency of our penal law to mend the felon or prevent his growth in wickedness. When I became your minister I hoped to do something for this class of men,

whose crimes are sometimes but a part of their congenital misfortune or social infamy, and who are bereft of the sympathy of mankind, and unconstitutionally beset with sectarian ministers, whose function is to torment them before their time.

For all these, the poor, the drunken, and the ignorant, for the prostitute, and the criminal, I meant to do something, under the guidance, perhaps, or certainly with the help, of the controlling men of the town or State; but, alas! I was then fourteen years younger than now, and did not quite understand all the consequences of my relation to these great social forces, or how much I had offended the religion of the state, the press, the market, and the church. The cry, "Destroyer," "Fanatic," "Infidel," "Atheist," "Enemy of Mankind," was so widely sounded forth that I soon found I could do little in these great philanthropies, where the evil lay at our own door. Many as you are for a religious society, you were too few and too poor to undertake what should be done; and outside of your ranks I could look for little help, even by words and counsel. Besides, I soon found my very name was enough to ruin any new good enterprise. I knew there were three periods in each great movement of mankind—that of sentiment, ideas, and action: I fondly hoped the last had come; but when I found I had reckoned without the host, I turned my attention to the two former, and sought to arouse the sentiment of justice and mercy, and to diffuse the ideas which belonged to this five-fold reformation. Hence I took pains to state the facts of poverty, drunkenness, ignorance, prostitution, crime; to show their cause, their effect, and their mode of cure, leaving it for others to do the practical work. So, if I wanted a measure carried in the Legislature of the town or State, or by some private benevolent society, I did my work by stealth. I sometimes saw my scheme prosper, and read my words in the public reports, while the whole enterprise had been ruined at once if my face or name had appeared in connection with it. I have often found it wise to withhold my name from petitions I have myself set agoing and found successful; I have got up conventions, or mass meetings, whose "managers" asked me not to show my face thereat.

This chronic and progressive unpopularity led to another change of my plans, not abating my activity, but turning it in another direction. To accomplish my work, I must spread my ideas as widely as possible, without resorting to that indecency of advertising so common in America. There was but one considerable publishing-house in the land that would continue to issue my works—this only at my own cost and risk. As it had only a pecuniary interest therein, and that so slight, in its enormous business, my books did not have the usual opportunity of getting known and circulated. They were seldom offered for sale, except in one book store in Boston; for other States, I must often be my own bookseller. None of the *Quarterlies* or *Monthlies* was friendly to me; most of the newspapers were hostile; the *New York Tribune* and *Evening Post* were almost the only exceptions. So my books had but a small circulation at home in comparison with their diffusion in England and Germany, where, also, they received not only hostile, but most kindly notice, and sometimes from a famous pen. But another opportunity for diffusing my thought offered itself in the Lyceum or public lecture. Opposed by these four great social forces at home, I was surprised to find myself becoming popular in the lecture hall. After a few trials I “got the *hang* of the new school-house,” and set myself to serious work therein.

For a dozen years or more, I have done my share of lecturing in public, having many invitations more than I could accept. The task was always disagreeable, contrary to my natural disposition and my scholarly habits. But I saw the nation had reached an important crisis in its destination, and, though ignorant of the fact, yet stood hesitating between two principles. The one was slavery, which I knew leads at once to military despotism—political, ecclesiastical, social—and ends at last in utter and hopeless ruin; for no people fallen on that road has ever risen again; it is the path so many other republics have taken and finished their course, as Athens and the Ionian towns have done, as Rome and the commonwealths of the Middle Ages. The other was freedom, which leads at once to industrial democracy—respect for labour, government over all, by all, for the sake of all, rule after the eternal right as it is writ in the constitution of the uni-

verse—securing welfare and progress. I saw that these four social forces were advising, driving, coaxing, wheedling the people to take the road to ruin; that our “great men,” in which “America is so rich beyond all other nations of the earth,” went strutting along that path to show how safe it is, crying out “Democracy,” “Constitution,” “Washington,” “Gospel,” “Christianity,” “Dollars,” and the like, while the instincts of the people, the traditions of our history, and the rising genius of men and women well-born in these times of peril, with still, small voice, whispered something of self-evident truths and inalienable rights.

I knew the power of a great idea; and spite of the market, the State, the Church, the press, I thought a few earnest men in the lecture halls of the North, might yet incline the people's mind and heart to justice and the eternal law of God—the only safe rule of conduct for nations, as for you and me—and so make the American experiment a triumph and a joy for all humankind. Nay, I thought I could myself be of some service in that work; for the nation was yet so young, and the instinct of popular liberty so strong, it seemed to me a little added weight would turn the scale to freedom. So I appointed myself a home missionary for lectures.

Then, too, I found I could say what I pleased in the lecture room, so long as I did not professedly put my thought into a theologic or political shape; while I kept the form of literature or philosophy, I could discourse of what I thought most important, and men would listen one hour, two hours, nay, three hours: and the more significant the subject was, the more freely, profoundly, and fairly it was treated, the more would the people come, the more eagerly listen and enthusiastically accept. So I spared no labour in preparation or delivery, but took it for granted the humblest audience, in the least intelligent town or city, was quite worthy of my best efforts, and could understand my facts and metaphysic reasonings. I did not fear the people would be offended, though I hurt their feelings never so sore.

Besides, the work was well paid for in the large towns, while the small ones did all they could afford—giving the lecturer for a night more than the schoolmaster for a

month. The money thus acquired enabled me to do four desirable things, which it is not needful to speak of here.

Since 1848 I have lectured eighty or a hundred times each year—in every Northern State east of the Mississippi, once also in a Slave State, and on slavery itself. I have taken most exciting and important subjects, of the greatest concern to the American people, and treated them independent of sect or party, street or press, and with what learning and talent I could command. I put the matter in quite various forms—for each audience is made up of many. For eight or ten years, on the average, I have spoken to sixty or a hundred thousand persons in each year, besides addressing you on Sundays, in the great hall you throw open to all comers.

Thus I have had a wide field of operation, where I might rouse the sentiment of justice and mercy, diffuse such ideas as I thought needful for the welfare and progress of the people, and prepare for such action as the occasion might one day require. As I was supposed to stand nearly alone, and did not pretend to represent any one but myself, nobody felt responsible for me; so all could judge me, if not fairly, at least with no party or sectarian prejudice in my favour; and as I felt responsible only to myself and my God, I could speak freely: this was a two-fold advantage. I hope I have not spoken in vain. I thought that by each lecture I could make a new, deep, and lasting impression of some one great truth on five thoughtful men, out of each thousand who heard me. Don't think me extravagant; it is only *one half of one per cent.*! If I spoke thus efficiently to sixty thousand in a winter, there would be three hundred so impressed, and in ten years it would be three thousand! Such a result would satisfy me for my work and my loss of scholarly time in this home mission for lectures. Besides, the newspapers of the large towns spread wide the more salient facts and striking generalizations of the lecture, and I addressed the eyes of an audience I could not count nor see.

Still more, in the railroad cars and steamboats I travelled by, and the public or private houses I stopped at, when the lecture was over, strangers came to see me; they were generally marked men—intellectual, moral, philanthropic,

at any rate, inquiring and attentive. We sometimes talked on great matters; I made many acquaintances, gained much miscellaneous information about men and things, the state of public opinion, and, perhaps, imparted something in return. So I studied while I taught.

Nor was this all. I had been ecclesiastically reported to the people as a "disturber of the public peace," "an Infidel," "an Atheist," "an enemy to mankind." When I was to lecture in a little town, the minister, even the Unitarian, commonly stayed at home. Many, in public or private, warned their followers "against listening to that bad man. Don't look him in the face!" Others stoutly preached against me. So, in the bar-room "I was the song of the drunkard," and the minister's text in the pulpit. But, when a few hundreds, in a mountain town of New-England, or in some settlement on a prairie of the West, or when many hundreds, in a wide city, did look me in the face, and listen for an hour or two while I spoke, plain, right on, of matters familiar to their patriotic hopes, their business, and their bosoms, as their faces glowed in the excitement of what they heard, I saw the clerical prejudice was stealing out of their mind, and I left them other than I found them. Nay, it has often happened that a man has told me, by letter or by word of mouth, "I was warned against you, but I *would go and see for myself*; and when I came home I said, 'After all, this is a man, and not a devil; at least, he seems human. Who knows but he may be honest, even in his theological notions? Perhaps he is *right* in his religion. Priests have been a little mistaken sometimes before now, and said hard words against rather good sort of men, if we can trust the Bible. I am glad I heard him.'"

Judging from the results, now pretty obvious to whose looks, and by the many affectionate letters sent me from all parts of the North, I think I did not overrate the number of thoughtful men who possibly might be deeply and originally influenced by what I said in the lectures. Three thousand may seem a large number; I think it is not excessive. In the last dozen years, I think scarcely any American, not holding a political office, has touched the minds of so many men, by freely speaking on matters of the greatest importance, for this day and for ages to

come. I am sure I have uttered great truths, and such are never spoken in vain; I know the effect a few great thoughts had on me in my youth, and judge others by what I experienced myself. Those ministers were in the right, who, years ago, said, "Keep that man out of the lecture room; don't let him be seen in public. Every word he speaks, on any subject, is a blow against our religion!" They meant, against their theology.

Such are the causes which brought me into the lecture room. I did not neglect serving you, while I seemed only to instruct other men; for every friend I made in Pennsylvania or Wisconsin became an auxiliary in that great cause, so dear to you and me. Nay, I did not abandon my scholarly work while travelling and lecturing. The motion of the railroad cars gave a pleasing and not harmful stimulus to thought, and so helped me to work out my difficult problems of many kinds. I always took a sack of books along with me, generally such as required little eyesight and much thought, and so was sure of good company; while travelling I could read and write all day long; but I would not advise others to do much of either; few bodies can endure the long-continued strain on eye and nerve. So, I lost little time, while I fancied I was doing a great and needful work.

When I first came before you to preach, carefully looking before and after, I was determined on my purpose, and had a pretty distinct conception of the mode of operation. It was not my design to found a sect, and merely build up a new ecclesiastical institution, but to produce a healthy development of the highest faculties of men, to furnish them the greatest possible amount of most needed instruction, and help them each to free spiritual individuality. The Church, the State, the community, were not ends, a finality of purpose, but means to bring forth and bring up individual men. To accomplish this purpose I aimed distinctly at two things: first, to produce the greatest possible healthy development of the religious faculty, acting in harmonious connection with the intellectual, moral, and affectional; and second, to lead you to help others in the same work. Let me say a word in detail of each part of my design.

I. According both to my experience and observation,

the religious element is the strongest in the spiritual constitution of man, easily controlling all the rest for his good or ill. I wished to educate this faculty under the influence of the true idea of God, of man, and of their mutual relation. I was not content with producing morality alone—the normal action of the conscience and will, the volun-
tative keeping of the natural law of right: I saw the need also of piety—religious feeling toward the divine, that instinctive, purely internal love of God, which, I think, is not dependent on conscience. I was led to this aim partly by my own disposition, which, I confess, naturally inclined me to spontaneous pious feeling, my only youthful luxury, more than to voluntary moral action; partly by my early culture, which had given me much experience of religious emotions; and partly, also, by my wide and familiar acquaintance with the mystical writers, the voluptuaries of the soul, who dwelt in the world of pious feeling, heedless of life's practical duties, and caring little for science, literature, justice, or the dear charities of common life.

I count it a great good fortune that I was bred among religious Unitarians, and thereby escaped so much superstition. But I felt early that the "liberal" ministers did not do justice to simple religious feeling; to me their preaching seemed to relate too much to outward things, not enough to the inward pious life; their prayers felt cold; but certainly they preached the importance and the religious value of morality as no sect, I think, had done before. Good works, the test of true religion, noble character, the proof of salvation, if not spoken, were yet implied in their sermons, spite of their inconsistent and traditional talk about "Atonement," "Redeemer," "Salvation by Christ," and their frequent resort to other pieces of damaged phraseology. The effect of this predominant morality was soon apparent. In Massachusetts, the head-quarters of the Unitarians, not only did they gather most of the eminent intellect into their ranks, the original talent and genius of the most intellectual of the States, but also a very large proportion of its moral talent and moral genius, most of the eminent conscience and philanthropy. Leaving out of sight pecuniary gifts for theological and denominational purposes, which come from peculiar and well-known motives, where the Trinitarians are professedly superior,

I think it will be found that all the great moral and philanthropic movements in the State—social, ecclesiastical, and political—from 1800 to 1840, have been chiefly begun and conducted by the Unitarians. Even in the Anti-Slavery enterprise, the most profound, unrespectable, and unpopular of them all, you are surprised to see how many Unitarians—even ministers, a timid race—have permanently taken an active and influential part. The Unitarians certainly once had this moral superiority, before the free, young, and growing party became a sect, hide-bound, bridled with its creed, harnessed to an old, lumbering, and crazy chariot, urged with sharp goads by near-sighted drivers, along the dusty and broken pavement of tradition, noisy and shouting, but going nowhere.

But yet, while they had this great practical excellence, so obvious once, I thought they lacked the deep, internal feeling of piety, which alone could make it lasting; certainly they had not that most joyous of all delights. This fact seemed clear in their sermons, their prayers, and even in the hymns they made, borrowed, or “adapted.” Most powerfully preaching to the understanding, the conscience, and the will, the cry was ever, “duty, duty! work, work!” They failed to address with equal power the soul, and did not also shout “joy, joy! delight, delight!” “Rejoice in God always, and again I say unto you, rejoice!” Their vessels were full of water: it was all laboriously pumped up from deep wells; it did not gush out, leaping from the great spring, that is indeed on the surface of the sloping ground, feeding the little streams that run among the hills, and both quenching the wild asses’ thirst, and watering also the meadows newly mown, but which yet comes from the rock of ages, and is pressed out by the cloud-compelling mountains that rest thereon—yes, by the gravitation of the earth itself.

This defect of the Unitarians was a profound one. Not actually, nor consciously, but by the logic of their conduct, they had broke with the old ecclesiastic supernaturalism, that with its whip of fear yet compelled a certain direct, though perverted, action of the simple religious element in the Trinitarians: ceasing to fear “the great and dreadful God” of the Old Testament, they had not quite learned to love the all-beautiful and altogether lovely of the uni-

verse. But in general they had no theory which justified a more emotional experience of religion. Their philosophy, with many excellences, was sure of no great spiritual truth. To their metaphysics eternal life was only probable: the great argument for it came not from the substance of human nature, only from an accident in the personal history of a single man; its proof was not *intuitive*, from the primal instincts of mankind; nor *deductive*, from the nature of God; nor yet *inductive*, from the general phenomena of the two-fold universe; it was only *inferential*, from the "resurrection of Christ"—an exceptional fact, without parallel in the story of the race, and that resting on no evidence! Nay, in their chief periodical, when it represented only the opinions of the leaders of the sect, one of their most popular and powerful writers declared the existence of a God was not a certainty of metaphysical demonstration, nor even a fact of consciousness. So this great truth, fundamental to all forms of religion, has neither an objective, necessary, and ontological root in the metaphysics of the universe, nor yet a mere subjective, contingent, and psychological root in the consciousness of John and Jane, but, like the existence of "phlogiston" and "the celestial æther" of the interstellar spaces, it is a matter of conjecture, of inference from observed facts purely external and contingent; or, like the existence of the "Devil," is wholly dependent on the "miraculous and infallible revelation." Surely, a party with no better philosophy, and yet rejecting instinct for guide, breaking with the supernatural tradition at the Trinity, its most important link, could not produce a deep and continuous action of the religious element in the mass of its members, when left individually free; nor when organized into a sect, with the discipline of a close corporation, could it continue to advance, or even to hold its own, and live long on its "Statement of Reasons for not believing the Trinity." Exceptional men—like Henry Ware, jun., who leaned strongly towards the old supernaturalism, or like Dr Channing, whose deeper reflection or reading supplied him with a more spiritual philosophy—might escape the misfortune of their party; but the majority must follow the logic of their principle. The leaders of the sect, their distinctive creed only a denial, always trembling before the orthodox, rejected the ablest, original talent

born among them; nay, sometimes scornfully repudiated original genius, each offering a more spiritual philosophy, which they mocked at as "transcendental," and turned off to the noisy road of other sects, not grateful to feet trained in paths more natural. After denying the Trinity, and the Deity of Christ, they did not dare affirm the humanity of Jesus, the naturalness of religion to man, the actual or possible universality of inspiration, and declare that man is not amenable to ecclesiastic authority, either the oral Roman tradition, or the written Hebrew and Greek Scriptures: but naturally communing with God, through many faculties, by many elements, has in himself the divine well of water, springing up full of everlasting life, and sparkling with eternal truth, and so enjoys continuous revelation.

Alas! after many a venturous and profitable cruise, while in sight of port, the winds all fair, the little Unitarian bark, o'ermastered by its doubts and fears, reverses its course, and sails into dark, stormy seas, where no such craft can live. Some of the fragments of the wreck will be borne by oceanic currents where they will be used by the party of progress to help to build more sea-worthy ships; whilst others, when water-logged, will be picked up by the great orthodox fleet, to be kiln-dried in a revival, and then serve as moist, poor fuel for its culinary fires. It is a dismal fault in a religious party, this lack of piety, and dismally have the Unitarians answered it; yet let their great merits and services be not forgot.

I found this lack of the emotional part of religion affected many of the reformers. Some men, called by that name, were indeed mere selfish tongues, their only business to find fault and make a noise; such are entitled to no more regard than other common and notorious scolds. But in general, the leading reformers are men of large intellect, of profound morality, earnest, affectional men, full of philanthropy, and living lives worthy of the best ages of humanity. But as a general thing, it seemed to me they had not a proportionate development of the religious feelings, and so had neither the most powerful solace for their many griefs, nor the profoundest joy which is needful to hold them up mid all they see and suffer from. They, too, commonly shared this sensational philosophy, and broke

with the ecclesiastic supernaturalism which once helped to supply its defects.

Gradually coming to understand this state of things, quite early in my ministry I tried to remedy it; of course I did the work at first feebly and poorly. I preached piety, unselfish love towards God, as well as morality, the keeping of his natural law, and philanthropy, the helping of his human children. And I was greatly delighted to find that my discourses of piety were as acceptable as my sermons of justice and charity, touching the souls of earnest men. Nay, the more spiritual of the ministers asked me to preach such matters in their pulpits, which I did gladly.

You have broken with the traditions of the various churches whence you have come out, and turned your attention to many of the evils of the day; when I became your minister, I feared lest, in a general disgust at ecclesiastical proceedings, you should abandon this very innermost of all true religion; so I have taken special pains to show that well-proportioned piety is the ground of all manly excellence, and though it may exist, and often does, without the man's knowing it, yet in its highest form he is conscious of it. On this theme I have preached many sermons, which were very dear to me, though perhaps none of them has yet been published. But coming amongst you with some ministerial experience, and much study of the effect of doctrines, and ecclesiastical modes of procedure, I endeavoured to guard against the vices which so often attend the culture of this sentimental part of religion, and to prevent the fatal degeneracy that often attends it. When the religious element is actively excited under the control of the false theological ideas now so prevailing, it often takes one or both of these two misdirections:—

1. It tends to an unnatural mysticism, which dries up all the noble emotions that else would produce a great useful character. The delicate and refined woman develops the sentiment of religion in her consciousness; surrounded by wealth, and seduced by its charms, she reads the more unpractical parts of the Bible, especially the Johanneic writings, the Song of Solomon, and the more sentimental portions of the Psalms; studies Thomas à Kempis,

Guyon, Fénelon, William Law, Keble; pores over the mystic meditations of St Augustine and Bernard; she kneels before her costly *Prie-Dieu*, or other sufficient altar, pours out her prayers, falls into an ecstasy of devout feeling, and elegantly dishevelled like a Magdalen, weeps most delicious tears. Then rising thence, she folds her idle, unreligious hands, and, with voluptuous scorn, turns off from the homely duties of common life; while not only the poor, the sick, the ignorant, the drunken, the enslaved, and the abandoned are left uncared for, but her own household is neglected, her husband, her very children go unbled. She lives a life of intense religious emotion in private, but of intense selfishness at home, and profligate worldliness abroad. Her pious feeling is only moonshine; nay, it is a Will-o'-the-wisp, a wandering fire, which

"Leads to bewilder, and dazzles the blind."

She is a voluptuary of the soul, often likewise in the senses; her prayers are worth no more than so much novel-reading; she might as well applaud Don Giovanni with her laugh at the opera, as St John with her tears at church. This woman's religion is internal glitter, which gives nor light nor heat. "Like a fly in the heart of an apple, she dwells in perpetual sweetness," but also in perpetual sloth, a selfish wanton of the soul. In his *Parc aux cerfs*, Louis XV. trained his maiden victims to this form of devotion!

2. It leads to ecclesiastical ritualism. This is the more common form in New-England, especially in hard men and women. They join in church, and crowd the ecclesiastical meetings. Bodily presence there is thought a virtue; they keep the Sunday severely idle; their ecclesiastical decorum is awful as a winter's night at the North Pole of cold; with terrible punctuality they attend to the ordinance of bread and wine, looking grim and senseless as the death's head on the tombstones close by. Their babies are sprinkled with water, or themselves plunged all over in it; they have morning prayers and evening prayers, grace before meat, and after meat, grace; nay, they give money for the theological purposes of their sect, and religiously hate men not of their household of faith. Their pious feeling has spent itself in secreting this abnormal shell of ritual-

ism, which now cumbars them worse than Saul's great armour on the stripling shepherd lad. What can such Pachyderms of the Church accomplish that is good, with such an elephantiasis to swell, and bark, and tetter every limb? Their religious feeling runs to shell, and has no other influence. They sell rum, and tradé in slaves or coolies. They are remorseless creditors, unscrupulous debtors; they devour widows' houses. Vain are the cries of humanity in such ears, stuffed with condensed wind. Their lives are little, dirty, and mean.

Mindful of these two vices, which are both diseases of the misdirected soul, and early aware that devoutness is by no means the highest expression of love for God, I have attempted not only to produce a normal development of religious feeling, but to give it the normal direction to the homely duties of common life, in the kitchen, the parlour, nursery, school-room, in the field, market, office, shop, or ship, or street, or wherever the lines of our lot have fallen to us; and to the "primal virtues," that shine aloft as stars which mariners catch glimpses of mid ocean's rack, and learn their course, and steer straight in to their desired haven; and also, to the "charities, that soothe, and heal, and bless," and which are scattered at mankind's feet like flowers, each one a beauty the bee sucks honey from, and a seed to sow the world with wholesome loveliness; for it is plain to me that the common duties of natural life are both the best school for the development of piety, and the best field for its exercise when grown to manly size.

II. Partly for your education in true religion, and partly to promote the welfare of your brother man, I have preached much on the great social duties of your time and place, recommending not only "palliative charity," but still more "remedial justice." So I have not only preached on the private individual virtues, which are, and ought to be, the most constant theme of all pulpits, but likewise on the public social virtues, that are also indispensable to the general welfare. This work brought me into direct relation with the chief social evils of our day. In treating these matters I have proceeded with much caution, beginning my attack a great way off. First of all, I endeavoured to establish philosophically the moral principle I should appeal to, and show its origin in the constitution of man,

to lay down the natural law so plain that all might acknowledge and accept it; next, I attempted to show what welfare had followed in human history from keeping this law, and what misery from violating it; then I applied this moral principle of nature and the actual experience of history to the special public vice I wished to whelm over. Such a process may seem slow; I think it is the only one sure of permanent good effects. In this manner I have treated several prominent evils.

1. I have preached against intemperance, showing the monstrous evil of drunkenness, the material and moral ruin it works so widely. My first offence in preaching came when I first spoke on the misery occasioned by this ghastly vice. The victims of it sat before me, and were in great wrath; they never forgave me. Yet, I have not accepted the opinion of the leading temperance men, that the use of intoxicating drinks is in itself a moral or a physical evil. I found they had not only a medical, but also a dietetic use to serve, and in all stages of development above the savage, man resorts to some sort of stimulus as food for the nervous system: for a practice so nearly universal, I suppose there must be a cause in man's natural relation to the world of matter. Accordingly, I do not like the present legal mode of treating the vice, thinking it rests on a false principle which will not long work well; yet public opinion, now setting strong against this beastly vice, required the experiment, which could never be tried under better auspices than now. But I have gladly joined with all men to help to put down this frightful vice, which more than any other concrete cause hinders the welfare and progress of the working people of the North. It was the first public social evil I ever attacked. I have not ceased to warn old and young against this monstrous and ugly sin, and to call on the appointed magistrates to use all their official power to end so fatal a mischief. In a great trading town, of course, such calls are vain; the interest of the few is against the virtue of the people.

2. I have preached against covetousness—the abnormal desire of accumulating property. In the Northern States our civilization is based on respect for industry in both forms, toil and thought. Property is the product of the

two: it is human power over nature, to make the material forces of the world supply the wants of man; its amount is always the test of civilization. Our political and social institutions do not favour the accumulation of wealth in a few men or a few families; no permanent entails are allowed; it follows the natural laws of distribution amongst all the owner's children, or according to his personal caprice; in a few generations a great estate is widely scattered abroad. But as we have no hereditary honours, office, or even title, and as wealth is all the parent can bequeath his child, it becomes not only a material power, but also a social distinction—the only one transmissible from sire to son. So wealth, and not birth from famous ancestors, is the thing most coveted; the stamp of the all-mighty dollar is the mark of social distinction; science may be accounted folly, and genius madness, in the paved or the furrowed towns, but money is power in each. American "aristocracy" rests on this movable basis; it is plutocracy: every poor white boy may hope to trundle its golden wheels on to his little patch of ground, for the millionaire is not born, but self-made. Hence comes an intense desire of riches; a great amount of practical talent goes out in quest thereof. Besides its intrinsic character, respect for money is in America what loyalty to the crown and deference to feudal superiors is in England: "the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib," and the Americans the millionaire, the highest product of plutocracy.

Now, on the whole, I do not find this desire of property excessive in the people of the North. I would greater rather than lessen it, for it is the motive of our general enterprise, the proximate cause of much of our welfare and success. No nation was ever too well fed, housed, clad, adorned, and comforted in general; poverty, subordination to material want, is still the great concrete barrier to civilization; "the nations of the world *must*" think chiefly of what they shall eat and drink, and wherewithal be clothed. In this generation, the productive industry of New-England seems vulgar to careless eyes, and excessive to severe ones; but it is yet laying the material and indispensable foundation for a spiritual civilization in some future age, more grand, I think, than mankind has hitherto rejoiced in. For

not only will the people's property be greater in proportion to their number—their power to feed, clothe, house, adorn, and comfort themselves—but it will be more widely distributed, consequently directed with more wisdom and humanity, and so bring forth and develop both more and higher talents. I have advised all men to shun poverty; to seek a generous competence for themselves and their dependents, and that too by honest work, earning all they take. I see that a great fortune, thus acquired, may now be a nobler honour than all the red laurels of Nelson or Wellington, as well as a power of use and beauty for time to come. I honour the manly, self-denying enterprise which starts with no heritage but itself, and honestly earns a great estate. The man who makes a school-book like Colburn's "First Lessons in Arithmetic," or invents a labour-saving contrivance like the sewing machine, or the reaping and thrashing machines, or who by trade develops the resources of the country, deserves a pay proportionate to his service. A Boston merchant died in 1847, who had so helped to turn the rivers of New-England into spinners and weavers, that I think he earned millions of dollars more than he received. If a man fully pay in efficient, productive toil and thought, he is entitled to all he gets, one dollar or many million dollars; he earns his riches, gives equivalent for equivalent—for all honest traffic is but actual barter, mutual exchange of my work and your work—and if his estate be but what he has thus actually and honestly paid for with a service given, equivalent to the service received, what he can virtuously keep or humanely apply and expend, then it will never be too large.

But covetousness—the lust after property already created; the dishonest desire to get wealth without paying for it with proportionate service by toil and thought; the wish to hoard it as the chief object in life, holding for no generous use; to expend it in personal luxury, making man a delicate swine to eat and drink beyond the needs of generous nature, a butterfly to glitter in the public sun, or before the private stars of fashion, a sloth, to lie idle and deform the ground; or to exhibit it for ostentation, fostering an unwieldy self-esteem or more disgraceful vanity—this is a vice I have warned men against continually; I began early. It is a popular and most respectable offence,

often counted a virtue. It assumes many forms, now terrible and then ridiculous. I have dealt with it accordingly, now exposing its injustice or its folly, now satirizing its vulgar indecency, now showing that the ill-bred children of men grossly rich come to a fate no better than the sons and daughters of the grossly poor; that voluntary beggars in ruffles and voluntary beggars in rags, are alike supported at the public cost, paying nothing for what they take, and so should be objects of contempt in a world where he is greatest who does the most and best.

I have often spoken of the tyranny of the rich over the thriving and the poor—our country, State, and town all furnishing grievous examples of the fact. "As the lion eateth up the wild ass in the wilderness, so the rich eateth up the poor," is as true now in New-England as two thousand years ago in Egypt. But when I have seen a man with large talents for business helping others while he helped himself, enriching his workmen, promoting their education, their virtue, and self-respect, I have taken special delight in honouring such an act of practical humanity. Happily we need not go out of Boston to find examples of this rare philanthropy.

3. As I was a schoolmaster at seventeen, though more from necessity than early fitness, I fear, and chairman of a town school committee at twenty-two, I have naturally felt much interest in the education of the people, and have often preached thereon. But I have seen the great defect of our culture, both in public and private schools; our education is almost entirely intellectual, not also moral, affectional, and religious. The Sunday-schools by no means remedy this evil, or attempt to mend it; they smartly exercise the devotional feelings, accustom their pupils to a certain ritualism, which is destined only to serve ecclesiastical, and not humane purposes; they teach some moral precepts of great value, but their chief function is to communicate theological doctrine, based on the alleged supernatural revelation, and confirmed by miracles, which often confound the intellect, and befool the conscience. They do not even attempt any development of the higher faculties to an original activity at all commensurate with the vigorous action of the understanding. In the public schools there are sometimes devotional exercises, good in

themselves, but little pains is directly taken to educate or even instruct the deeper faculties of our nature. The evil seems to increase, for of late years many of the reading-books of our public and private schools seem to have been compiled by men with only the desire of gain for their motive, who have rejected those pieces of prose or poetry which appeal to what is deepest in human nature, rouse indignation against successful wrong, and fill the child with generous sentiments and great ideas. Sunday-school books seem yet worse, so loaded with the superstitions of the sects. The heroism of this age finds no voice nor language in our schools.

But this lack of morality in our schemes of culture appears most eminent in the superior education, in colleges, and other costly seminaries for maids and men. The higher you go up in the scale of institutions, the less proportionate pains is taken with the development of conscience, the affections, and the soul; in the dame school for infants, something is done to make the child "a good boy," or "a good girl," but almost nothing in the richest and most respectable colleges. They are commonly seats of an unprogressive and immoral conservatism, where the studious youth may learn many an important discipline—mathematical, philological, scientific, literary, metaphysical, and theologic—but is pretty sure to miss all effective instruction in the great art and science of personal or public humanity. Hence our colleges are institutions not only to teach the mind, but also for the general *hunkerization* of young men; and a professor is there sometimes unscrupulously appointed whose nature and character make it notorious that his chief function must necessarily be to poison the waters of life, which young men, from generation to generation, will be compelled to bow down at, and drink! In the last forty years I think no New-England college, collective faculty, or pupils, has shown sympathy with any of the great forward movements of mankind, which are indicated by some national outbreak, like the French Revolutions of 1830 or 1848!

From this fatal defect of our scheme of culture, it comes to pass that the class which has the superior education—ministers, professors, lawyers, doctors, and the like—is not only never a leader in any of the great humane move-

ments of the age, where justice, philanthropy, or piety is the motive, but it continually retards all efforts to reform evil institutions, or otherwise directly increase the present welfare or the future progress of mankind. The scholars' culture has palsied their natural instincts of humanity, and gives them instead, neither the personal convictions of free, moral reflection, nor the traditional commands of church authority, but only the maxims of vulgar thrift, "get the most, and give the least; buy cheap, and sell dear!" Exceptional men, like Channing, Pierpont, Emerson, Ripley, Mann, Rantoul, Phillips, Sumner, and a few others, only confirm the general rule, that the educated is also a selfish class, morally not in advance of the mass of men. No thoughtful, innocent man, arraigned for treason, would like to put himself on the college, and be tried by a jury of twelve scholars; it were to trust in the prejudice and technic sophistry of a class, not to "put himself on the country," and be judged by the moral instincts of the people.

Knowing these facts—and I found them out pretty early—I have told them often in public, and shown the need of a thorough reform in our educational institutions. Still more have I preached on the necessity that you should do in private for your children what no school in this age is likely to attempt—secure such a great development of the moral, affectional, and religious powers, as shall preserve all the high instincts of nature, while it enriches every faculty by the information given. I need not now speak of what I had long since intended to do amongst you in this matter, when the opportunity should offer; for, alas, when it came, my power to serve you quickly went.

4. I have preached much on the condition of woman. I know the great, ineffaceable difference between the spiritual constitution of her and man, and the consequent difference in their individual, domestic, and social functions. But, examining the matter both philosophically and historically, it seems clear that woman is man's equal, individually and socially entitled to the same rights. There is no conscious hostility or rivalry between the two, such as is often pretended; man naturally inclines to be a little more than just to her, she a little more than fair to him; a man

would find most favour with a jury of women, as boys with nurses. But, certainly, her condition is sadly unfortunate; for, whether treated as a doll or drudge, she is practically regarded as man's inferior, intended by nature to be subordinate to him, subservient to his purposes; not a free spiritual individuality like him, but a dependent parasite or a commanded servant. This idea appears in all civilized legislation; and in the "revealed religion" of Jews and Christians, as well as in that of Brahmins and Mohammedans. Even in New-England no public provision is made to secure superior education for girls as for boys. Woman has no place in the superior industry—shut out from the legal, clerical, and medical professions, and the higher departments of trade, limited to domestic duties, and other callings which pay but little; when she does a man's service she has but half of his reward; no political rights are awarded to her; she is always taxed, but never represented. If married, her husband has legally an unnatural control over her property and her person, and, in case of separation, over her children. A young man with superior talents, born to no other heritage, can acquire wealth, or, unaided, obtain the best education this age makes possible to any one: but with a woman it is not so; if poor, she can only be enriched by marriage; hence mercantile wedlock is far more pardonable in her; no talents, no genius can secure a poor man's daughter her natural share in the high culture of the age. The condition of woman follows unavoidably from the popular idea, which she also shares often in the heroic degree, that she is by nature inferior to man: prostitution and its half-known evils come from this as naturally as crime and drunkenness from squalid want—as plants from seeds.

I have preached the equivalency of man and woman—that each in some particulars is inferior to the other, but, on the whole, mankind and womankind, though so diverse, are yet equal in their natural faculties; and have set forth the evils which come to both from her present inferior position, her exclusion from the high places of social or political trust. But I have thought she will generally prefer domestic to public functions, and have found no philosophic or historic argument for thinking she will ever incline much to the rough works of man, or take any considerable

part in Republican politics; in a court like that of Louis XV., or Napoleon III., it might be different; but I have demanded that she should decide that question for herself, choose her own place of action, have her vote in all political matters, and be eligible to any office.

In special, I have urged on you the duty of attending to the education of young women, not only in accomplishments—which are so often laborious in the process, only to be ridiculous in the display, and idle in their results—but in the grave discipline of study, and for the practical duties of life. A woman voluntarily ignorant of household affairs and the management of a family, should be an object of pity or of contempt; while the women of New-England incline to despise the indispensable labour of housekeeping, and can neither make wearable garments, nor eatable bread, I have sometimes doubted whether the men of New-England, irritated with their sour fare, would think them quite fit to make laws for the State, or even for the Union. I have also called your attention to those most unfortunate outcasts, the friendless young girls in the streets of your own city, the most abandoned of the perishing class, who will soon become the most harmful of the dangerous class—for prostitution is always two-fold, male as well as female damnation.

It is delightful to see the change now taking place in the popular idea of woman, and the legislation of the Northern States. This reform at once will directly affect half the population, and soon also the other half. I am not alarmed at the evils which obviously attend this change—the growing dislike of maternal duties, the increase of divorces, the false theories of marriage, and the unhappy conduct which thence results; all these are transient things, and will soon be gone—the noise and dust of the waggon that brings the harvest home.

5. The American people are making one of the most important experiments ever attempted on earth, endeavouring to establish an industrial democracy, with the principle that all men are equal in their natural rights, which can be alienated only by the personal misconduct of their possessor; the great body of the people is the source of all political power, the maker of all laws, the ultimate arbiter of all measures; while the special magistrates, high and

low, are but appointed agents, acting under the power of attorney the people intrust them with. This experiment was perhaps never tried before, certainly not on so large a scale, and with so fair an opportunity for success; but wise men have always foretold its utter failure, and pointed to the past as confirming this prophecy. Certainly, we have human history against us, but I think human nature is on our side, and find no reason to doubt the triumph of the American idea. So I have taken a deep interest in politics, important not merely as representing the national housekeeping, but also the public morality, and so tending to help or hinder the people's success. Never failing to vote, I have yet kept myself out of the harness of every party; responsible to none and for none, I have been free to blame or praise the principles and the purposes of all, their measures and their men. Addressing such multitudes, most of them younger than I, in times like the last fourteen years, when such important interests came up for public adjudication, and when the great principles of all national morality have been solemnly denied by famous officials, men also of great personal power, who declared that human governments were amenable to no natural law of God, but subject only to the caprice of magistrate or elector—I have felt a profound sense of my responsibility to you as a teacher of religion. So I have preached many political sermons, examining the special measures proposed, exposing the principle they rested on, and the consequences they must produce, and applying the lessons of experience, the laws of human nature, the great doctrines of absolute religion, to the special conduct of the American people. No doubt I have often wounded the feelings of many of you. Pardon me, my friends! if I live long I doubt not I shall do so again and again. You never made me your minister to flatter, or merely to please, but to instruct and serve.

Treating of politics, I must speak of the conspicuous men engaged therein, when they come to die, for such are the idols of their respective parties. In America there are few objects of conventional respect—no permanent classes who are born to be revered; and as men love to look up and do homage to what seems superior, a man of vulgar greatness, who has more of the sort of talent all have much of,

is sure to become an idol if he will but serve the passions of his worshippers : so with us, a great man of that stamp has a more irresponsible power than elsewhere among civilized men ; for he takes the place of king, noble, and priest, and controls the public virtue more. The natural function of a great man is to help the little ones : by this test I have endeavoured to try such as I must needs speak of. Not responsible for their vice or virtue, I have sought to represent them exactly as I found them, and that, too, without regard to the opinion of men, who only looked up and worshipped, not asking what. If I were an assayer of metals, I should feel bound to declare the character of the specimens brought before me, whether lead or silver ; shall I be less faithful in my survey of a great man, " more precious than the fine gold of Ophir " ? I am no flatterer, nor public liar-general ; when such a one is wanted he is easily found, and may be had cheap ; and I cannot treat great men like great babies. So, when I preached on Mr Adams, who had done the cause of freedom such great service, on General Taylor and Mr Webster, I aimed to paint them exactly as they were, that their virtues might teach us, and their vices warn. Still further to promote the higher education of the people, and correct an idolatry as fatal as it is stupid, as dangerous to the public as it is immediately profitable to wily rhetoricians, I have prepared lectures on four great famous Americans—Franklin, Washington, Adams, and Jefferson. The last, however, was not delivered when my present illness laid me low. I wished to daguerreotype these great, noble men, and place true pictures before the people.

Perhaps no part of my public labours has been condemned with more noise and violence than this attempt at historic truth. Certainly I did depart from the panegyric custom of political and clerical eulogizers of the famous or the wealthy dead ; but I have confidence enough in the people of the Northern States to believe they will prefer plain truth to the most rhetorical lies.

I have not quite disdained to turn your eyes to little, mean men, when set in high office, that you might get instruction from their folly or wickedness. So, when the chief magistrate of the city was notoriously the comrade of drunkards, and of the most infamous of humankind, and

that of the State was celebrated chiefly for public and private lying, and both abused their office to promote their own little purposes of mischief or of gain, debauching the public virtue, as well as wasting the people's money—I did not fail to advertise the fact, that you at least might learn by the lesson which cost the public so dear.

6. I have preached against war, showing its enormous cost in money and men, and the havoc it makes of public and private virtue. A national occasion was not wanting; for obedient to the whip of the slave-power, which hagrises the nation still, the American Government—not the people, nor even Congress—plunged us into a wicked contest with Mexico, she clearly in the right, we notoriously in the wrong. I have often spoken against war, and tried to discourage that “excessive lust for land,” that aggressive and invasive spirit, which is characteristic of both the American and British people. It is clear that the strongest races will ultimately supplant the feebler, and take their place, as the strong grasses outroot the weak from the farmer's meadow. I complain not of this just natural law, which indeed pervades the universe; but the work need not be done by violence, nor any form of wrong. So I have preached against the *fillibustering* of America, and the not less wicked *diplommatizing* and *soldiering* by which our parent across the sea accomplishes the same thing, though with even more harshness and cruelty.

Yet I have not preached the doctrine of the non-resistants, who never allow an individual to repel wrong by material violence; nor that of the ultra-peace men, who deny a nation's right to stave off an invader's wickedness with the people's bloody hand. The wrathful emotions are also an integral part of humanity, and with both nations and individuals have an indispensable function to perform, that of self-defence, which, in the present state of civilization, must sometimes be with violence, even with shedding aggressive blood. It is against needless and wicked wars—the vast majority are such—that I have preached; against the abuse ambitious rulers make of the soldier's trained art to kill, and of the wrathful, defensive instincts of the multitude. In this age I think the people do not

make war against the peaceful people of another land; nay, in New-England, the most democratic country, we have too much neglected the military art, I fear—a mistake we may bitterly regret in that strife between the Southern habit of despotism, and the Northern principle of democracy, which any day may take the form of civil war, and one day must. For America will not always attempt to carry a pitcher of poison on her left shoulder, and one of pure water on her right; one or the other must soon go to the ground.

7. I have spoken against slavery more than any concrete wrong, because it is the greatest of all, "the sum of all villainies," and the most popular, the wanton darling of the Government. I became acquainted with it in my early childhood, and learned to hate it even then, when, though I might not comprehend the injustice of the principle, I could yet feel the cruelty of the fact. I began to preach against it early, but used the greatest circumspection, for I knew the vulgar prejudice in favour of all successful tyranny, and wished my few hearers thoroughly to accept the principle of justice, and apply it to this as to all wrongs. But even in the little meeting-house at West Roxbury, though some of the audience required no teaching in this matter, the very mention of American slavery as wicked at first offended all my hearers who had any connection with the "democratic" party. Some said they could see no odds between claiming freedom for a negro slave, and "stealing one of our oxen," the right to own cattle including the right to own men; they thought slavery could ride behind them on the same pillion with "democracy," according to the custom of their masters. But, as little by little I developed the principle of true democracy, showing its root in that love of your neighbour as yourself, which Jesus both taught and lived, and of that eternal justice, which comes even to savage bosoms, and showed how repugnant slavery is to both—gradually all the more reflective and humane drew over to the side of freedom; and they who at first turned their faces to the floor of their pews when I announced slavery as the theme for that day's sermon, ere many years turned on me eyes flashing with indignation against wrong, when I told the

drunken bully from South Carolina, in Congress, fitly representing the first principle, if not the first persons of his State—where none can serve in even the Lower House of Assembly “unless he be seized in his own right of ten negro slaves”—made his assault, not less cowardly than brutal, on our noble Senator, wounding him with worse than death, and while the United States Attorney sought “to make murder safe and easy in the capital,” not dreaming it would one day, unpunished, reach his own heart, I spoke of that matter, and showed it was the cowards of Massachusetts who drew the blow on her faithful champion, and that no “anodyne” could make them less than glad that it was struck!

But why speak more of those sad days? Others may come with sterner face, not black, but red! However, a blessed change in public opinion now goes calmly on in Massachusetts, in New-England, and all the North, spite of the sophistry and cunning of ambitious men smit with the Presidential fever. The death of a dozen leading anti-slavery men to-day would not much retard it, for the ground is full of such!

8. But I have preached against the errors of the ecclesiastic theology more than upon any other form of wrong, for they are the most fatal mischiefs in the land. The theological notion of God, man, and the relation between them, seems to me the greatest speculative error mankind has fallen into. Its gloomy consequences appear:—Christendom takes the Bible for God's word, His last word; nothing new or different can ever be expected from the source of all truth, all justice, and all love; the sun of righteousness will give no added light or heat on the cold darkness of the human world. From portions of this “infallible revelation,” the Roman Church logically derives its despotic and hideous claim to bind and loose on earth, to honour dead men with sainthood, or to rack and burn with all the engines mechanic fancy can invent, or priestly cruelty apply; and hereafter to bless eternally, or else for ever damn. Hence, both Protestant and Catholic logically derive their imperfect, wrathful Deity, who creates men to torment them in an endless hell, “paved with the skulls of infants not a span long,” whereinto the vast majority of men are, by the million, trodden down for everlasting

agony, at which the elect continually rejoice. Hence, they derive their Devil, absolutely evil, that ugly wolf whom God lets loose into his fold of lambs; hence their total depravity, and many another dreadful doctrine which now the best of men blind their brothers' eyes withal, and teach their children to distrust the infinite perfection which is nature's God, dear Father and Mother to all that is. Hence clerical sceptics learn to deny the validity of their own superior faculties, and spin out the cobwebs of sophistry, wherewith they surround the field of religion, and catch therein unwary men. Hence the Jews, the Mohammedans, the Mormons, draw their idea of woman, and their right to substitute such gross conjunctions for the natural marriage of one to one. There the slaveholder finds the chief argument for his ownership of men, and in Africa or New-England, kidnaps the weak, his mouth drooling with texts from "the authentic word of God;" nay, there the rhetorician finds reason for shooting an innocent man who but righteously seeks that freedom which nature declares the common birthright of mankind. It has grieved me tenderly to see all Christendom make the Bible its fetish, and so lose the priceless value of that free religious spirit, which communing at first hand with God, wrote its grand pages, or poured out its magnificent beatitudes.

Christendom contains the most intellectual nations of the earth, all of them belonging to the dominant Caucasian race, and most of them occupying regions very friendly to the development of the highest faculties of man. Theirs, too, is the superior machinery of civilization, political, ecclesiastical, domestic, social. Nowhere on earth does the clerical mass so connect itself with the innermost of man. Christendom is the bold leader in all intellectual affairs—arts of peace and war, science, literature, skill to organize and administer mankind. But yet the Christian has no moral superiority over the Jews, the Mohammedans, the Brahmins, the Buddhists, at all commensurate with this intellectual power. In the sum of private and public virtues, the Turk is before the Christian Greek. For 1500 years the Jews, a nation scattered and peeled, and exposed to most degrading influences, in true religion have been above the Christians! In temperance, chastity, honesty, justice, mercy, are the leading nations of Christendom be-

fore the South-Asiatics, the Chinese, the islanders of Japan? Perhaps so—but have these “Christians” a moral superiority over those “heathens” equal to their mental superiority? It is notorious they have not. Why is this so, when these Christians worship a man whose religion was love to God and love to men, and who would admit to heaven only for righteousness, and send to hell only for lack of it? Because they worship Him, reject the natural goodness He relied upon, and trust in the “blood of Christ which maketh free from all sin.” It is this false theology, with its vicarious atonement, salvation without morality or piety, only by belief in absurd doctrines, which has bewitched the leading nations of the earth into such practical mischief. A false idea has controlled the strongest spiritual faculty, leading men to trust in “imputed righteousness,” and undervalue personal virtue. Self-denying missionaries visit many a far-off land “to bring the heathens to Christ.” Small good comes of it; but did they teach industry, thrift, letters, honesty, temperance, justice, mercy, with rational ideas of God and man, what a conversion there would be of the Gentiles! Two-and-thirty thousand Christian ministers are there in the United States, all “consecrated to Christ;” many of them are able men, earnest and devoted, but, their eyes hood-winked, and their hands chained by their theology, what do they bring to pass? They scarce lessen any vice of the State, the press, or the market. They are to “save souls from the wrath of God.”

I have preached against the fundamental errors of this well-compacted theologic scheme, showing the consequences which follow thence, and seldom entered your pulpit without remembering slavery, the great sin of America, and these theological errors, the sacramental mistake of Christendom. But I have never forgotten the great truths this theology contains, invaluable to the intellect, the conscience, the heart and soul. I have tried to preserve them all, with each good institution which the Church, floating over the ruins of an elder world, has borne across that deluge, and set down for us where the dove of peace has found rest for the sole of her foot, and gathered her olive-branch to show that those devouring waters are dried up from the face of the earth. To me the name of Christianity is most exceeding dear, signifi-

cant of so great a man and of such natural emotions, ideas, and actions, as are of priceless value to mankind. I know well the errors, also, of the doubters and deniers, who in all ages have waged war against the superstitious theology of their times, and pulled down what they could not replace with better. I have not sat in the seat of the scornful; and while I warned men against the snare of the priest, I would not suffer them to fall into the mocker's pit. I have taken exquisite delight in the grand words of the Bible, putting it before all other sacred literature of the whole ancient world; to me it is more dear when I regard them not as the miracles of God, but as the work of earnest men, who did their uttermost with holy heart. I love to read the great truths of religion set forth in the magnificent poetry of psalmist and prophet, and the humane lessons of the Hebrew peasant, who summed up the prophets and the law in one word of LOVE, and set forth man's daily duties in such true and simple speech! As a master, the Bible were a tyrant; as a help, I have not time to tell its worth; nor has a sick man speech for that, nor need I now for my public and private teachings sufficiently abound in such attempts. But yet, to me the great men of the Bible are worth more than all their words; he that was greater than the temple, whose soul burst out its walls, is also greater than the Testament, but yet no master over you or me, however humble men!

In theological matters my preaching has been positive, much more than negative, controversial only to create; I have tried to set forth the truths of natural religion, gathered from the world of matter and of spirit; I rely on these great ideas as the chief means for exciting the religious feelings, and promoting religious deeds; I have destroyed only what seemed pernicious, and that I might build a better structure in its place.

Of late years a new form of Atheism—the ideal, once thought impossible—has sprung up; perhaps Germany is its birth-place, though France and England seem equally its home. It has its representatives in America. Besides, the Pantheists tell us of their God, who is but the sum-total of the existing universe of matter and of mind, immanent in each, but transcending neither, imprisoned in the two; blind, planless, purposeless, without consciousness,

or will, or love; dependent upon the shifting phenomena of finite matter and of mind, finite itself; a continual becoming this or that, not absolute being, self-subsistent and eternally the same perfection: their God is only law, the constant mode of operation of objective and unconscious force; yet is it better than the churchman's God, who is caprice alone, subjective, arbitrary, inconstant, and with more hate than love. I have attempted to deal with the problem of the Pantheist and the Atheist, treating both as any other theological opponents: I have not insulted them with harsh names, nor found occasion to impute dishonourable motives to such as deny what is dearer than life to me; nor attempted to silence them with texts from sacred books; nor to entangle them in ecclesiastic or metaphysic sophistries; nor to scare with panic terrors, easily excited in an atheistic or a Christian's heart. I have simply referred them to the primal instincts of human nature, and their spontaneous intuition of the divine, the just, and the immortal; then, to what science gathered from the world of matter, and the objective history of man in his progressive development of individual and of social power. I have shown the causes which lead to honest bigotry within the Christian Church, and to honest atheism without; I hope I have done injustice neither to this nor that. But it was a significant fact I could not fail to make public; that, while the chief doctors of commercial divinity in the great American trading towns, and their subservient colleges, denied the higher law, and with their Bibles laid humanity flat before the kidnappers in Cincinnati, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, the so-called Atheists and Pantheists over all the Northern land revered the instinctive justice of the soul, and said, "Thou shalt not steal, nor lie, Thou shalt do no wrong; 'tis Nature's self forbids!"

Preaching such doctrines in a place so public, and applying them to life, I am not surprised at the hostility I have met with from the various sects. In no country would it have been less, or tempered more sweetly; no, nor in any age; for certainly I have departed from the fundamental principle of the Catholics and the Protestants, denied the fact of a miraculous revelation, given exclusively to Jews and Christians, denied the claim to super-

natural authority, and utterly broke with that vicariousness which puts an alleged revelation in place of common sense, and the blood of a crucified Jew instead of excellence of character. In the least historic of the New Testament Gospels it is related that Jesus miraculously removed the congenital blindness of an adult man, and because he made known the fact that his eyes were thus opened, and told the cause, the Pharisees cast him out of their synagogue. What this mythic story relates as an exceptional measure of the Pharisees, seems to have founded a universal principle of the Christian Church, which cannot bear the presence of a man who, divinely sent, has washed in the pool of Siloam, and returned seeing and telling why.

I knew at the beginning what I must expect: that at first men younger than I, who had not learned over much, would taunt me with my youth; that others, not scholarly, would charge me with lack of learning competent for my task; and cautious old men, who did not find it convenient to deny my facts, or answer my arguments, would cry out, "This young man must be put down!" and set their venerable popular feet in that direction. Of course I have made many mistakes, and could not expect a theologic opponent, and still less a personal enemy, to point them out with much delicacy; or attempt to spare my feelings; theological warfare is not gentler than political or military; even small revolutions are not mixed with rosewater. The amount of honest misunderstanding, of wilful misrepresenting, of lying, and of malignant abuse, has not astonished me; after the first few months it did not grieve me; human nature has a wide margin of oscillation, and accommodates itself to both torrid and frigid zones. But I have sometimes been a little surprised at the boldness of some of my critics, whose mistakes proved their courage extended beyond their information. An acquaintance with the historic development of mankind, a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, familiarity with the metaphysic thought of the human race, is certainly no moral merit; but in theologic discussions it is a convenience which some of my opponents have not always paid quite sufficient respect to, though they were not thereby hindered from passing swift judgment. Criticism is the easiest of all arts, or the most difficult of all.

It did not surprise me that other ministers, Unitarian and Trinitarian, should refuse to serve with me on the committee of a college or a school, to attend the same funeral or wedding, to sit on the same bench at a public meeting, to remain in the same public apartment, and trade at the same book-store, to return my salutation in the street, or reply to my letters; that they should invent and spread abroad falsehoods intended to ruin me; but I confess I have sometimes been astonished that such men "could not see any sign of honesty, of love, of truth, of philanthropy, or religion," in my writings or my life, but must set down all to "vanity and love of the praises of men." But "it is fit to be instructed, even by an enemy." Let you and me learn from ours to hate those theological doctrines which can so blind the eyes and harden the hearts of earnest, self-denying men; let us not imitate the sophistry and bigotry we may have suffered from, and certainly have been exposed to.

I have found most friendly recognition where I did not expect it. Men with adverse theological opinions have testified to the honest piety they thought they found in my writings, and joined with me in various practical works of humanity, leaving me to settle the abstract questions of divinity with the Divine himself. Indeed, I never found it necessary to agree with a man's theology before I could ride in his omnibus or buy his quills. No two Unitarian ministers, I think, differ more in their theology than Rev. James Freeman Clarke and I, but for 20 years there has been the warmest friendship between us; that noble man and I have gone hand in hand to many of the most important philanthropies of the age; and I think he will not be offended by this public recognition of our affectional intimacy. I could say similar things of other men, whom I have not named, but might thereby scare their timid reputation from its nest, and addle their hopes of future usefulness.

Besides, I have found kindly and generous critics in America, and still more in England and Germany, who did me perhaps more than justice, while they honestly pointed out what they must regard as my faults. Though I have been written and spoken against more than any American not connected with political parties, yet, on the whole, I do not complain of the treatment I have

received ; all I asked was a hearing ; that has been abundantly granted. You opened wide the doors, my opponents rang the bell all Saturday night, and Sunday morning the audience was there. I think no other country would allow me such liberty of speech ; I fear not even England, which has yet so generously welcomed every free thought.

Of late years the hatred against me seems to have abated somewhat ; old enemies relaxed their brows a little, and took back, or else denied, their former calumnies ; nay, had kind words and kind deeds for me and mine. "Let bygones be bygones," is a good old rule.

"The fondest, the fairest, the truest that met,
Have still found the need to forgive and forget."

I think few men in America have found sympathy in trouble from a greater variety of persons than I, in my present disappointment and illness, from men and women of all manner of ecclesiastical connections. I could not always thank them by private letters, but I need not say how grateful their kindly words have been, for—I may as well confess it—after all, I am not much of a fighter ; my affections are developed far better than my intellect. It may be news to the public ; to you it is but too well known.

Yet let it not surprise you that in some quarters this theologic odium continues still, and shows itself in "revival meetings" by public prayers that God would go to my study, and confound me there so that I could not write my sermon ; or meet me in your pulpit, and put a hook in my jaws so that I could not speak ; or else remove me out of the world. Such petitions, finding abundant Biblical example, are not surprising when they come from such places, on such occasions, and from men whose mind and conscience are darkened by the dreadful theology that still haunts many such places. But other instances must find a different explanation. Less than two years ago, the senior class in the Cambridge Divinity School, consisting, I think, of but four pupils, invited me to deliver the customary address before them and the public, the Sunday before their graduation. The theological faculty, consisting of three Unitarian Doctors of Divinity, interposed their veto, and forbid me from speaking ; such a prohibition, I think, had never been made before. These doctors were

not ignorant men, or bigoted, they attend no "revival meetings," but, speaking intellectually, they belong among the most enlightened scholars in America; none of them "was ever accused of believing too much;" yet they saw fit to offer me the greatest ecclesiastical, academic, and personal insult in their professional power, in the most public manner, and that, too, at a time when I was just recovering from severe illness, and fluttering 'twixt life and death—the scrutinizing physician telling me the chances were equally divided between the two; I could only stand in the pulpit to preach by holding on to the desk with one hand while I lifted the other up. Others might have expected such treatment from these men; I confess, my friends, that I did not.

Since my present illness began, some of my theological foes have publicly to the world, and privately to me, expressed their delight that I am not likely to trouble them much longer; in my present feebleness they read the answer to their prayers for my removal. It was the Psalmist's petition, "Let not mine enemies triumph over me!" But I shall utter none such. If I fall and die, let "mine enemies" rejoice as much as they will at the consequent thought that there is one feeble voice the less, rebuking the vice of the press, the State, the market, and the Church, to speak a word for truth, freedom, justice, and natural religion; let them be glad there is one weak arm the less reaching out help to the poor, the drunken, the ignorant, the harlot, the felon, and the slave; let them thank God for the premature decrepitude of my voice, the silence of my study, where worms perchance devour my books, more dear even than costly; let them find "answer to our prayers" in the sorrow of my personal friends—there are now many such—in the keen distress of my intimates, and the agony of my wife; I complain nothing thereat. Every tree must bear after its own kind, not another, and their "religion" must yield such fruits. Let them triumph in these results, and thank their God that he has "interposed," and thus granted their petition; it is small satisfaction compared with what they hope for in the next life, where, as their theology teaches, the joy of the elect in heaven will be enhanced by looking down into hell, and beholding the agony of their former neighbours

and friends, husband or wife, nay, their own children also, and remembering that such suffering is endless, "and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever." Let them triumph in this; but let them expect no other or greater result to follow from my death. For to the success of the great truths I have taught, it is now but of the smallest consequence whether I preach in Boston and all the Lyceums of the North, or my body crumbles in some quiet, nameless grave. They are not my truths! I am no great man whom the world hinges on; nor can I settle the fate of a single doctrine by my authority. Humanity is rich in personalities, and a man no larger than I will not long be missed in the wide field of theology and religion. For immediately carrying a special measure, and for helping this or that, a single man is sometimes of great value; the death of the general is the loss of the battle, perhaps the undoing of a state; but after a great truth of humanity is once set a-going, it is in the charge of mankind, through whom it first came from God; it cannot perish by any man's death. Neither State, nor press, nor market, nor Church, can ever put it down; it will drown the water men pour on it, and quench their hostile fire. Cannot the Bible teach its worshippers that a grave is no dungeon to shut up truth in; and that death, who slays alike the priest and the prophet, bows his head before her, and passes harmless by? To stone Stephen did not save the Church of the Pharisees. A live man may harm his own cause; a dead one cannot defile his clean immortal doctrines with unworthy hands.

In these tropic waters not far off, in time of strife, on a dark night, but towards morning, an English ship-of-war once drew near what seemed a hostile vessel under sail; she hailed the stranger, who answered not, then hailed again, no answer, then fired a shot across the saucy bows, but still there was no reply; next fired at her, amidships, but got not a word in return. Finally the man-of-war cleared for action, began battle in earnest, serving the guns with British vigour, but found no return, save the rattle of shot rebounding and falling back into the heedless sea. Daylight presently came with tropic suddenness, and the captain found he spent his powder in battering a great rock in the ocean! So many a man has fought

long against a truth which he fancied was but a floating whim, bound to yield to his caprice; but, at last, the dawning light has shown him it was no passing ship, of timber and cordage and canvas, driven by the wind and tossed by the undulations of the sea, but a SAIL-ROCK, resting on the foundations of the world, and amenable neither to the men-of-war that sailed in the wind, nor yet to the undulation of the sea whereon they came and went. It is one thing to rejoice at the sickness and death of a short-lived heretic, but it is another and a little different, to alter the constitution of the universe, and put down a fact of spontaneous human consciousness, which also is a truth of God.

When I first came amongst you, and lived in a trading town where a great variety of occupations lay spread out before me all the time, and preached to such crowds of men as offered a wide diversity of nature, character, and conduct, I found not only an opportunity to work, but also to learn and grow. You say I have taught you much; I hope it is so, but you have been a large part of your own schooling, for I have also learned much from you, the audience has always furnished a large part of the sermon and the prayer. I have received much direct instruction, and that in matters of deep concern, from some of you, by hearing your words and looking at your lives; the indirect help to my power of thought and speech, I fear you would hardly credit should I attempt to tell. It is enough to say now, that amongst you I have found men and women, often in quite humble stations, who have added new elements of both strength and beauty to my notion of what constitutes a "glorious human creature," in particular excellences their actual surpassing my ideal. I have been a learner quite as much as a teacher; indeed, out of nearly a thousand sermons I have written, I think there are not five-and-twenty which are not also steps in my own development, studies I have learned by, quite as much as lessons you have been taught with.

To me, human life in all its forms, individual and aggregate, is a perpetual wonder; the flora of the earth and sea is full of beauty and of mystery which science seeks to understand; the fauna of land and ocean is not less wonderful; the world which holds them both, and

the great universe that folds it on every side, are still more wonderful, complex, and attractive, to the contemplating mind. But the universe of human life, with its peculiar worlds of outer sense and inner soul, the particular faunas and floras which therein find a home, are still more complex, wonderful, and attractive; and the laws which control it seem to me more amazing than the mathematic principles that explain the celestial mechanics of the outward world. The Cosmos of matter seems little compared to this Cosmos of immortal and progressive man; it is my continual study, discipline, and delight. Oh, that some young genius would devise the "novum organum" of humanity, determine the "principia" thereof, and with deeper than mathematic science, write out the formulas of the human universe, the celestial mechanics of mankind.

In your busy, bustling town, with its queerly mingled, heterogeneous population, and its great diversity of work, I soon learned to see the unity of human life under all this variety of circumstances and outward condition. It is easy for a simple-hearted man, standing on a central truth, to reduce them all to one common denomination of humanity, and ascertain the relative value of individuals in this comparative morality. The huckster, with a basket, where apples, pea-nuts, candy, and other miscellaneous small stores are huddled together, is a small merchant; the merchant with his warehouse, his factory, or bank, his ships on many a sea, is a great huckster; both buy to sell, and sell to gain; the odds is quantative, not in kind, but in bulk. The cunning lawyer, selling his legal knowledge and forensic skill to promote a client's gainful wickedness; the tricky harlot, letting out her person to a stranger's unholy lust; the deceitful minister, prostituting his voice and ecclesiastical position to make some popular sin appear decent and Christian, "accordant with the revealed word of God"—all stand in the same column of my religious notation. In the street I see them all pass by, each walking in a vain show, in different directions, but all consilient to the same end!

So, the ambitious vanities of life all seem of nearly the same value when laid side by side on this table of exchange. The poetess, proud of her superiority over other "silly

women" in the "vision and the faculty divine," or in but the small "accomplishment of verse;" the orator, glorying in his wondrous art, longer than other men to hold the up-looking multitude with his thread of speech, and thereby pour his thought or will into the narrow vials of so many minds; and the scavenger, who boasts that he "can sweep round a lamp-post better than any man in the gang"—all seem alike to an eye that looks beneath and above the rippling tide of phenomenal actions, learning its whither and its whence, and knowing the unseen causes which control this many-billowed sea of life. The diamonds of many-skirted Empress Eugénie at Versailles, and the Attleborough jewellery of the bare-footed charwoman Bridget, at Cove Place, are symbols of the same significance, and probably of the same value to their respective occupants. The man not winged with talent, whom a political party cranes up to some official eminence he could not reach by the most assiduous crawling; and the dawdling woman, who can make neither bread to eat nor clothes to wear, nor yet order any household even of only two, whom an idle hand, and a pinkish cheek, and a lolling tongue, have fastened to another, but bearded fool—these seem wonderfully alike to me; and I say to both, "May God Almighty have mercy on your souls!" So, the effort after nobleness of character is ever the same, clad in whatever dress; the black washerwoman, on Negro Hill, as, with a frowzy broom, a mob, and a tub or two, she keeps the wolf away from her unfathered babies, all fugitives from slavery, and thence looks up to that dear God whom she so feels within her heart a very present help in her hour of need, which is her every hour—to me seems as grand as Paul preaching on Mars Hill to the Athenian senators; nay, not less glorious than Jesus, of Nazareth on his mountain, uttering blessed beatitudes to those thousands who paused in their pilgrimage towards Jerusalem, to look and listen to one greater than the temple, and destined to control men's hearts when that city, compactly built, has not stone left on stone. The thoughtful eye, like the artistic hand, invests with the same magnificence the Hebrew preachers and the negro washerwoman, borrowing the outward purple from the glory within. It is the same great problem of duty which

is to be wrought out by all—huckster, merchant, lawyer, harlot, minister, poetess, orator, Eugénie, and Bridget, unworthy officer, and idle, helpless wife, Dinah on Negro Hill, Paul at the Areopagus, and Jesus on Mount Tabor; and it is not of such future consequence to us as men fancy, whether the tools of our work be a basket or a warehouse, a mob or a cross; for the divine justice asks the same question of each, “What hast thou done with *thy* gifts and opportunities?” Feeling the democracy of mankind, and preaching it in many a form, I have learned to estimate the worth of men by the quality of their character, and the amount of their service rendered to mankind. So of each I ask but two questions, “What are you? What do you do?” The voluntary beggar in rags, and the voluntary beggar in ruffles, alike answer, “Nought.”

In my preaching I have used plain, simple words, sometimes making what I could not find ready, and counted nothing unclean, because merely common. In philosophic terms, and in all which describes the inner consciousness, our Saxon speech is rather poor, and so I have been compelled to gather from the Greek or Roman stock forms of expressions which do not grow on our homely and familiar tree, and hence, perhaps, have sometimes scared you with “words of learned length.” But I have always preferred to use, when fit, the every-day words in which men think and talk, scold, make love, and pray, so that generous-hearted philosophy, clad in a common dress, might more easily become familiar to plain-clad men. It is with customary tools that we work easiest and best, especially when use has made the handle smooth.

Illustrations I have drawn from most familiar things which are before all men's eyes, in the fields, the streets, the shop, the kitchen, parlour, nursery, or school; and from the literature best known to all—the Bible, the newspapers, the transient speech of eminent men, the talk of common people in the streets, from popular stories, school-books, and nursery rhymes. Some of you have censured me for this freedom and homeliness, alike in illustration and in forms of speech, desiring “more elegant and sonorous language,” “illustrations derived from elevated and conspicuous objects,” “from dignified personalities.” A good man, who was a farmer in fair weather and a shoe-

maker in fowl, could not bear to have a plough or a lapstone mentioned in my sermon—to me picturesque and poetic objects, as well as familiar—but wanted “kings and knights,” which I also quickly pleased him with. But for this I must not only plead the necessity of my nature, delighting in common things, trees, grass, oxen, and stars, moonlight on the water, the falling rain, the ducks and hens at this moment noisy under my window, the gambols and prattle of children, and the common work of blacksmiths, wheelwrights, painters, hucksters, and traders of all sorts; but I have also on my side the example of all the great masters of speech—save only the French, who disdain all common things, as their aristocratic but elegant literature was bred in a court, though rudely cradled elsewhere, nay, born of rough loins—of poets like Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, Goethe, of Hebrew David, and of Roman Horace; of philosophers like Socrates and Locke; of preachers like Luther, Latimer, Barrow, Butler, and South; nay, elegant Jeremy Taylor, “the Shakspeare of divines” owes half his beauty to these weeds of nature, which are choicest flowers when set in his artistic garden. But one need not go beyond Jesus of Nazareth and the first three Gospels to learn great lessons in the art of speech; for in him you not only reverence the genius for religion, which intuitively sees divine truth and human duty, but wonder also at the power of speech that tells its tale as deliverly as the blackbird sings or the water runs down-hill. Besides, to me common life is full of poetry and pictorial loveliness; spontaneously portrayed, its events will fill my mind as one by one the stars come out upon the evening sky, like them each one “a beauty and a mystery.” It is therefore a necessity of my nature that the sermon should publicly reflect to you what privately hangs over it with me, and the waters rained out of my sky when cloudy, should give back its ordinary stars when clear. Yet, for the same reason, I have also fetched illustrations from paths of literature and science, less familiar perhaps to most of you, when they, better than aught else, would clear a troubled thought; so, in my rosary of familiar beads, I have sometimes strung a pearl or two which science brought from oceanic depths, or fixed there-

on the costly gems where ancient or modern art has wrought devices dearer than the precious stone itself.

Using plain words and familiar illustrations, and preaching also on the greatest themes, I have not feared to treat philosophic matters with the rigour of science, and never thought I should scare you with statistic facts, which are the ultimate expression of a great principle doing its work by a constant mode of operation, nor by psychologic analysis, or metaphysical demonstration. Ministers told me I was "preaching over the heads of the people;" I only feared to preach below their feet, or else aside from their ears. Thus handling great themes before attentive men, I have also dared to treat them long, for I read the time not on the dial, but the audience. I trust you will pardon the offence, which I perhaps shall not repeat.

MY FRIENDS,—I said that in my early life I feared the temptations that beset the lawyer's path, and, trembling at the moral ruin, which seemed so imminent, turned to the high ecclesiastic road. Alas! the peril is only different, not less. The lawyer is drawn to one kind of wickedness, the minister to another: their sophistry and cunning are about equal, only in the one case it is practised in the name of "law," and for an obvious "worldly end," and in the other in the name of "Gospel," and professedly to secure "salvation." Learning to distinguish sound from significance, I have not found the moral tone of ministers higher than that of lawyers, their motives purer, their behaviour more honest, or their humanity more prompt and wide, only their alms are greater in proportion to their purse. In choosing the clerical, not the legal profession, I think I encountered quite as much peculiar peril as I shunned. The Gospel-mill of the minister is managed with as much injustice as the law-mill of the other profession.

It is not for me to say I have succeeded in keeping any portion of my youthful vow. Yet one thing I am sure of; I never appealed to a mean motive nor used an argument I did not think both just and true, I have employed no conscious sophistry, nor ever disguised my ignorance.

Together we have tried some things, which did not prosper, and so came to an end.

We attempted Sunday afternoon meetings, for free discussion of what pertains to religion. I hoped much good from that experiment; yet it was made not only a vanity, but also a vexation of spirit, by a few outsiders, who talked much, while they had little or nothing to say; there could be no wisdom where their voices were heard.

Next we tried lectures on the Bible, Sunday afternoons, which continued during the wintry half of several years. I gave six general lectures on the origin and history of the Old and New Testaments, and then turned to the criticism and interpretation of the several books of the latter. With Tischendorf's edition of the original text in my hand, I translated the three Synoptic Gospels, the four undoubted Epistles of Paul, the Acts, and the "Johannic" writings—Revelation, Gospel, Epistles—explaining each book, verse, and word, as well as I could. I intended to treat all the other canonical and apocryphal books of the New and Old Testaments in the same way. But either the matter was too learned, or the manner too dull, for it did not succeed well, bringing a class of but a few scores of persons. This experiment was abandoned when we removed to the Music Hall, and had no place for an afternoon meeting.

I have long meditated other things, which might, perhaps, be helpful to select classes of young men and women; but as they are now not likely to be more than thoughts, I will not name them here.

Last year you organized your fraternity: the movement was spontaneous on your part, not originating in any hint of mine. Though I had long wanted such an association, so various in its purposes, and so liberal in its plan, I did not venture to propose it, preferring it should come without my prompting in 1858, rather than merely by it ten years before. A minister as sure of the confidence of his hearers as I am of yours, is often a little inclined to be invasive, and thrust his personality on that of his congregation, making his will take the place of their common sense; hence many trees of clerical planting fail, because they originate only with the minister, and root but into him. I hope great good from this fraternity, and have laid out much work for myself to do with its help. To mention but one thing, I intended this season to deliver before it ten easy lectures on the first three centuries of the

Christian era, and show how the Christianity of the Christians, alas! not the more humane and natural religion of Jesus, developed itself in ideas — the doctrines of the Biblical and Patristic books; in institutions—the special churches, each a Republic at first, with individual variety of action, but gradually degenerating into a despotic Monarchy, with only ecclesiastical unity of action; and finally, after compromising with the Hebrew and Classic schemes, how it became the organized religion of the civilized world, a new force in it both for good and evil, the most powerful organization on earth. In my sleepless nights last autumn, I sketched out the plan and arranged the chief details; but it must now pass away, like other less systematic visions of a sick man in his sleep.

When a young man, it was a part of my original plan to leave the practical work of continual preaching, a little before I should be fifty years old, and devote the residue of my life to publishing works which I hoped might be of permanent value, separating the two periods by a year or two of travel in the American tropics and the Mediterranean countries of the Old World; so I thought I might be most useful to mankind, for I did not anticipate or desire long life, and did not originally rate very high my ability to affect the mass of men by direct word of mouth, and made no pretensions to that most popular of intellectual attainments, that eloquence, which, like other beauty, is at once a pleasure and a power, delighting whom it compels. But, when I found the scholarly class more unfriendly than the multitude, I began to think I had chosen the wrong audience to address; that it was the people, not the scholars, who were to lead in philosophic thought; and when you gave me a chance to be heard in Boston, and I preached on from year to year, great crowds of men, who were not readers but workers in the week, coming and continuing to listen to the longest of sermons, wherein great subjects were treated without respect to popular prejudice, ecclesiastical, political, or social, and that, too, without sparing the severest attention of the hearers; when I found these multitudes seemed to comprehend the abstractest reasoning, and truths most universal, and appeared to be instructed, set free, and even elevated to higher hopes both here and hereafter, and to noble character; when,

with all my directness of homely speech, I found myself welcome in most of the lecture halls between the Mississippi and the Penobscot, and even beyond them, having thence two or three hundred invitations a year; when the national crisis became nearer and more threatening, and I saw my sentiments and ideas visibly passing into the opinion and the literature of the people, and thence coming out in the legislation of New-England and the other Northern States—I thought it not quite time to withdraw, and my early purposes were a little shaken. I intended to continue some ten years more in severe practical work, till about sixty, then retire, not to lie down in the grave like a camel under his load at night, but hoping to enjoy a long, quiet autumn of twenty years or so, when I might accomplish my philosophic and literary works, and mow up as provender for future time what I had first raised as green grass, and then mowed down to make into sound hay, but have now left, alas! either strewn where it grew, or but loosely raked together, not yet carted into safe barns for the long winter, or even stacked up and sheltered against immediate spoiling by a sudden rain in harvest.

Besides, I felt quickened for practical work by the great exigencies of the nation, the importance of the fight already going on between despotism on one side, with its fugitive slave bills, New-England kidnappers and sophists, in bar or pulpit, and democracy on the other, with its self-evident truths, inalienable rights, and vast industrial and educational developments—a battle not yet understood, but destined to grow hot and red ere long—and by the confidence I have always felt in the ultimate triumph of the right and true, the beautiful and good. Moreover, I was encouraged in my course by the soundness and vigour of my bodily frame, not stout, perhaps, and strong, but capable of much and long-continued work of the most various kinds, not tiring soon, nor easily made ill, but quick recovering from both fatigue and sickness; and by the long average life of six generations of American fathers and mothers. But I have now learned by experience that it is not wise to cherish wide personal hopes in a narrow life, or seek to make an apple-tree larger than the orchard.

For some years, I have been warned that I was not only spending the full income of life, but encroaching a

little on the capital stock. But what wise man even is always wise? The duties were so urgent, the call for help so imploring, the labour at once so delightful in its process and so prophetic of good results, and I felt such confidence in my bodily power and ancestral longevity, that I did not sufficiently heed the gentle admonition; till, last year, in March, nature at once gave way, and I was compelled to yield to a necessity above my will. I need not tell the fluctuations in my health since then, rather, my friends, let me again thank you for the prompt and generous sympathy you gave then and ever since.

Immediately after my present illness, I left your pulpit empty for a day. You wrote me a letter signed by many a dear familiar name, and but for the haste, I know it had been enriched with the signatures of all; it was dated at Boston, January 11th. Your affection wrote the lines, and a kindred wisdom kept them from me till I was able to bear this unexpected testimonial of your sympathy and love. On Sunday, the 6th of March, while you were listening to—alas! I know not whom you looked to then—my eyes filled with tears as I first read your words of delicate appreciation and esteem. My friends, I wish I were worthy of such reverence and love; that my service were equal to your gratitude. I have had more than sufficient reward for my labours with you; not only have I seen a good work and a great prosper in my hands as you held them up, but in public, and still more in private, you have given me the sweetest, best of outward consolations—the grateful sympathy of earnest, thoughtful, and religious men. If my public life has been a battle, wherein my head grows bald, my beard turns grey, and my arm becomes feeble, before their time, it has been also a triumph, whose crown is not woven of the red-flowered laurels of war, but of the olive, the lily, the violet, and the white rose of peace. I have no delight in controversy; when assailed, I have never returned the assault; and though continually fired upon for many years from the bar-room and the pulpit, and many another “coigne of vantage” betwixt the two, I never in return shot back an arrow, in private or public, until in the United States Court I was arraigned for the “misdemeanor” of making a speech in Faneuil Hall against that kidnapping in Boston, perpetrated by the

public guardian of widows and orphans; then I prepared my *Defence*, which had been abler were I more a lawyer, though less a minister.

To compose sermons, and preach them to multitudes of men of one sort but many conditions, thereto setting forth the great truths of absolute religion, and applying them to the various events of this wondrous human life, trying to make the constitution of the universe the common law of men, illustrating my thought with all that I can gather from the world of matter, its use and beauty both, and from the world of man, from human labours, sorrows, joys, and everlasting hopes—this has been my great delight. Your pulpit has been my joy and my throne. Though press and state, market and meeting-house, have been hostile to us, you have yet given me the largest Protestant audience in America, save that which orthodox Mr Beecher, who breaks with no theologic tradition of the New-England Church, inspires with his deep emotional nature, so devout and so humane, and charms with his poetic eloquence, that is akin to both the sweet-briar and the rose, and all the beauty which springs up wild amid New-England hills, and to the loveliness of common life; I have given you my sermons in return, at once my labour and delight. My life is in them, and all my character, its good and ill; thereby you know me better than I, perhaps, myself—for a man's words and his face when excited in sermon and in prayer tell all he is, the reflection of what he has done. Sermons are never out of my mind; and when sickness brings on me the consciousness that I have nought to do, its most painful part, still by long habit all things will take this form; and the gorgeous vegetation of the tropics, their fiery skies so brilliant all the day, and starlit too with such exceeding beauty all the night; the glittering fishes in the market, as many-coloured as a gardener's show, these Josephs of the sea; the silent pelicans, flying forth at morning and back again at night; the strange, fantastic trees, the dry pods rattling their historic bones all day, while the new bloom comes fragrant out beside, a noiseless prophecy; the ducks rejoicing in the long-expected rain; a negro on an ambling pad; the slender-legged, half-naked negro children in the street, playing their languid games, or oftener screaming 'neath their

mother's blows, amid black swine, hens, and uncounted dogs; the never-ceasing clack of women's tongues, more shrewd than female in their shrill violence; the unceasing, multifarious kindness of our hostess; and, overtowering all, the self-sufficient, West Indian Creole pride, alike contemptuous of toil, and ignorant and impotent of thought—all these common things turn into poetry as I look on or am compelled to hear, and then transfigure into sermons, which come also spontaneously by night and give themselves to me, and even in my sleep say they are meant for you. Shall they ever be more than the walking of

"A sick man in his sleep,
Three paces and then faltering?"

The doctors cannot tell; I also know not, but hope and strive to live a little longer, that I may work much more. Oh, that the truths of absolute religion, which human nature demands, and offers, too, from the infinitely perfect God who dwells therein, while He transcends the universe; oh, that these were an idea enlightening all men's minds, a feeling in their hearts, and action in their outward life! Oh, that America's two-and-thirty thousand ministers, Hebrew, Christian, Mormon, knew these truths, and to mankind preached piety and morality, and that theology which is the science of God and his twofold universe, and forgot their mythologic and misguiding dreams! Then what a new world were ours! Sure I would gladly live to work for this.

I may recover entirely, and stand before you full of brown health, equal to the manifold labours of that position, live to the long period of some of my fathers, and at last die naturally of old age. This to me seems most desirable, though certainly not most probable.

Or, I may so far recover, that I shall falter on a score of years or so, one eye on my work, the other on my body, which refuses to do it, and so urge my weak and balky horse along a miry, broken road. If this be so, then, in some still, little rural nook, in sight of town, but not too nigh, I may finish some of the many things I have begun, and left for the afternoon or evening of my days; and yet, also, from time to time, meet you again, and, with words of lofty cheer, look on the inspiring face of a great congre-

gation. With this I should be well content; once it was the ideal of my hope.

In either of these cases, I see how the time of this illness, and the discipline alike of disappointment and recovery, would furnish me new power. Several times in my life has it happened that I have met with what seemed worse than death, and, in my short-sighted folly, I said, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest!" Yet my griefs all turned into blessings; the joyous seed I planted came up discipline, and I wished to tear it from the ground; but it flowered fair, and bore a sweeter, sounder fruit than I expected from what I set in earth. As I look over my life, I find no disappointment and no sorrow I could afford to lose; the cloudy morning has turned out the fairer day; the wounds of my enemies have done me good. So wondrous is this human life, not ruled by fate, but Providence, which is Wisdom married unto Love, each infinite! What has been, may be. If I recover wholly, or but in part, I see new sources of power beside these waters of affliction I have stooped at; I shall not think I have gone through "the valley of Baca" in vain, nor begrudge the time that I have lingered there, seeming idle; rainy days also help to seed the ground. One thing I am sure of: I have learned the wealth and power of the grateful, generous feelings of men, as I knew them not before, nor hoped on earth to find so rich. High as I have thought of human nature, I had not quite done justice to the present growth of these beautiful faculties. Here and now, as so oft before, I have found more treasure than I dreamed lay hidden where I looked.

But if neither of these hopes becomes a fact, if the silver cord part soon above the fountain, and the golden bowl be broke, let not us complain; a new bowl and a stronger cord shall serve the well of life for you. Though quite aware how probable this seems, believe me, I have not yet had a single hour of sadness; trust me, I shall not. True, it is not pleasant to leave the plough broken in the furrow just begun, while the seed-corn smiles in the open sack, impatient to be sown, and the whole field promises such liberal return. To say farewell to the thousands I have been wont to preach to, and pray with, now joyous, and

tearful now—it has its bitterness to one not eighty-four but forty-eight. To undo the natural ties more intimately knit of long-continued friendship and of love—this is the bitter part. But if it be my lot, let not you nor me complain. Death comes to none except to bring a blessing; it is no misfortune to lay aside these well-loved weeds of earth, and be immortal. To you, as a congregation, my loss may be easily supplied; and to me it is an added consolation to know that, however long and tenderly remembered, I should not long be missed; some other will come in my place, perhaps without my defects, possessed of nobler gifts, and certainly not hindered by the ecclesiastical and social hostility which needs must oppose a man who has lived and wrought as I. It will not always be unpopular justly to seek the welfare of all men. Let us rejoice that others may easily reap golden corn where we have but scared the wild beasts away, or hewn down the savage woods, burning them with dangerous fire, and made the rich, rough ground smooth for culture. It was with grimmer fight, with sourer sweat, and blacker smoke, and redder fire, that the fields were cleared where you and I now win a sweet and easy bread.

What more shall I say to sweeten words of farewell, which must have a bitter taste. If I have taught you any great religious truths, or roused therewith emotions that are good, apply them to your life, however humble or however high and wide; convert them into deeds, that your superior religion may appear in your superior industry, your justice, and your charity, coming out in your house-keeping and all manner of work. So when your

“Course

Is run, some faithful eulogist may say,
He sought not praise, and praise did overlook
His unobtrusive merit; but his life,
Sweet to himself, was exercised in good,
That shall survive his name and memory.”

Let no fondness for me, now heightened by my illness, and my absence too, blind your eyes to errors which may be in my doctrine, which must be in my life; I am content to serve by warning, where I cannot guide by example. Mortal, or entered on immortal life, still let me be your minister, to serve, never your master, to hinder and command. Do not stop where I could go no further, for,

after so long teaching, I feel that I have just begun to learn, begun my work. "No man can feed us always;" welcome, then, each wiser guide who points you out a better way. On earth I shall not cease to be thankful for your patience, which has borne with me so much and long; for your sympathy, nearest when needed most, and the examples of noble Christian life, which I have found in some of you,

"To whom is given
The joy that mixes man with Heaven:
Who, rowing hard against the stream,
See distant gates of Eden gleam,
And never dream it is a dream;
But hear, by secret transport led,
Even in the charnels of the dead,
The murmur of the fountain-head:
Who will accomplish high desire,
Bear and forbear, and never tire—
Like Stephen, an unquenched fire,
As looking upward, full of grace,
He prayed, and from a happy place
God's glory smote him on the face!"

Here they add to my joy; perhaps their remembrance will add to my delight in Heaven.

May you be faithful to your own souls; train up your sons and daughters to lofty character, most fit for humble duty; and to far cathedral heights of excellence, build up the being that you are, with feelings, thoughts, and actions, that become "a glorious human creature," by greatly doing the common work of life, heedful of all the charities, which are twice blest, both by their gifts and their forgiveness too. And the Infinite Perfection, the Cause and Providence of all that is, the Absolute Love, transcending the time and space it fills, OUR FATHER, and OUR MOTHER too, will bless you each beyond your prayer, for ever and for ever. Bodily absent, though present still with you by the immortal part, so hopes and prays

Your Minister and Friend,

THEODORE PARKER.

*Fredericksted, West-Ind., Santa Cruz,
April 19th, 1859.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA
RECEIVED OF
9 JUN 1925
AND OF AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.
JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

36,337

—